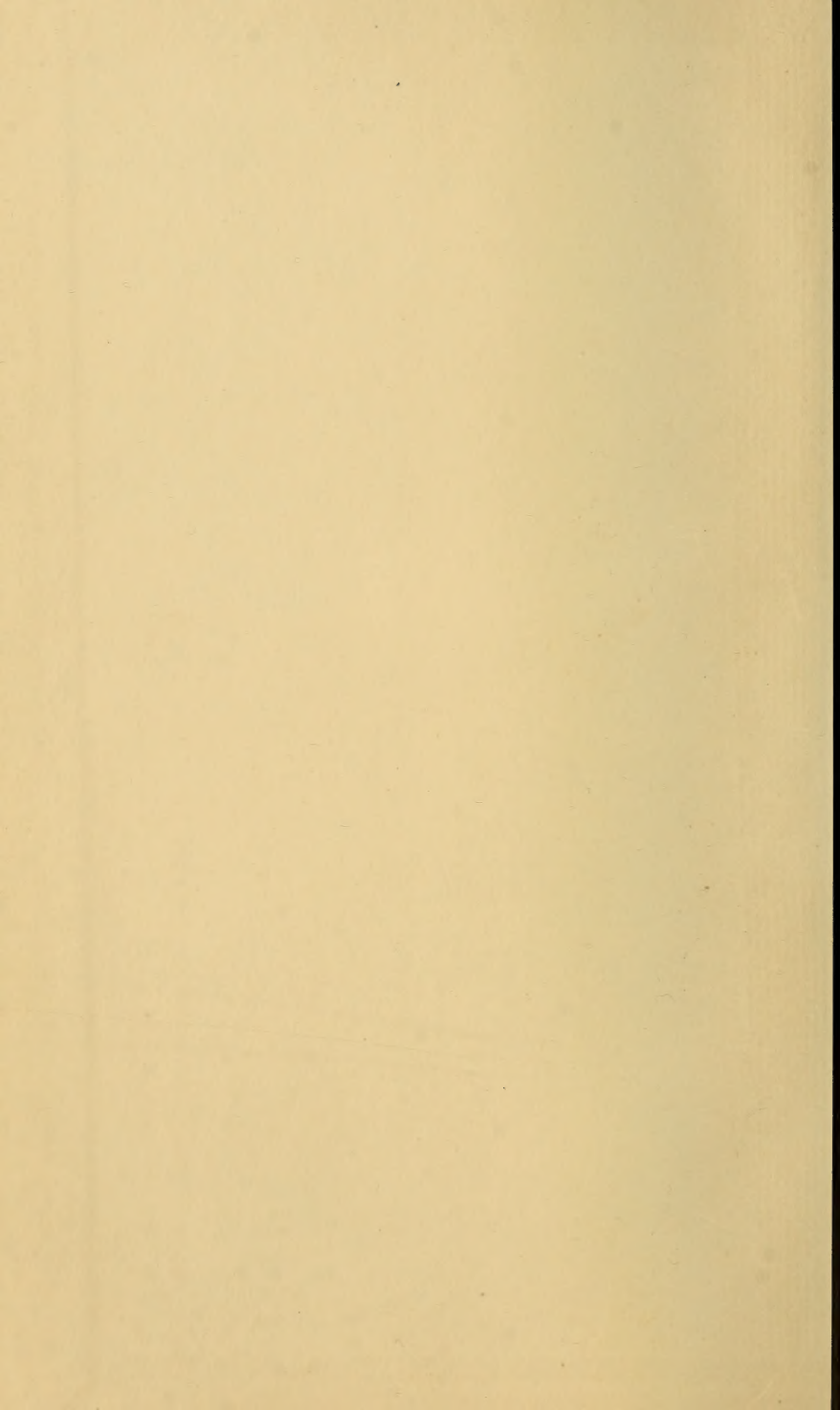
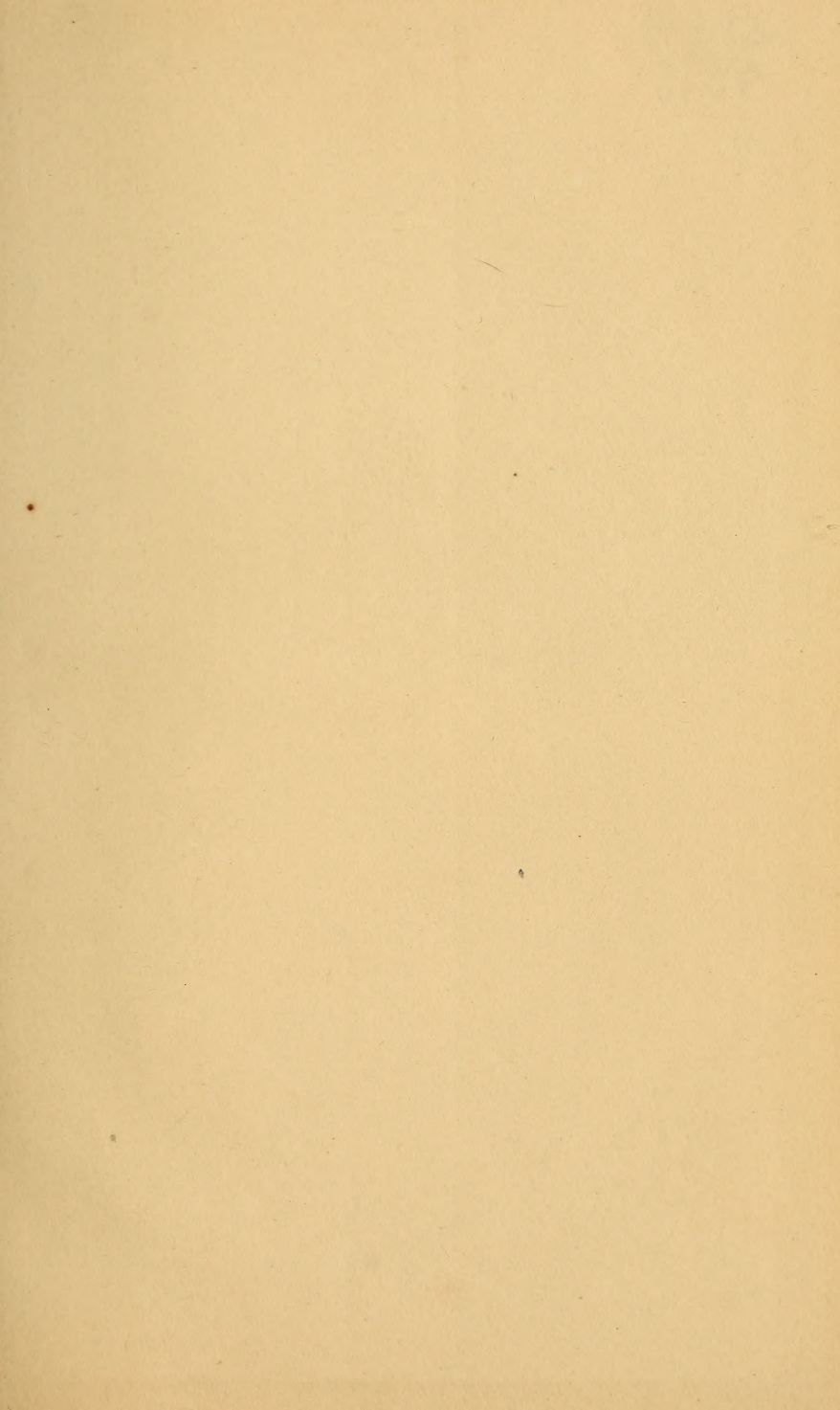


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"Louis now appeared in the 17th year of his age on a fiery
steed, which he knew how to manage with ease."
Page 47.

S. Williams del.

H. Griffiths sc.



THE
OFFICIAL



HISTORY
OF
LOUIS XIV.



London.
DARTON & CLARK.
1845.

LOUIS XIV.

AND HIS

CONTEMPORARIES.

All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them—what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies here. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named history can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of any thing we can expect to find in books.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Of all our passions and appetites, the love of power is of the most imperious and unsociable nature, since the pride of one man requires the submission of the multitude.—GIBBON.

BY BENJAMIN BENSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "HENRY THE EIGHTH AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES,"
AND OTHER WORKS.

LONDON:

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HOLBORN HILL.

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## ERRATA.

- At page 84, the 17th line from the bottom, "et it se faisoit" should be "il se faisoit," &c.
- At p. 208, the last line, the expression I have used I fear is too strong. One would not speak ill of a whole nation, among whom there are, and have ever been, virtuous in all ranks. I wished to convey that Madame de Maintenon could not in justice be considered more scrupulous than the French court ladies in general, who might well adopt the motto "Who is the Lord, that we should obey him?"
- At p. 245, I have spoken of the penalty France has ever paid for daring to rouse the British lion. Of course, I allude to the destruction of her navy, and her marine inferiority. I should regret that a line, written rather in a spirit of pleasantry than with an arrogant boast, should give offence to any of that great and gallant nation.
- At p. 246, I must, in a similar way, beg to qualify an expression perhaps too general. By way of showing a parallel to the kind of clerical fashion of those days to malign the government, and lower the respect due to the crown, then worn by William III., I referred my reader to the habit of speaking ill of our present queen which pretty generally pervaded the established clergy while the Whigs were in power. I mean, of course, that if too general, there were yet numerous exceptions.

TO

HIS MAJESTY

LOUIS PHILIPPE,

KING OF THE FRENCH, &c.

---

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

WE are told by Cicero that, as the condition of kings places them in stations most exposed to the observation of the world, their words and actions cannot be obscure. One of our own old writers remarks, of those sovereigns whose history, in an especial manner, has singularly marked the footsteps of Divine Providence, that their lives and deeds call for more diligent present attention, and will be more closely scrutinized by posterity.

Your Majesty's career has been remarkable : born to the highest station and almost boundless wealth, by the force of terrible storms, political and social, in comparative destitution, you were driven from your own country to seek a long asylum in ours. In the mutations of worldly events, you were carried back to the land of your birth, and in time restored to your ancestral possessions.

Another turn of the wheel of Providence, and you were placed at the head of the great country which could no longer tolerate the bad government of ancient bigots. After the hurricanes that had desolated France for half a century, it was your destiny to guide that lively, and yet magnificent, nation. And how have they been guided ?

Strong, prosperous, and yet restless, but for your Majesty's powerful mind, the latent embers of glory, with the French, having always been like tinder, would have ignited, and set Europe in a blaze. The praise of being one who could teach so warlike a people as your subjects how to turn their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, with sensible minds is even now very highly appreciated ; and remote posterity—who are likely to be wiser than the present race—will inscribe your name on imperishable records as a governor calculated by understanding and decision to rule the great and fiery people of France, as indeed they seem never to have been ruled before. It is more glorious to be classed with Sully than with that monarch whose history is the subject of the following pages.

The ground upon which I venture to dedicate this book to your Majesty is that you have given proof to the world you appreciate the real glory of France, and therefore have promoted the welfare of Europe. In your person, we see a remarkable instance of one who may be said to have been born to, to have achieved, and to be worthy of, a throne.

I make no apology for placing your illustrious name at the head of this dedication, because it is an honest tribute of a foreigner's respect to your character. According to the rule of all ages, I address myself to your Majesty under the fiction that these few lines will be perused by you, when in reality there cannot be a remote probability that you will ever hear of the existence of such a little book as this. If therefore it be asked, why then dedicate your work thus? The answer is, it is our duty, while we bless Divine Providence for raising up and prospering remarkable instruments, to be grateful to those agents, and to do what we can to hold them up to public respect, that others may be incited to like good deeds.

With this view alone have I taken the liberty of recording my humble admiration of the course your majesty has run; and expressing a hope that, when the common destinies of our nature shall bring us to the termination of our earthly career—you, as a mighty sovereign, and I, as an obscure writer, may find mercy at the hands of that dread King of kings, before whom we shall then stand as equals!

Till which hour may success attend your Majesty's praise-worthy efforts, and may the declining years of your important life be smoothed by every national and domestic blessing.

THE AUTHOR.





THE  
AUTHOR'S ADDRESS

TO

THE READER.

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might  
And vaine assurance of mortality,  
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight  
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,  
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly!  
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill  
That thorough grace hath gained victory.  
If any strength we have, it is to ill ;  
But all the good is God's, both power and eke will.

*Spenser's Faerie Quene,*

First stanza of Canto X.

GENTLE READER,

THOSE who deal in second-hand and old books say there has of late been a considerable demand for works connected with the times of Louis XIV. This may partly be attributable to the attention directed thereto by Mr. James's elaborate Life of the Grand Monarque, which must have excited great desire for information on so interesting a portion of history, through the notices of the press. As it came out in four large and handsome 8vo. volumes, adapted to the shelves of a gentleman's library, it can be seen by but few. Voltaire's "Age

of Louis XIV." is too able and too cheerful ever to become obsolete; but I am not aware that it is to be found in a modern garb, at a low price. Moreover, it is too full of the "glory" of France to be a pleasant companion of the English reader of this day, who remembers French doings at the Revolution, and who has witnessed the humiliation of that people after the long war. The position of France, in our own times, has thus afforded a striking parallel to the prostration that darkened the latter days of Louis XIV., and, what is of far more consequence, inflicted such unheard-of misery upon our light-hearted neighbours, throughout the length and breadth of that extended kingdom.

The tendency to exalt the principles of liberty, without pandering to democracy—the most detestable of all exhibitions of power—the reader need not be directed to mark in the following pages. The wickedness and folly of war, from a sense of duty, are frequently pointed out; nor has it been without considerable difficulty that I have been compelled silently to pass over many occasions where principle seemed to demand its reprehension. These noted battles have desolated thousands of hearths; and tens of thousands

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to their account,  
With all their imperfections on their head:  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!"—

Yet it would have appeared like a dosing of my reader always to have introduced the iniquity of the practice; or to have avoided the use of terms of common parlance, such as bravery, heroes, masterly movements, &c., that almost convey admiration, or at any rate lead to the idea that our sympathies are enlisted, and do not seem congruous with abhorrence of the injustice treated of. It is confessedly a difficulty. Still I have endeavoured to clothe such pictures with no attraction, as that pernicious practice is even more objectionable than open justification of "battles, and murder, and (therefore) sudden death."

This work has proved very laborious: the following is a list of authors and works consulted or quoted:—

|                                |                           |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Aitken, Miss                   | Laval                     |
| Anquetil, De                   | Lempriere                 |
| Biographie Universelle         | Louvois                   |
| Bolingbroke                    | Maclaine                  |
| Bossuet                        | Maintenon, De             |
| Brienne, De                    | Mavor                     |
| Brodie                         | Montpensier, De           |
| Bucke                          | Moore, Dr.                |
| Bulwer, E. L.                  | Mosheim                   |
| Burnet, Bishop                 | Motteville, De            |
| Canterbury, late Archbishop of | Neale                     |
| Christina, Queen               | Necker                    |
| Choisi, De                     | Noailles, Duc De          |
| Clarendon, Lord                | Noble, Mark               |
| Coxe                           | Orléans, Mémoires De      |
| Cowper                         | Pope                      |
| Dangeau, De                    | Retz, De                  |
| Delort                         | Rollin                    |
| Dover, Lord                    | Saturday Magazine         |
| Fare, De La                    | Scheltema                 |
| Fayette, La                    | Simon, Duc De St.         |
| Fleuri, Cardinal               | Smyth                     |
| Fontenay, De                   | Stuart Papers             |
| Gourville                      | Talon, De                 |
| Grainger                       | Temple, Sir William       |
| Gray                           | Venceslas                 |
| Grey                           | Vies des Hommes Illustres |
| Henley                         | Voltaire                  |
| Howard, Cardinal               | Ursins, Princess of       |
| James, G. P. R.                | Walker                    |
| James II.                      | Walpole                   |
| Johnson, Dr.                   | Wellwood, Dr              |
| Joly                           | Wharncliffe, Lord         |
| Lardner                        | Wordsworth                |

Voltaire has largely helped me, because, spite of our total difference on religious matters, I think there is an evident desire to be traced, in his work, for truth to form the basis of his record; and the freedom and simplicity of his style will always sustain his standing in literature. I have endeavoured to prepare the following sheets so as to open European politics of those days; to exhibit the passions of the main actors, leading to the deeds that stamped that remarkable age; and to leave impressions of justice, without which we read in vain.

On the religious persecutions, more or less connected with the revocation of the edict of Nantes, I have spoken with unhesitating horror and disgust. Let us remember,

however, that these crimes arose from no peculiar atrocity in the wicked heart of the selfish monarch, which in no respect was more deceitful than other hearts. These awful cruelties, it is true, led to the accumulation of sorrows and sufferings, to read only a small part of which rouses our indignation and enlists our sympathies. No, we must look deeper than this, and, to get profit from our reading, trace these deeds of darkness up to *superstition*. Aye, but, say some, superstition is a bye-gone thing; you need not sound the tocsin of alarm *here*—it can never more disturb us in the 19th century; it may be all very well as a bugaboo for children and old women, but men are wiser now, &c. I should have been the first so to have said, reader, five years ago; but, if we look at the doings and “teachings” during that short time, we must be very bold to set bounds to the effects of superstition and will-worship.

The section of our established church that has made so determined a crusade against protestantism; who are enamoured of a pompous ceremonial, and passionately in love with frivolities at once numerous and minute, remind one of Swift’s description of the son that would insist on it he was fulfilling his father’s will, who had left him a plain coat to wear, strictly enjoining that he should add *nothing* to it—when he covered it with gold lace, and bedizened it with tawdry ornaments, he was pertinacious in self-gratulation that he best carried out his parent’s intentions. So the teaching of these men, “when stripped of the verbiage in which they have seen good to envelop it,” says the Rev. T. Jackson, when *clawing* Dr. Pusey, in return for the *scratch* that velvet-pawed divine had given to the numerous body of Wesleyans; “their doctrine is precisely that of the council of Trent, and therefore at variance with the articles and homilies of their own church, which they have severally subscribed. I pass over the bitter and *persecuting* spirit, which not a few of them have betrayed.” Now, this is precisely that which I do not pass over—for I want to show that this is the inevitable tendency of *their* “catholicity.”

Their hatred of the reformers, on all occasions expressed without "reserve;" their dishonest attempts to "explain" away the honest meaning of words, by wanting to make out that persons wholly disapproving of what they are called on to subscribe may interpret those articles in accordance with their own views, may steam up in the nostrils of high church dignitaries as a very precious odour; but men of common sense and honesty will see that this must be dishonourable and sinful. Nor does it require the spirit of prophecy to see where this must end. It is to be hoped there will ever be some remonstrants. Well, these "rubricians," "high-church," "Puseyites," "Romanizers," or *quocunque nomine gaudes*, will soon see how necessary it is, for "unity," that refractory "sons" should be silenced. And, should England once more become a land of graven images, what is to prevent scenes similar to the dreadful persecutions of the French protestants who would not bow down to the image Louis XIV. had set up? Thus, if a hasty perusal should lead my reader to say, "What can the revival of wholesome discipline, so much talked of in the present day, have in common with the history of the revocation of the edict of Nantes?" I answer "Much every way."

Throughout church history the same principle may be traced. Under Jew and Gentile; from the days of Wycliff to Luther; thenceforward to Louis XIV.; and from his time to 1844. And so it must be to the end of time—a dominant sect must needs do all in the way of persecution which the circumstances of the day permit. I enquire not now in what other respects evil may result; men's minds will, I fear, for some time to come, be divided thereupon. Dr. Adam Clarke, whose sons have become ministers of the church—showing how people will differ on these matters—in his commentary upon Luke xx. 25, observes, "the government of the church of Christ is widely different from secular government. It is founded in humility and brotherly love; it is derived from Christ, the great head of the church, and is ever conducted by his maxims and spirit. When political matters are

brought into the church of Christ, both are ruined. The church has more than once ruined the state; the state has often corrupted the church: it is certainly for the interests of both to be kept separate. This has already been exemplified in both cases, and will continue so to be over the whole world, wherever the church and state are united in secular matters."

The mind of man has made wonderful advances—for good or for evil. To all human establishments, civil or ecclesiastical, there is an allotted time. See how the ancient monarchies have been carried away as with a flood. Throughout the ages of the world, let us observe that the Almighty Architect never *repairs*, but *removes*; and the mighty stream, which is carrying back so many clericals to past errors and mummeries, *may* be one of those powerful agencies to bring about His purposes. The cup of iniquity, as regards priests and people, *may* be nearly full, and the irreversible sentence have gone forth, "Overturn, overturn, overturn." It would seem that thus it must ever be—the state corrupts the church, the church panders to the state.

That interesting historian, Bishop Burnet, an ornament to the church he so ardently longed to see reformed, spared not the rod. He tells us with regret that he had observed the clergy in all the places through which he had travelled, Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Dissenters; but, of them all, he said, the clergy of the established church were the most remiss in their labours in private, and the least severe in their lives. So far was he from wishing to pull down the church that "he prayed earnestly it might be built up by their labours; that it might long continue the joy of the whole earth in the perfection of its beauty; and be a pattern, as well as give protection, to all the churches of God." The surgeon who inflicts great pain by the removal of a limb, and thereby confers permanent benefit on the sufferer, is a benefactor, though, while writhing under the knife, we do not look upon the operator with complacency.

I have frequently said, in the course of the following

pages, that neither young nor old ought to read for amusement only: principles ought to be inculcated by a writer, who should keep constantly before his own eye, and his reader's attention, the objects he has in view. Remembering the motto, "fas est et ab hoste doceri," let us learn of these rubeanians, who so live, and think, and act, as if the one desideratum of existence was to bring back the halcyon days of darkness. Like those romantic rivers, the current of which here runs smoothly on—one while in broad, clear streams—anon contracted and sinuously twisting about; sometimes literally buried under ground, and so lost sight of; then re-appearing in vigour and beauty—but wheresoever seen, or lost sight of, ever tending to one point—ever emptying their waters into the sea.

Thus is it with these formalists. Sometimes they are starting such monstrous propositions, and cutting such capers, that we expect to hear they have clubbed together to purchase "Punch," that renowned periodical, as a vehicle for promulgating their apostolic views. At other periods demanding the rigid observance of *fasts*, hinting at reviving the *confessional*, and turning their regards towards more practical corporeal mortifications. Indeed one has lately, in a public sermon, told his audience all to purchase Moore's Almanack, for, as the saints' days are printed in *red*, they can more easily see them, and thus that celebrated work "may prove a means of grace to the people!" Like those who, says Mr. Jackson, "in Ireland and in Italy observe saints' days and profane the Sabbath; who count their beads, practise all the rites of the church, carefully avoid all that would violate what is called 'catholic unity,' and would commit murder for half-a-crown!"

Margaret, Queen of Navarre, tells of a young prince, (Francis I.) in her "Heptameron," lamentably profligate, who on his way to scandalous assignations had to pass through a church, and he made a point of never going through that holy place, even on such occasions, without stopping to pray! It is to be observed that the talented queen does not instance

this as a remarkable case of fearful self-delusion, and a gross insult to the majesty of heaven—but as a testimony of singular devotion! “A true prayer, and a religious reconciling of ourselves to God, cannot enter into an impure soul, subjected at the time to the dominion of Satan. He who calls God to his assistance, whilst in the pursuit of vice, does as if a cut-purse should call a magistrate to help him, or like those who introduce the name of God to the attestation of a lie.” I quote from a Roman Catholic writer—to show that superstition is not essential to any special form of religion—for who would dare to say so of the profession of such men as Fenelon, Pascal, Rollin, or Massillon? With us it rests not to say what particular degree may co-exist with true religion in the heart. The judicious line seems to be that the tendency of slavish credulity is to lead away from internal evidences. Such tests are most especially eschewed by the advocates of a formal, tangible religion—reminding one of the sprouting of this hydra’s head in Cowper’s days, who sings of some lights that were then for reviving the

“Good substantial gods of wood and stone.”

Why accounts like the following should be rare I can really see no reason, if regular progression mark this memorable movement:—

Messrs. Pusey and Newman,  
Churchwardens of Rubricia,

Aug. 7, 1856.

To Simon Snooks.

|                                                                                                            | £ | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| For solidly repairing St. Joseph . . . . .                                                                 | 0 | 4  | 0  |
| — repairing the Virgin Mary before and behind . . .                                                        | 0 | 0  | 6  |
| — turning a nose for the devil, putting a horn upon<br>his head, and glueing a piece to his tail . . . . . | 0 | 4  | 3  |
|                                                                                                            |   | 8  | 9  |

Let it not be thought this is a *jeu d'esprit*; it is, verbatim, copied from a recent account delivered in a parish in Bohemia.

Spanish credulity is happily exhibited at p. 71. I will



give my reader a specimen of Austrian. "Seefeld is a small village, with an abbey, very pleasantly situated: the church, a tolerably fine one, is famous for the following miracle. In 1384, a certain person, whose name is inscribed somewhere on the outside of the building, not being content, on Easter Sunday, with partaking of the common host, insisted upon having the grand host—that exhibited upon the altar—and by force got it into his mouth. Instantly the earth opened beneath him, and swallowed him up: in his descent he caught hold of the edge of the altar, which just gave time for the priest to take the host from his mouth, and the man then disappeared! They still show the hole, covered with an iron grating; and the altar which received the impression of the man's fingers; and the host, which is all red, as though stained with blood!" If it be asked, what particular evil results from being over-credulous?—from that, in short, to which the revivers of "discipline" would re-conduct us—the answer is, shortly, that the "understanding becomes darkened," the spirituality of God's law is obscured, *form* takes the place of *power*—men and women are deluded with false ideas of sin in its enormity and remedy. So that Montaigne, then visiting Rome, describes life, in the best and worst society, as a round of sinning and ceremonies—piety and pollution.

If viewed in a true light, such profession "is a conspiracy to exalt the power of the clergy, even by subjecting the most sacred truths of religion to contrivances for raising their authority, and by offering to the world another method of being saved besides that prescribed in the gospel," says good Bishop Burnet. In his day he saw "a spirit rising among us too like that of the church of Rome, of advancing the clergy beyond their due authority to an unjust pitch. At any rate, men are *now* roused; reformation, or severance of the church from the state, is the problem in process of solution—known only to the Most High. Meanwhile, on the one hand avoiding the vulgar "No Popery" bawl, on the

other, it is our duty to watch and to pray, each in his sphere testifying against all heresy and error. Richard Dovey, of Farmcote, in the parish of Claverly, Shropshire, by deed, in 1659, gave houses and lands to that parish, on trust, for the maintenance of a school and certain cottages adjoining to the church-yard of Claverly; and directed that the feoffees should place a poor man in one of the cottages, and pay him eight shillings yearly, for which he should undertake to *awaken sleepers, and whip out dogs from the church of Claverly during divine service.* Aye, aye, that is what is wanted—to awaken sleepers, and drive out dogs!

In former writings I have been censured for the too frequent use of strong, and even coarse, language, albeit confessedly not misapplied. To wit, where I have called Henry VIII. a miscreant. Where is the impropriety? With other meanings, our dictionaries describe that word as signifying a base-minded person. The disgust created in going over the deeds of such as Louis XIV. can only lead to their being described as scenes of blood and rapine, and such actors as the butchers of mankind. And I must say, as good Bishop Burnet in one place remarks, “if these words seem not decent enough, I will make no other apology but that I use them because I cannot find worse—for as they are the worst of men, so they deserve the worst of language.”

In the earlier part of the following work I might have said more concerning that great man, Cromwell—the truth is his life and reign form the subject of a corresponding volume with this. Henry VIII. was the first of a contemplated series; Louis XIV. forms the second; and Oliver Cromwell, as the third, is now ready for the press. To have pursued the fortunes of Charles XII., and Peter the Great, would hardly have come within the scope of a history of Louis XIV., as their respective reigns produced but little influence on the middle and south of Europe then; nor am I sure that the matter will be inappropriate for a distinct volume.

In the preparation of this book for the press, to quote the

words of the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" (Robert Burton, though he somewhat fancifully calls himself Democritus, Junior), "I might indeed (had I wisely done) have observed that precept of the poet—*nonnumque prematur in annum*, and have taken more care. Or, as Alexander, the physician, would have done by *lapis lazuli*, fifty times washed before it was used, I should have revised, corrected, and amended this tract; but I had not that happy leisure—no amanuenses nor assistants. Pancrates, in Lucian, wanting a servant as he went from Memphis to Coptus in Egypt, took a door bar, and, after some superstitious words pronounced (Eucrates, the relator, was then present), made it stand up like a serving man, fetch him water, turn the spit, serve in supper, and what work he would besides; and, when he had done that service he desired, turned his man to a stick again. I have no such skill to make new men at my pleasure, or means to hire them; no whistle, to call like the master of a ship, and bid them run, &c. I have no such authority, no such benefactors, as that noble Ambrosius was to Origen, allowing him six or seven amanuenses to write out his dictates: I must for that cause do my business myself, and was therefore enforced, as a bear doth her whelps, to bring forth this confused lump. I had not time to lick it into form, as she doth her young ones, but even so to publish it as it was first written, *quicquid in buccam venit* \* \* \* \* I am *aquæ potor* (a teetotaler!), drink no wine at all, which so much improves our modern wits; a loose, plain, rude, writer, *ficum voco ficum, et lignonem lignonem*, and as free as loose: *idem calamo quod in mente*: I call a spade a spade. *Animis hæc scribo, non auribus*, I respect matter, not words; remembering that of Cardan, *verba propter res, non res propter verba*; and seeking with Seneca, *quia scribam, non quemadmodum*, rather *what* than *how* to write. For, as Philo thinks, he that is conversant about matter neglects words, and those that excel in this art of speaking have no profound learning. Besides, it was the observation of the wise Seneca, 'When you see a fellow careful about his words, and neat in

his speech, know this for a certainty—that man's mind is busied about toys, there is no solidity in him.' I am, therefore, in this point, a professed disciple of Apollonius, a scholar of Socrates: I neglect phrases, and labour wholly to inform my reader's understanding, not to please his ear. It is not my study or intent to compose neatly, which an orator requires, but to express myself readily and plainly as it happens: so that, as a river runs sometimes precipitate and swift, then dull and slow; now direct, then *per ambages*; now deep, then shallow; now muddy, then clear; now broad, then narrow—doth my style flow—now serious, then light; now comical, then satirical; now more elaborate, then remiss, as the present subject required, or as at that time I was affected. And if thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller, sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champaign, there enclosed; barren in one place, better soil in another. By woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, &c., I shall lead thee, *per ardua montium, et lubrica vallium, et roscida cespitum, et glebosa camporum*, through variety of objects—that which thou shalt like, and surely dislike."

Gentle Reader, having led thee thus far—to these *roscida cespitum*—these green pastures moistened with dew, I may add, *Ingrederere ut proficias*—walk on to profit. If evil befall thee, I have missed my aim; if a tone of freedom, sustained by truth, seem to thee at times too unguarded, while I shall have to lament unwittingly giving offence, the consolation is mine of not being conscious of having "written one line which, dying, I would wish to blot." Myself belonging to that generation who are going down the hill of life—who need often make the sage exclamation, "Oh, if my time were to come over again!" I know too well the comparative uselessness of writing to, or for, the old; and again take a lesson from the Puseyite pages, which go upon indifference to the opinions of *age*, and determination to *gain the young*. Of my "Henry VIII. and his contemporaries," it was said that it would have been an excellent companion for youth, had

it not been disfigured by such "serious drawbacks" as "scenting by modern prejudices the times of Henry VIII." This meant irreverent treatment of *feasts* and *fasts*, which the able reviewer solemnly tells us are "enjoined in the book of Common Prayer!"

I am happy to be able respectfully to answer this gifted churchman with that which, by him, must be deemed irrefragable. The Bishop of Chichester (Dr. Ashurst Turner Gilbert, late Principal of Brazenose College, Oxford), commenced the primary visitation of his diocese on Tuesday, in the cathedral church of Chichester. The following is from his lordship's charge:—"I must caution the clergy always to bear in mind that the edification of God's people is the object of all their ministrations, and that they will sacrifice the end to the means if they needlessly offend their congregations in such matters. I certainly am convinced that a minister takes a wrong and entirely inadequate view of his duty if, by adhering too strictly to the rubrical directions of the Book of Common Prayer, he alienates the affection of his congregation." So that, while *bishops* speak thus, it is to be hoped we may escape the charge of blasphemy for hinting that "rubrical directions" might be amended!

With certain well exposed exceptions, by which I have in this work tried to profit, my style that writer was pleased to call "clear and forcible enough," and the "inquiries into the causes of the Reformation temperate;" but then there was the damning spot of classing the modern *revivers of discipline* with their lineal predecessors of the olden times. For this offence a "severe lashing" was given, "in defence of the reviewer's own principles." I thank him for remembering mercy in the midst of judgment. But *principles* are not put off and on like our shirts: if his are fixed, mine are the result of longer observation and as honest conviction. Although wide apart, as to their *modus operandi*, may there be no other warfare than that of opinion as to how we may best perform those duties devolving upon us in our respective

spheres! And then, where the good of our fellow men, in connexion with the glory of God, be the point to which we are making, there cannot be much mischief going on—and we shall each receive a better recompense for our labours than can be expected from erring mortals who but see through a darkened glass while passing through this “troublesome world.”

B. B.

*Pootholm, near Monmouth,*  
Dec. 1844.

P.S.—Myself earnestly desirous for the promulgation of divine truth, and therefore rejoicing that the name of Christ should be poured forth like ointment, whether by hands episcopally set apart and spiritually commissioned by Him who is “a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec”—or by such a man has not ordained—I shall greatly be misunderstood throughout this work if I am thought to sneer at religion itself, or at the practice of the church of England in the *godly* discharge of her ritual throughout the land. To my mind, no character claims respect more than the self-denying, laborious, and really spiritual, minister; who, instant in season and out of season, is gifted to appreciate, and exhibit to the people committed to his charge, the *spirituality* of the services of the church.

I attempt not to justify the strange mixture of matters essentially apart; that the act of parliament, for instance, which established, in the days of Edward VI., “the Order of Common Prayer,” should “be concluded with uniform agreement, and by the aid of the Holy Ghost.” Individually, I think this indefensible. But I am only *one*—thousands differ on this point. And if numbers of devout christian men feel warm attachment to the parochial system—the many beautifully experimental and scriptural prayers of the church—as a whole—perhaps not sympathising with *every* expression—saying “What is the chaff to the wheat?”—who am I, to venture to run down a whole order of conscientious men! Such honest characters I wish God speed; and that they may, in His time and method, be relieved from any painful shackles.

Any sarcasm which may apply, throughout these pages, to the clergy, I hereby once for all declare is aimed only at such as enter the ministry for worldly distinction; and who, when at ordination they say they are moved by the Holy Ghost, are experimentally ignorant “whether there be any Holy Ghost.” Such men seem to me the curse of the country, the bane of the establishment—and when christian men are so unhappily placed that they can receive no other ministration, I do not think the comfort of the 26th article, by any means, compensation; but that they will necessarily be disposed to say, rather, to such worldly spirits, *quoad* the services of the church, “Who hath required this at your hands?” *Vale! Vale!*

# LOUIS XIV.

## SECTION I.

Louis XIII.—Sterility of Anne—Buckingham and Richelieu make love to her—Birth of Louis XIV.—Richelieu's administration—Death of Louis XIII.—Anne of Austria and Mazarin—Concini—French victories under Condé—De Retz and parties in France—Broussel's arrest—the Dukes of Beaufort, Bouillon, and Elbeuf, lead the Fronde—Beauty of the Duchess de Longueville—Libels on Queen Anne—Mazarin's pleasantry—Riots and intrigues—Distress in Paris, and the royal family in want—Joyous entrance of Louis XIV.—Mazarin's popularity—Condé's discontent and insolence—Pretended assassination of one of the Fronde—Counter plot—Morals of Paris—Arrest of Condé, Conti, and Longueville—Plots of his family—Civil wars—Migration of the court—Its return to Paris—De Retz's desperation—Mazarin loses his self-possession—Vacillation of the Duke of Orleans—Rising of the Paris mob, incited by De Retz—Mazarin tardily liberates Condé, &c.—Who visit the Queen—Retirement of Mazarin—De Retz turns a spiritual character—Treaty between him and the Queen Regent—Disturbances in the Parliament—Louis attains his majority—De Retz makes love to the Queen—Power of Mazarin even in exile—Royal progress—Narrow escapes from Condé—Turenne acts for the royalists—Condé possesses himself of Paris—Turenne successful in bringing back Mazarin—Frightful scenes in Paris—Mazarin again exiled—Turbulence of De Retz—Beaufort, Condé, and others, make their escape—Restoration of the royal authority.

THE vigour and yet mildness of Henry IV. places him among the most prominent of the founders of that celebrated monarchy which, from jarring interests and discordant parts, has been formed into a coherent whole, so materially influencing Europe. Louis XIII., though the son of this great man, was a non-entity. On occasion of the marriage of Charles I. of England with Henrietta-Maria, youngest daughter of Henry IV., the Duke of Buckingham went upon his gallant embassy to bring over the bride. The gorgeous fopperies of his train, equipages, and apparel, fascinated the court and the people.

When admitted to his first audience of Anne of Austria, he wore a mantle enriched with a profusion of large pearls, so loosely attached that some dropped off at every step. The French courtiers took them up and presented them to him; but he requested they would keep them, "with such a grace," says the Comte de Brienne, "that they could not refuse." Disdaining all meaner conquests, he made a declaration of love to the young Queen of France, and was heard without displeasure. He had a rival, who, though slighted, was yet formidable—Cardinal Richelieu. That famous churchman openly affected intrigues of gallantry. "He frequented the society of Marian de Lorme, the Aspasia of her time, and gave proof of his accomplishments and complaisance to Anne of Austria by dancing, at her request, in the garb of pantaloon. The court ladies laughed at him; the queen ridiculed and disdained him; his love turned to gall; and hence his persecution of that princess directly, and by means of her imbecile spouse." Brienne relates the droll scene: "the cardinal was desperately in love with a great princess, and made no secret of it; respect for her memory forbids me to name her. 'Son éminence voulut mettre une terme à sa stérilité; mais on l'en remercia civilement.' The princess and her confidante, Madame de Chevreuse, loved amusement, at that time at least, as much as intrigue. One day whilst they conversed tête-à-tête, and thought only of laughing at the amorous cardinal, 'He is passionately in love with you, Madam,' said the confidante, 'and would do any thing to please your majesty. Will you allow me to send him some evening to your chamber, dressed as a jack-pudding, to dance a saraband?' The princess, young, gay, and, in short, a woman, took the confidante at her word. Richelieu, accepting the singular rendezvous, came, quite secure of his conquest, wearing a pantaloon of green velvet, with bells jingling at his knees, and castanets in his hands, and danced a saraband, while Borcan played on the violin behind a screen. The ladies laughed 'à gorge déployé' (how could they do otherwise? I laugh at it myself after 50 years); the cardinal declared his love in due form, the princess treated it as a farce (pantalonnade). The haughty prelate was so irritated that ever after his love was changed into hate, and the princess paid but too dearly for the pleasure of seeing an Eminence dance."

Buckingham took his leave of Anne of Austria, "piqué seulement," says Mademoiselle de Motteville, "de repasser le mer sans autre fruit de son amour que celui d'avoir été favorablement écouté." He returned to Paris, under pretence of a forgotten commission, to take a secret and impassioned leave of the French queen, in spite of the jealous cardinal. The same writer has left an account of the duke's parting declaration of



love to Anne, who behaved with all possible propriety. Miss Aiken, however, in her *Memoirs of the Court of Charles I.*, is of opinion that that faithful waiting-woman varnished over the behaviour of her mistress, or (to use Madame de Staël's phrase) painted her *en buste*; and, by a serious misapprehension, imagines Buckingham to have conducted himself with a degree of vivacity wholly inconsistent with the situation of the parties and of the text of Mde. de Motteville. Mr. Brodie is equally severe, and more figurative upon the memory and weakness (if she was weak) of the French queen. According to him, "an impure flame burned in her bosom." I am indebted to Dr. Lardner for these amusing anecdotes.

Twenty-three years after the marriage of Louis with Anne of Austria, 1638, she presented him with a son, whose appearance being so unexpected, with the vivacity characteristic of the French, who dearly love a *mot*, the infant prince was called "Dieu-donné." At the birth of Louis XIV. the officers of the palace wished to clear the halls, &c., of the persons who were thronging to congratulate the king his father; but Louis XIII. ordered the doors of the room where the infant prince lay to be thrown open, saying aloud, "Enter, all of you! This child belongs to the whole world!" At five years old, on May 14, 1643, he ascended the throne, in consequence of the death of his father Louis XIII., who had left a will appointing the queen Regent, and his brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, lieutenant-general, under the impression that a salutary balance would be kept up by those rival influences; as he himself had confidence in neither, so he limited their powers as guardians, and instructed them to act in concert with a council of regency, of whom he appointed the Prince of Condé to be president.

In the previous December, Cardinal Richelieu had died, whose genius and master-mind had so long governed France: but he is said to have made all politics subserve his own ambition, that prompted him to the most tortuous courses—intrigues, promises, corruption, breaches of faith, were his tools, which, to use his own expression, "*il couvrait de sa soutane rouge*" (alluding to his cardinal's hood). It is thought that his success was greatly attributable to the feebleness of his opponents: his administration was one of terror. He is said to have enlarged royal prerogative; but this is incorrect, as we can conceive nothing in a more absolute condition than that in which it was handed down by Louis XI., Francis I., and Henry IV. Richelieu may be said to have pushed monarchical power to its extreme, for the sake of crushing his enemies; and if the monarchy was stronger under him than after the death of Henry IV., it is only because power on that occasion passed into the hands of a female and a stranger, who suffered herself to be led by strangers; and that

from her the sceptre fell to an infant king, altogether wanting in those qualifications which constitute a great sovereign. According to the custom of foregoing times, Richelieu was proud of being a warrior; and having, in 1629, been appointed generalissimo of the forces, as well as prime minister, he exhibited himself in the midst of armed soldiers, his clerical habit surmounted by the cuirass, a sword on his thigh, and a helmet on his head, preceded by two pages carrying other parts of his accoutrements. Following this pernicious example, the Cardinal de la Valette, the Cardinal Archbishop of Sourdis, and many other prelates, figured even on the field of battle.

Richelieu conferred great benefits on France: the royal printing office, the Jardin des Plantes, the French Academy, the Sorbonne, and the Palais Royal, he either enlarged or founded. Being an author, he was accused of forcing favourable criticisms of his works from the literati of the day. Like most authors, he devoured flattery with greediness. But a more just reproach is, he was a miserable economist, for he left more than 40,000,000 of debt, and had anticipated the public revenue for three years. Under his able management, Louis XIII. received the name of "the Just,"—it would be difficult to say for what. Towards his mother he acted unfilially, in leaving her to pine and die in penury in a foreign land. Of a cold, phlegmatic temperament, if he had courage, it was the mere animal bravery of a soldier, as he was utterly incompetent to the higher duties of the leader of armies. The history of France, under this feeble prince, adds another to the instances on record of a people being happy under one who reigns without governing—a kind of King Log.

Mazarin secretly led Anne, and by his advice she held a bed of justice: through flattering the parliament she secured a simple regency, unrestricted by the fences with which Louis XIII. had surrounded it. This absolute regency, that may be considered as the first division of the long reign of Louis XIV., corresponded too strikingly with the regency of Mary of Medicis under the influence of Concini. He was better known by the name of Marshal d'Ancre. Being a Florentine, he went to France in the suite of Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry the Great. By his intrigues, and those of his wife Eleonora Galigay, he became, from a gentleman of the bed-chamber, a Marquis and a Marshal of France. The enemies which his elevation and his pride procured, contrived his ruin. Louis XIII. was prevailed upon to get rid of this dangerous favourite, and Concini was shot by Vitry and his accomplices on the Louvre bridge, April 24, 1617, and his body was ignominiously insulted by the populace. His wife also lost her head, and his son was declared incapable to hold any office in the kingdom. When his wife was accused of witchcraft, in influencing the mind of the queen,

she said her magic was only the influence of a great mind over a weak one. There certainly was this difference between the regency of Mary of Medicis, and that of Anne of Austria, that, whereas the grossness of nobles and courtizans stood out in bolder relief under the three sons of Henry II., the privileged classes during the minority of Louis XIV. covered their debaucheries with a varnish of civilization which softened down the coarseness of feudal manners. On the other hand Mazarin, much more supple and cunning than Richelieu, arrived at the same end, though employing different means. Richelieu grappled with, and crushed, opposition; Mazarin undermined it at its base, deprived it of external succour, and caused it to destroy itself. The enemies of Richelieu saw, or thought they saw, in Mazarin, intentions to follow the same policy; they affected to dread a recurrence of a reign of terror, and formed a clique against the court, to which Gaston and the princes who acted with him joined themselves. Anne had enough of imperiousness, would gladly have governed if she had had capacity for despotism, but wanted that talent which alone causes a tyrant to be at once feared and respected. The French appear to have considered the custom by which the regency was given to the king's mother almost as fundamental a law as that which excludes females from the crown, Voltaire satirically remarks.

The funeral of Louis XIII. was honoured by a signal victory, which threw a lustre on the beginning of a reign destined to be at once the most lengthened and most glorious of the French monarchy. Anne had been compelled to continue the war against her brother the fourth Philip of Spain; any clearer reason than that both nations had been at war ever since 1634, because Richelieu had so willed it, can scarcely be discovered. The main branch of the war was in Flanders, the Spaniards there having 26,000 men under an experienced general, Don Francisco de Melos. Ravaging Champagne, they attacked Rocroi, and seeing themselves opposed by an army greatly inferior in numbers, led by an inexperienced young man, not yet 21, who was placed under the counsel of the Marshal de l'Hôpital, they considered their success certain. Never was a greater mistake: as Voltaire says, this prince was born a general—war, as an art, was in him by instinct; so was coolness—for, like Alexander under similar circumstances, after having forced his Mentor to give way to his youthful impetuosity, and having himself seen to all the dispositions of his own army, he slept so profoundly that it was necessary to wake him in the morning. The Duke d'Enghien, afterwards celebrated under the designation of the Prince of Condé, on this occasion created high expectations of what he would become. This was the first time he had appeared at the head of armies, and he fleshed his maiden sword on the plains of Rocroi,

where he annihilated the redoubtable Spanish infantry that had been noted for its valour and discipline for 150 years. The old Count de Fuentes, who led the Spanish infantry, died in the battle quite covered with wounds, and Condé, being told of it, said that he would have died like him if he had not conquered. This victory, achieved by a general of 20 years old, acquired for France a superiority which she sustained on the field of Fribourg in 1644, in the battle of Nordlingen in 1645, and at Lens in 1648. The war lasted 14 years, nor was there one campaign wanting in glory—according to French historians. What other benefits could have resulted from this unchristian perseverance in the spilling of human blood one is at a loss to imagine; but it seems quite enough, to satisfy our lively neighbours, that “il n’y avoit pas de campagne qui ne fut marquée par des conquêtes.” It was the misfortune of Henry IV. only over his own people to gain great advantages; but here we see advantages gained over ancient enemies; for the battle of Rocroi was rapidly followed up by his taking Cirq, and driving the Germans across the Rhine. At Fribourg and Nordlingen, Condé’s glory was raised higher by splendid victories. The brilliancy of French success, they say, led to the treaty of Munster, which assigned Alsace and other domains to France; restricted within narrow bounds the imperial authority; but which some writers lament sacrificed the interests of the Catholic Church to the Swedes and other German Protestants, their allies. Spain was not comprised in this treaty, reminiscences of her ancient splendour persuading her that, like the classic bird, she would yet rise from her ashes; but, more courageous than strong, it had long been a hard struggle to her, and she must have sunk before the vast power of France but for the intestine divisions by which her rival was torn and weakened. To witness such success by the French—such misfortunes endured by the house of Austria—one would be inclined to think that Vienna and Madrid only waited for the command of the enemy to open their gates, and that the Emperor and the King of Spain were almost without dominions! Notwithstanding, five years of glory—scarcely dimmed by a cloud of misfortune—had left France few real benefits; and that country, surrounded by this splendid halo, was on the brink of destruction.

Anne of Austria was popular—this cannot be said of her confidential minister. Julius Mazarin was born at Abruzzo, in Italy, July 14, 1602. His abilities in early life were conspicuous; and he recommended himself to the pope by his successful intrigues to prevent a battle between the French and Spaniards before Casal: this secured the good opinion of Cardinal Richelieu and of Louis XIII., who was so pleased as to entrust the seals to Mazarin, and appoint him vice-legate to Avignon.

I shall presently show my reader how he became prime minister. He now was rudely handled in the parliament of Paris, where several *conseillers* (corresponding with our term M.P.) declaimed against the hardship of the taxes, and the misappropriation of the public revenue, with a force which soon attracted the regards of the citizens, who urged on the parliament to strong opposition to the court, that had been unguarded enough to interfere with the "cour des comptes" and the "cour des aides," which bodies, emanating from the parliament itself, threw themselves upon it for support. This was met by a resolution that it should thenceforward register no edict contrary to the people; and shortly afterwards they passed the famous "arrêt d'union" between all the sovereign courts and parliaments of the kingdom. By this act (which, in his Italian pronunciation, Mazarin called "l'arrêt d'oignon,") the parliament, daily growing bolder, assumed the right to censure the acts of the executive, and of examining arrests made by the council. The queen, either to ward off prospective evils, or from a feeling of gratitude, meant to assent to the passing of this edict. But this very giving way incited the parliament to put forth fresh claims to constitute themselves a political council, the representatives of the people, and even the administration itself—for they proceeded to pass a law to abolish the intendants of provinces whom Louis XIII. had instituted.

The regent had many other sources of abundant vexation: she could not appear in public without being insulted; they called her *Dame Anne*, and any addition, in no very mannerly way, signified her lack of virtue. In short, she was the sport of the wit and malignity of Paris; all which so irritated Anne that she caused Potier de Blancménéil and Brousset, the president, to be arrested, who in consequence were dubbed, the one "the father of the people," and the other "the patriarch of the Fronde." In this step the court reckoned too much on its authority, and neglected necessary precautions to support the strong measures intended. The first news of the imprisonment of the two members created a violent sedition—all Paris was up in arms—barricades were raised in the streets, and the regent and the cardinal were blockaded in the palace, which the enraged mob vowed they would level with the ground. So that the court was reduced to the necessity of giving way; the two members were released, and reconducted, on the shoulders of the people, amidst their shouts and the fire of musketry from the Parisians. The title of this important party, *Frondeurs*, as they shall be called throughout this work, means "sticklers"—i. e. anti-courtiers, who dwelt much on popular rights, ministerial tyranny, and all government abuses. The French, according to D'Anquetil,

were content with high-sounding words, ran with avidity after those whose cry was Liberty, and did not see that they were gainers of nothing but troubles which caused them to be more unhappy than they were before. In opposition to the *Frondeurs*, the adherents of the court party were styled *Mazarins*, and a third party were named *Mitigés*, which consisted of those who did not choose to be ranked with either of the other parties, and who, in the lively observation of the same writer, waited to range themselves on the side of the conqueror. The two members, who had been arrested, were with others at the moment celebrating "Te Deum," in the cathedral of Paris, for the celebrated victory of Lens.

The master-spirit, that directed the whirlwind, being indeed no common man, I may be excused for bringing him on the tapis with greater notice than falls to the lot of most of those who either fluttered their day as the mere *spuma* on the stormy currents of life, or soon sunk as *fecula* to the bottom. The house of Gondy to which he belonged was originally of Florence; Anthony abandoned his country at the commencement of the 16th century, and established himself at Lyons, where he lived in splendour. A descendant became Duke of Retz, Marquis de Belle-isle, Peer and Marshal of France, &c., and from him sprung this remarkable man, the power of whose superlative talents was so long felt in France. In his characteristic auto-biography, he tells us that, on the day of his birth, a monstrous sturgeon was caught in a little river which runs through Montmerail-en-Brie, where his mother was confined. Not considering himself of sufficient importance to have had his existence ushered in by an augury, he would not have mentioned such a matter but that, as he had so figured on the stage of life, and as his libellers had made the most of it, it would have looked like affectation to omit it. Having relatives who had climbed the ladder of clerical promotion to a very high round, De Retz himself was destined for the church. During his scholastic course, a little after De Retz left college, his governor's valet-de-chambre discovered a girl of astonishing beauty, living in indigence with an aunt who secured a wretched maintenance as a pin-maker. He took her away, after hiring a little house at Issi—De Retz having furnished him with means so to do—and having placed his sister to take care of her, the day after went himself to see the poor girl: he found her in extreme dejection, which could easily be accounted for. The next day he discovered that her natural understanding was even more remarkable than her beauty, and that is saying a great deal: she spoke with prudence, and a sense of religion—always without passion. She restrained her tears; but she dreaded her aunt to a degree that quite distressed De Retz, who, profligate as he was,

after vain attempts on her virtue, became conscious of his own infamy, and, conquering the temptation, took her in his carriage to his aunt Maignelai, who placed her in a convent, where she died eight or ten years afterwards in all the odour of sanctity. The poor girl told this kind lady, such was her misery with her aunt that she should at length have consented to De Retz's terms; and Mde. de Maignelai was so pleased with her nephew that she told M. de Lizieux; who, on his part, thought it right to tell the king the same day at dinner.

On another occasion, which, by the bye, was before the honourable instance of noble conduct just recorded, De Retz had been hunting at Fontainebleau, with the Marquis de Courtenvaux, first gentleman of the chamber, and, as the horses of De Retz were jaded, he took post for Paris. In those days, my readers must know, that taking post might mean hiring horses, as in England, to put to a carriage, or being supplied with saddle horses, then more usual. The animal on which De Retz rode being more able than that of his valet-de-chambre, or of his governor, who accompanied him, he first arrived at Juvisi, and there selected a fresh horse that had just been saddled for him; when Contenau, captain of light-horse to the king (a brave, but extravagant man), coming post also, ordered the saddle of De Retz to be removed from the horse De Retz had chosen, and his own to be put thereon. This military non-chalance not exactly suiting our young fire-eater, he advanced, and politely observed to the officer that there must be some mistake, &c. He of moustaches and cocked-hat terrors made no more ado but, without the unnecessary expenditure of time which *words* would have entailed, gave to the scholar-looking young De Retz a tremendous box on the ear, that at once caused the blood to flow. The latter immediately drew his sword, as did the bold soldier, whose foot slipped, thus at the first pass the officer fell, in the fall his sword dropped out of his hand. De Retz retreated a step or two, and told him to take up his sword; the officer did so, but by the point, presenting it to the future cardinal respectfully, and at the same time asking his pardon for the affront; this he repeated strongly before De Retz's governor, who by this time had come up. This son of Mars had generosity enough to inform the king (Louis XIII.) of De Retz's bravery, which his situation about the court, and his familiarity with his majesty, gave him opportunity to do; and these two occurrences caused the favourable introduction of De Retz at court.

The Count of Brion (François Christophe de Levi de Vantadour, who died in 1661) was enamoured of Mlle. de Vendôme, afterwards Madame de Nemours. He was a great friend of Turenne, who, to afford the Count more frequent opportunities of seeing the young lady, invited him to join him at the country

residence of M. de Lizieux, a dignitary of the church, who always took up his abode when at Paris at the Hôtel de Nemours; and, as visits were interchanged, Mademoiselle de Vendôme was now at M. de Lizieux's, where the great Turenne was also visiting. The Count had twice been a capuchin friar, and always made a hotch-potch of saintship and sinnership; he pretended to seek M. de Lizieux for spiritual counsel, nor would he budge from the conferences that were very often held among the trio (M. de Lizieux, De Retz, and Turenne)—and which were always carried on in the apartment of Mademoiselle de Vendôme. Brion wanted not wit, but had too much mannerism, and this, with the peculiar way of Turenne, and the indolent mien of Mademoiselle, led De Retz always to think every thing just as it should be. These grave conferences often ended in promenading in the garden: once, the late Madame de Choisi proposed a ride to St. Cloud, and that a little play should be got up: Lizieux said he would make no difficulty, provided it was only a small party, and in the country. Waiting for the actors that night, who were detained at the Cardinal's, the party, consisting of Mademoiselle Vendôme and her mother, Madame de Choisi, Turenne, Brion, and De Retz, amused themselves with dancing to the sound of violins: Mademoiselle danced alone afterwards, and so they went on till towards morning.

It was in the height of summer: they were at the foot of the descent then called *Bonshommes*: just as they arrived at the bottom, the coach suddenly stopped. De Retz sat with Mademoiselle at one of the doors; he promptly demanded why the coach stopped? the coachman answered, with considerable agitation, "Would you have me pass through all the devils which are before me?" Putting his head out of the coach window, being near-sighted, De Retz could see nothing: Madame de Choisi was at the opposite window with Turenne, she was the first who discovered the cause of alarm; five or six lacqueys that were behind, trembling with fear, exclaimed, "Jesus, Maria!" Turenne jumped out of the coach at the cry of Madame de Choisi: De Retz, thinking they were stopped by thieves, also got out on his side, and, snatching a sword from one of the lacqueys, unsheathed it, and placed himself by the side of Turenne, whom he found attentively beholding some objects which his own short-sightedness prevented his making out. Enquiring of Turenne what was the matter, he answered in a half-whisper, gently pressing the arm of De Retz, "I'll tell you—but we must not frighten the ladies"—who screamed more than they wept, so that an "oremus" was set up in the carriage. Madame de Choisi uttered the shrillest sounds; Mademoiselle de Vendôme told her beads; her mother wished to confess to M. de Lizieux, who said to her, "My child, have no



fear—you are in the hands of God.” Brion had devoutly thrown himself upon his knees, and, with the lacqueys, was saying the Litany of the Virgin! All this passed pretty near as quickly as told. Turenne, who had a little sword by his side, which he had drawn, turned to De Retz with the same coolness with which he would have asked for his dinner, or would have given battle, and said, “Come, let us look at those gentry.” De Retz answered, “Who?” and says, he verily thought all the world was gone mad together. Turenne seriously said, “In good truth it does look as if these should be devils.” As the two now approached the cause of terror, De Retz thought he saw a long procession of black phantoms, which created in him more emotion than the great Turenne was affected with, and caused him to make a more lively move than the cool general was capable of. The two ran, sword in hand, towards the devils—those in the coach witnessing the rush, in an agony of alarm, screamed out at the expected supernatural encounter! The warrior and the future warlike cardinal were stopped by the alarm of the *devils*, who turned out to be a company of black Capuchins without shoes or stockings, one of whom, advancing, addressed the threatening Turenne and his companion:—“Gentlemen, we are poor religious, who are injuring no one, and have merely been to refresh ourselves by bathing in the river for health, as well as comfort.” De Retz and Turenne returned to the carriage, bursting with laughter; and simultaneously made two reflections, which, when they were alone next day, they communicated to each other. His companion thought the first apparition of these imaginary spectres delighted Turenne, although he himself had always previously said he expected any supernatural appearance would alarm him. De Retz owns that the first impressions he received were more moving than he could have wished, as he had always longed for a sight of spirits. The second observation they made was that nearly all that is read in the histories of most characters is false. Turenne declared he had not the slightest emotion, though De Retz might have conceived, from his cautious way, he was uneasy; and De Retz confessed he had fear at first, though Turenne said, from his altogether unembarrassed air, he thought he had no other sensation than of spirit and animation.

Mademoiselle de Vendôme conceived unutterable contempt for poor Brion, who certainly had cut a most ridiculous figure in this adventure. She amused herself with De Retz after they were again seated in the coach, and observed that she felt she was a true grand-daughter of Henry the Great from the admiration in which she held courage. And to De Retz she said, *he* could have feared nothing, because of his ease on this occasion. “I *did* fear, Mademoiselle,” he replied, “but not being so reli-

gious as Bron, my alarm did not drive me to the Litany! "You had none," she said, "nor do I believe you fear devils; for Turenne, whose courage is beyond question, was himself struck, and did not move so quickly as you." De Retz confesses he was gratified with the compliment conveyed in this distinction, and it put it into his head to say some soft things: "We can believe in the existence of the devil, and not fear him; there are more terrible things in the world." "And what?" asked Made-moiselle. "They are so very powerful," replied the cunning flatterer, "that I dare not name them." Pretending not to understand this compliment to the brilliancy of her eyes, she joined in the general conversation; the coach put them down, and they separated for their respective homes. She afterwards confessed she understood De Retz well enough.

The king soon presented De Retz to the bishoprick of Agde, a quiet little clerical cushion, having only 22 parishes, and a considerable annual income. Now the *devotion* of this celebrated *Frondeur* was not of that order which would lead to the placid discharge of ecclesiastical duties in the country; and therefore, in a state of considerable embarrassment, he waited on the king and told him, after the warmest expressions of gratitude, that he could but shrink from the responsibility of a *remote* bishopric, as, at his age, he must needs want that grave counsel and spiritual aid which was so much more abundant in Paris! It was, he confesses, hazardous to his future prospects—but he was fortunate—the king was well pleased. Louis XIII. died immediately afterwards; the incompetent Duke of Beaufort took the lead, and his miserable deficiency soon becoming apparent, the queen regent commissioned De Retz to offer the first office to his father Philip-Emmanuel de Gondi, Count of Joigny. Having retired from the distraction of life to the Brethren of the Oratory, he obstinately refused again to become immersed in its cares: the queen next sent for Mazarin, to whom she entrusted the seals of office. De Retz himself, at the instigation of his aunt Maignelai and M. de Lizieux, was appointed coadjutor to the Archbishop of Paris; on the occasion of the queen's formally conferring that benefit, she publicly announced that, on the evening before his death, his late majesty had directed her to confer that distinction upon him, as he had never forgotten the instances of his virtue and courage, which I have given.

Having availed myself of an opportunity of impressing my reader with the character of De Retz, and incidentally shown how Mazarin was brought forward, I return to the narrative of the events following the arrest of Broussel. In the heat of the tumult which occurred on August 26, the coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, subsequently known as the Cardinal de

Retz, placed himself before the people, whom he endeavoured to pacify by soothing words, to which if they listened, it was but to renew the revolt: he then repaired to the Palais Royal, to discuss with the regent measures to appease the popular clamour. His demeanour and character warrant the belief that in these endeavours he was prompted by a desire of popularity, and a crafty design, by being privy to the secrets of the royal breast, to turn any hasty expressions which might escape hereafter against the court. The *vox populi* was more directed to the mortification of Mazarin than to the enlargement of Broussel. The cause of quarrel between Mazarin and De Retz is said to have been the vexation of the latter at his refusing him an office which the cardinal conferred on the Duke of Montbazon; and that, on occasion of one of the numerous tumults of Paris, De Retz in his pontificals went out among the mob, showering down his episcopal "benedictions;" and then repairing to the Palais Royal, on deprecating the violence of the court, the queen, her immediate partisans, and the cardinal, sneered and flouted at De Retz, so as to leave on the mind of that able man an enduring disgust towards Mazarin.

However, the parliamentary triumph gave importance to the popular party, which would now gladly have taken Condé for its head; but, being at the head of the army, he yet adhered to the court. De Retz determined to make De Conti, Condé's younger brother, the recognized leader, not that he expected him to be of greater use than could be derived from the éclat consequent on his being of the royal blood. He was urged to gain his sister, the Duchess of Longueville. The Dukes of Beaufort, Bouillon, and Elbeuf, with many other nobles, became leaders of the *Fronde*, all recognizing De Retz as the soul of action. Anne departed for Ruel, with Mazarin and the young king, not considering herself safe at Paris. Negotiations took place, which led to the return of the court to Paris; but on January 6, 1648, in the middle of the night, the queen, accompanied by Mazarin and her two sons, the king and the Duke d'Anjou, stole away from the city by the Conférence Gate, and reached in safety the chateau of St. Germain-en-Laye. On the next day the queen directed the parliament to repair to Montargis, which they would not do, but sent a deputation to St. Germain, when the queen on her part refused to receive the deputies. The royal army environed Paris, St. Cloud, St. Denis, and Charenton. On the other hand, the *Frondeurs* now raised troops; De Retz, who was the titular Archbishop of Corinth, equipped a regiment of cavalry, and, habited like a soldier, himself, on horseback, reviewed these troops, and has the merit, according to Voltaire, of having been the first bishop who ever carried on a civil war without the mask of religion! The fire

of genius, which characterised this extraordinary man, breathed only faction and sedition—it was his very element: at the age of 23, he had been at the head of a conspiracy against the life of Richelieu; and such was the remarkable power of his fascination that he prevailed on the parliament to erect its standard against the court, even before they had gained the support of a single prince of the blood.

Meanwhile the defence of Paris was not neglected; the Bastille was placed under the command of Broussel and his son, and the common people (*bourgeois*) were armed, guarded all the posts, and made several sorties. This most ridiculous war became a laughing-stock to our gay neighbours themselves: Condé beseiging 500,000 with 8,000! The Parisians quitted the city, and came out into the fields, many of them dressed with feathers and ribbons; their exercises were the jest of the regular troops. Upon the approach of only 100 or 200 of the royal soldiers, they would take to flight—every thing was turned into ridicule: the regiment of the coadjutor (named, after his bishoprick, the *Corinthians*), being defeated by a small party of the regulars, this repulse was called *the first Epistle to the Corinthians!* On the side of the royalists there was no serious attack, for Mazarin reckoned more on intrigue than violence; he meant to create a party in the parliament, and as our Walpole said every man had his price, so he had too much knowledge of human nature to shrink from offering splendid, which turned out successful, bribes to the Prince de Conti, the Dukes of Bouillon, Longueville, and Elbeuf, who, according to the historians of the period, held themselves in readiness for the highest bidders. The Duke of Beaufort, a man, according to De Retz, of intellect below mediocrity, and who was nicknamed “le Roi des Halles,” (the same as if we should say, in London, “king of Wapping, or Billingsgate,) would not yet join the court. Unable to sustain a war, the “Frondeurs” accepted peace; and while hostilities were suspended, through the safety-valve of the press, they let off innumerable pamphlets, directed mainly against Mazarin, not sparing the regent. As traits developing the peculiarities of the *Gauls*, it will amuse the reader to inform him that on the coadjutor’s taking his seat in parliament, with a poinard sticking out of his pocket, several lively members cried out, “See! there is our Archbishop’s breviary!” And in the midst of all this fearful confusion the nobility assembled in a body at the Augustines, appointed *syndics*, and had regular public meetings—leading to the notion that their design was to remedy these dreadful disorders; but the only *business* they discussed was a *tabouret* (meaning leave to sit down in the presence of the queen—which favour is peculiar to duchesses) that Anne had granted to Madame de Pons! Voltaire hereon remarks

justly, that perhaps never was so *marked* a proof given of the lightness of the French; and it came out in strong contrast with the conduct of the popular leaders at the same period in England; who, continues the same writer, in their civil discords showed a melancholy cruelty and a sensible madness—their battles were bloody; they decided all things by the sword; scaffolds were erected for the vanquished. Their king, being taken prisoner, was brought before a court of justice, questioned concerning the abuse of his power—condemned to lose his head—and was executed in the presence of all his people, with great order, and the same formality of justice as if it had been the execution of one of his subjects—nor was London, throughout these sad troubles, ever affected by the calamities generally attendant on civil wars.

The court re-entered Paris on August 16, 1649, and at once commenced negotiations which had no other object than to see which party could deceive the other: the Prince de Condé espoused the *Fronde*. This peace, in point of fact, was but a suspension of arms, but not of cabals: however, part of the terms was an amnesty for all but De Retz, who was too powerful yet for Mazarin to attack openly, therefore secret interviews were held by the crafty minister with Beaufort and De Retz; which latter too much depended on his popularity to risk it by an open adjustment with the cardinal. And yet, not wishing to close the door against future reception by the court, the coadjutor kept up underhand communication with those about the regent, and contrived skilfully to maintain an undiminished influence with the popular party.

The youthful king had been kept from the metropolis while matters remained in so stormy a condition, nor would Mazarin consent to his return until tranquillity was completely restored. Condé and the Duke of Orleans visited Paris, and were received with great applause by the citizens; but, with other leaders of the recent and formidable sedition, were but coldly received at court by the regent, although Mazarin was as supple as a willow. Condé had been alienated from his fair sister, the Duchess of Longueville—he had used violent language to her—he had prejudiced her husband against her; but now a reconciliation was effected between them—all bitterness was forgotten, and her influence soon placed him in scornful opposition to Mazarin. Herself haughty, and ever disliking Anne of Austria, after the hollow reconciliation which terminated the siege of Paris, it was necessary she should appear at court: her husband, followed by a numerous and splendid train, arrived first, and was received by the queen in the midst of her court, Mazarin standing beside her. General interest was excited to hear the sort of apology he would make—but in a state of embarrass-

ment—turning red and pale by turns, the duke was unable to speak. Mazarin relieved him by drawing him aside to a window, and detaining him for some time in private conversation; after which, they were, to all outward appearance, cordial. His fair duchess visited the queen in bed—as was the fashion of those times; she blushed, as she was apt to do, so exceedingly as to add to the extreme charms of her dazzling beauty; her speech was too confused for the queen to understand a word of what she said. This famous beauty had so inflamed Turenne with a passion, at which she laughed, that he failed in honour and duty when she insisted on his causing the army he commanded to revolt from its allegiance to the king. The Duke de la Rochefoucault was also one of her slaves; and, having been wounded, as we shall see in the battle of St. Anthony, he thereby for some time lost his sight—during his sufferings, he wrote a smart couplet:

“Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,  
J’ai fait la guerre aux rois, et j’aurois faite aux Dieux.”

Which has been translated,

To please her bright eyes, gain the heav’n of her love,  
I have warr’d against kings, and would war against Jove.

The French ever seem to have been swayed by wantonness and caprice—women were at the head of factions, and cabals were formed and dissipated by love.

The Parisians, to their praise be it recorded, manifested none of the truculence of their selfish leaders. Nor did that demonstration of their opposition to the court, which at once their habits and their taste rendered usual, pass away with the peace: they diverted themselves with street oratory, songs, and other gross and insulting exhibitions, and the cunning De Retz saw in these dispositions an abundant store of weapons ready for future warfare. But the parliament, thinking matters had gone far enough, now turned round on the very agitators whom it had before encouraged, and set about punishing one who was stated to have composed a paper on the proceedings of parliament relative to Condé. Beauton was the person whom they endeavoured to proceed against by an old law, the penalty of which was death—he was thrown into a dungeon, and the court had the worst intentions towards him; but, through the zealous exertions of some of the more just and able barristers, he got off—though in truth the real delinquent was a person of the name of Portail. His acquittal called forth an exuberant crop of libels, in the form of defences of the accused, in vile language, conveying the common and gross imputations against the queen: two of which from their unenviable celebrity may be mentioned—“Jeu de Tric-trac,” and “Custode.” Marlot who

printed the last, was condemned for that offence to be hanged, and being, by the usual authorities, led towards the Place de Grève, a mob, composed of printers' devils and the inferior servants of booksellers, in great strength, attacked the archers, whose resistance caused a still larger and more riotous assemblage, by whom the guards were beat, and the unhappy prisoner set at liberty. Mazarin, becoming alarmed at this fresh storm, sought aid of the only two men who could help him, the Duke of Beaufort and De Retz. The latter, though now of notoriously profligate habits, under a pretence of unwillingness—(like protestant bishops, "Nolo episcopari,")—anxiously coveted a cardinal's hat: the wily cardinal held up the scarlet gratification to the popular leader.

The prince of Condé made most extravagant demands as the price of cessation from hostilities, to be paid to himself and his two brothers. A curious tale is recorded of Mazarin's inviting him to an entertainment, to worm out of him what really would satisfy his rapacity; to which end he so far caused him to be inebriated as to throw Condé off his guard, when he levelled his fuddled wit at the poor cardinal's terror, and so otherwise annoyed Mazarin as to leave a store of bitterness ready for the day of revenge. Mazarin had always wanted to dispose of the post of high admiral to some nobleman who would marry one of his nieces. It had now fallen vacant, and Condé demanded it: a fresh root of bitterness sprang up by the minister's determination to use this grand bait for the twofold purpose of winning the Duke of Beaufort, by making over to him the coveted honour at the death of his father, the Duke de Vendôme, who was to receive the appointment on condition that his eldest son (brother to Beaufort), the Duc De Mercœur, should marry Mademoiselle de Mancini. Urged on by his relatives, Condé manifested daily more and more his mortification, and at last fairly told the cardinal, should the projected marriage take place, he must not reckon him among his friends. The court retired to Compiègne, while Mazarin and De Retz kept negotiating; meanwhile, in the spirit of aristocratic swagger, many young nobles agreed to insult the leaders of the *Fronde*, and, after having long borne with the irritation, the latter at length determined on reprisals. Under the direction of De Retz,—who, of course, was kept in the back-ground,—they attacked one of the cavaliers, a person of small consideration named Jerzé. This led to a general skirmish; at length the riot was stopped. The Duke of Candale challenged the Duke of Beaufort, which "satisfaction" was refused, and the latter affected to go about in fear of his life surrounded with an armed train: at last, the Duke of Orleans effected an adjustment between Candale and Beaufort.

The bustle of this noisy riot over, the Duke of Beaufort was seized with a violent attack of cholic, which he found it convenient to attribute to being poisoned by Mazarin: the political partisans in public made the most of this affair, while in secret they laughed at the idea. His gates were day and night surrounded by anxious inquirers; the doors of his hotel were thrown open, the curtains of his bed drawn aside, and the populace were allowed to walk through the room in which he lay, like a corpse, in state. On witnessing his condition, many cast themselves on their knees and wept for the saviour of their country! The perpetual recurrence of such scenes annoyed Mazarin greatly; and his embarrassments were further multiplied by the increasing defalcation of the revenue. Having been, both by citizens and parliament, driven away from the post of minister of finance, Emery, who had genius for the difficulty, was longed for by Mazarin. But he was too timid to act in open defiance of the chamber, therefore he set about an intrigue, and, by never mentioning Emery's name, and proposing De Maison, thought perhaps his political adversaries would, out of sheer opposition, bring back the proscribed financier. But he failed; the influence in favour of De Maison so strengthened that the cardinal was caught in his own toils, and compelled to ratify the appointment. Mazarin's administration was further damaged by the ill turn affairs took in relation to Spain, which power took Ypres and St. Venant, and compelled the French general to raise the siege of Cambray. With an army of 32,000 men and 82 pieces of artillery, they were frustrated by the enemy; which was partly attributed to their being so ill paid, and partly to an idea that Turenne, who led them, was still guided by correspondence with the *Fronde*. Many causes now operated towards the return of the court to Paris, and the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Orleans agreed to effect the king's return to the capital; on learning which, De Retz thought it too good a card to play for himself to lose it, and therefore set about securing the praise of the measure—to which end he caused it to be carefully insinuated to Mazarin that there was nothing the *Frondeurs* so much dreaded. He then went to the queen, whom he persuaded to revisit Paris: and while he affected to treat Mazarin with contempt, the two crafty ecclesiastics had an interview during the night, in which all necessary arrangements were made.

So great was the distress from the confused state of affairs that the courtiers and servants of the crown were obliged to discharge their pages, the crown jewels were pawned, the royal carriages were tumbling to pieces for want of repair, the king's sheets were so full of holes that his feet went through to the blankets. He looked like some of our "lucky" school-boys,



who, belonging to the *rising* generation, have risen so fast that a space of two or more inches has grown between their jackets and trowsers. So Louis XIV.—and let this console those rising characters whose ambition would clutch new clothes—during this whole summer wore a green velvet dressing-gown, which Madame de Motteville tells us scarcely half covered him. They were forced to dismiss the pages of the chamber, because they were unable to maintain them. Upon this occasion, also, even the aunt of Louis XIV., daughter to Henry the Great, and consort of Charles I., King of England, having taken refuge in Paris, was there reduced to the extremity of poverty; and her daughter Henrietta, afterwards married to the brother of Louis XIV., lay in bed for want of fire to warm her. The people of Paris, being in a manner possessed and intoxicated by their rage and fury, paid no regard to the distresses of so many royal personages. Anne, with tears, begged the Prince of Condé to be the king's protector, which was too flattering a function for him to refuse. Funds could not be had but by the return of the court to Paris, and the reluctant cardinal at length seriously contemplated adopting that measure. Previously he went to the Low Countries, to communicate with Penaranda, the Spanish leader, relative to a peace; returning whence, he found Condé had prepared to lead back the court party; he was joined by his brother Conti. Anne of Austria herself concocted a scheme for taking him back at one of the doors of Mazarin's carriage, and exposing him to the ridicule of the people of Paris—hearing of which, Conti hurried away as fast as possible for that city. The Duke of Beaufort made overtures for reconciliation with the court, which were spurned. In fact the *Fronde* now felt that the king's return might bring about a revulsion of sentiment with the fickle mass. On the 18th August, the royal family returned, Mazarin and Condé appearing at the same window of one of the royal carriages. Here *French* character was strikingly illustrated: maugre all that they had said and done, the people flocked in crowds to see the *spectacle*—thunders of applause and roars of blessings rent the air—neither threats nor reproaches were heard—many a coarse joke was cracked, and Anne was complimented on her taste—while all admired the cardinal's beauty, and many called out, "Look, look, how handsome he is;"—others exclaimed they loved him, and others eagerly tried to shake hands with him! So immense was the concourse of people that the troops were a mere speck, and were so wedged in masses between the portions of the cavalcade that the attendants could have been of no use had there been any attempt to assassinate either of the royal party. Although Mazarin had been by anonymous letters, and friends, warned that his life was in danger, he had coolness enough to make a

merit of necessity, and exhibit the utmost blandness and self-possession.

This popularity alarmed De Retz, who, on going up with an address the next day, is said to have shown the white feather—his voice faltered he shook, and now, in his turn, trembled before those whom he had so often insulted. The queen's shrewdness detected the symptoms, and, turning to one of her attendants, with a refinement of irony, she exclaimed, "How beautiful a thing is innocence!" The tide was turned,—parliament, clergy, corporations, swam with the stream, and joined to address and congratulate the cautious and penetrating cardinal. In fact, the people had become galled by the chains of their liberators, and the wretched personal characters of De Retz and his friends helped forward the rapid re-action—for they were as bold and as bad as can be conceived: in truth, the court party vied with them so far in gross immorality as to puzzle the people which to prefer. De Retz and his friends had this little advantage, that they troubled not themselves to maintain even a trifling exterior decency, and thus spared the addition of hypocrisy to their other frightful vices. The grossness of their debaucheries forbids sullyng these pages with a recital—their antagonists took care, however, that nothing should be lost, and, amidst other accounts, record that the Princess de Guimené, one of the former mistresses of De Retz, was by him seized by the throat because she had run away in a fright at the beginning of the siege, upon which the lady threw a candlestick at the head of the future cardinal, having, as she twitted him, discovered him with Mademoiselle de Chevreuse. Frantic licentiousness, beastly orgies, cruelty and crime, ran down the very streets. On one occasion the *Frondeurs* met a party of the king's pages, whom they wantonly attacked, and, inflicting several severe wounds, they bid the pages carry that to their master. Meeting a funeral in the streets, preceded, as is common in popish countries, by a crucifix, they drew their swords, Don Quixote like, and cried out, "The enemy! the enemy!" driving mourners, undertakers and priests down the street. Blasphemy became modelled by some of the leaders into a kind of systematic amusement: in short, they were too bad for the Parisians, and that must be bad indeed! I have been informed, and am sure it is true, that when our late poet laureat first went over to Paris—perhaps in somewhat of a spirit of irreverence, he told a friend, after seeing but little of the profligacy of that guilty city, "that he should think God had dealt very hardly with Sodom and Gomorrah, if Paris were spared much longer!"

The reflux of the waves brought on almost an inundation of popularity—on going to say *Te Deum* at Nôtre Dame, the im-

mense crowds clamoured for the king, who was lifted up above their heads, that all might behold the youth whom they had but so lately, and so unjustly, driven forth from amongst them. Mazarin knew the people, and showed himself frequently, with confiding freedom from retainers, among the crowds; he set the young king to proceed, in a splendid cavalcade, on the day of his attaining his eleventh year, to the church of St. Louis. In short, matters were going on so well for the cardinal that the parliament were sullen in losing their influence, and with adroit avidity seized on the disturbances in Provence and Guienne as a pretext for new attempts to embarrass the court, although the great leader, Condé, was in strict alliance with the queen. Still, discontent was whispered—Mazarin had promised greatly more than he could perform, and, to use a commercial figure, as his bills were fast coming due, and rarely taken up, the holders began to look as honest Cavendish says of a similar disagreeable, so “as it would make you for to smile!” Condé, having been enraged by some disappointment, answered Mazarin’s oily evasions and perpetual procrastinations with threats and curses, was joined again by a powerful faction, and now daringly threw himself back into the arms of his old concubine, the *Fronde*. Mazarin was alarmed, and withdrew (through the aid of the Duke of Orleans) his opposition to the Duke of Longueville’s receiving the Pont-de-l’Arche, which had been the immediate bone of contention. It was a patched-up reconciliation—mutual distrust remained, and the hatred of Anne of Austria to the *Fronde* was ever breaking out. At a grand ball, at which the king and members of the royal family were present, 5th Sept. 1649, every body of consideration was invited, except the Duchess de Longueville—she had remained at Chantilly under a pretext of drinking the waters for her health. On being pressed to invite her, Anne replied that she declined interfering with her health! This so enraged her brother, the Prince de Condé, that, to appease him, the queen was forced to swallow the bitter pill of being compelled to invite her. Anne ordered the ball to take place by daylight—which the ladies thought too searching for their beauty: this so irritated many that they became her hopeless enemies thenceforward!

The ever restless Condé seemed to seek fresh excuses for quarrels with the cardinal: he had affected content with the late arrangements, and therefore agreed to withdraw his opposition to the marriage of Madlle. Mancini with the Duke de Merceœur. Before he had grossly insulted the cardinal, by observing that his nieces were not good enough for the gentlemen of his household; and once he said that, if he pleased, he would make Champfleuri (captain of the guard to his Excellency) bring his master by the beard to the hôtel de Condé. He now

afresh started his claims to the office of high-admiral; and, in short, seems almost insanely to have overrated his influence—even at one time contemplating raising armies on his own account, and possessing himself of whole French provinces. As the price of a new submission, he insisted on the principality of Montbéliard being *purchased* for him; Mazarin, to detach his dangerous foe from worse schemes, agreed to find the money, and sent the financier Hervart to effect the purchase—but privately told him how to manage to cause the total miscarriage of the scheme: his craftiness accidentally transpired, and threw the impetuous Condé into wild paroxysms of rage.

Mazarin thus soon found himself environed with fresh difficulties; and, as Dr. Johnson said that the security of the church of England consisted in the multiplicity of sects, the safety of the minister was to be found in the dissensions between the various parties who opposed him, whom to balance was worthy of the skill of this great tactitian. But Condé was the most impracticable of his opponents, and his insults and powers of ridicule even caused the cold and cautious cardinal to lose his temper. Condé once, on hearing Mazarin dwell rather more minutely on military operations than comported either with his courage or his calling, in a convulsion of laughter, left him, exclaiming, “Adieu, Mars!” Of course the minister did not forget these irritations, although the influence of the capricious prince was too great just at once for him to chastise his overbearing. The prince, in his various coquetings with the *Fronde*, had discovered ulterior intentions on the part of De Retz; this kept Condé aloof from extreme measures. Guy de Joly and De Retz concocted a scheme of finance, which tended to unite the parliament and the *Fronde* in worrying the able minister—but, as the former body was not then sitting, it was necessary to adopt means to cause them to assemble: and it was resolved on to get up a pretended attempt at assassination of Joly himself, who, being a member, it was thought the affair might tend to that end. One Estainville, a gentleman of known skill in pistol-shooting, joined the scheme: the outer dress of Joly was placed upon a log of wood; Estainville hit it in the arm, and exactly under the spot Joly wounded his own flesh with a flintstone. Next day as Joly, in his carriage, was slowly coming down the rue des Bernadins, Estainville, watching, stood with a pistol in his hand, and a saddled horse near: as arranged previously, Joly slipped down to the bottom of his carriage—Estainville took a sure aim, and pierced the panel where Joly had just been sitting. Joly’s lacqueys having been purposely sent away, the people ran up at the report of the pistol—Estainville mounted and galloped off—but his horse slipped on the stones, and he was nearly taken. He got to the hôtel de Noir-

montier, where, during the day, he concealed himself; and, having borrowed the horse of the Marquis de Fosseuse, on its return at night, the Marquis caused it to be poisoned, lest it should be recognized.

But this bright scheme had nearly been exposed, and all spoiled, by an accident: instead of wadding, D'Estainville had used in his pistol the cover of a letter which had been addressed to him—but fortunately the name was obliterated—the remainder of the paper, and the balls, were taken, still warm, by the secretary of the avocat-général, one Brignon. Joly was conveyed to an ignorant neighbouring surgeon—his wounded arm doctored—and he was carried home, and put to bed. The news spread rapidly through the streets: all were at first alarmed—it was said Mazarin was assassinating his opponents; and, making capital of this farce, the *Fronde* proceeded to demand the interference of parliament—the chamber of enquiry sat—the *Fronde* were having it all their own way, when, by an untimely exposure, the tragedy was turned into a ridiculous result. It appears by the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, that neither the court nor the people were the dupes of the disgraceful plans so common; and M. de Talon corroborates this. It seems that, on the very day of this occurrence, strong suspicions were entertained at the Palais Royal; and the queen, after a formal and formidable report of the state of Joly's wound, by the surgeons and doctors deputed by the parliament to examine him privately sent Guenaut, her own physician. He seems to have been a pompous fool, that never appeared in the streets but on a long-tailed horse, and acquired thereby the soubriquet of "Guenaut and his horse:" at night he repaired to her majesty to describe how matters stood—when he assured her there could not be a doubt of the reality of the affair, as he had found Joly in a high fever, nor could the greatest actor in the world carry dissimulation so far! Marquis de la Boulaie, the general of the parliament during the siege, either wanting to make a popular revolt, whereby the court could gain credit in using violent efforts to restore order; or, himself desirous of a greater degree of tumult; while the parliament was proceeding on this matter, rushed into the great hall, and tried to incite the people and the courts to fly to arms—as this was but one of the big drops of the coming storm of massacre with which they were all threatened—and that it was settled to immolate the Duke of Beaufort and De Retz! The latter perceived, with intuitive sharpness, that such rashness might mar all, and tried to allay the spirit of frenzy the *Fronde* had kindled: it seems, the more reflecting members, and the president, began to entertain suspicions which startled the *Frondeurs*, and the ungovernable Boulaie gathered a lot of horsemen, and in the street created a

degree of confusion that, like a snow-ball, encreasing as it rolled along, by the addition of butchers, carters, and other low rabble, an *emeute* was raised on the Pont Neuf. This just was what Mazarin wanted: he adroitly got hold of the susceptible Condé, and persuaded him there was a design against his life—the queen entreated him not to jeopardy himself by venturing out of the palace—Mazarin was quite affected—and Condé reluctantly remained, ordering his coach to be sent across the Pont Neuf; several other carriages accompanied it; and, while passing through the mob, in the *mélée*, one of Condé's lacqueys was shot dead. La Boulaie was present, and, it appeared, actually attacked the carriage of Condé. He seems to have alternately been the tool of both De Retz and Mazarin: after this violence he took refuge in the hotel of the Duke of Beaufort. This master-stroke of Mazarin answered his purpose well:—Condé, of course, was now estranged from the *Frondeurs*, and the inferior actors were alarmed for the safety of De Retz and Beaufort.

The Duke of Beaufort was the received lover of the Duchess de Montbazon, who, now terrified at his position, proposed to De Retz to fly with the Duke, and Madlle. de Chevreuse, the acknowledged mistress of De Retz, to Peronne. Mazarin was at the bottom of this proposal, as he naturally wished to expose his enemies in the most shameful and ridiculous positions; but, superior in effrontery and sin, De Retz equalled his wily opponent in cunning, and saw that the wiser course would be boldly to wait upon Condé with the appearance of freedom from suspicion, by being attended only by one servant, and an expression of indignation at the unjust charges which had been brought against him. Condé received him ill—professed his life to be in danger from the *Frondeurs*, and, secretly encouraged by Mazarin, never went out without 500 or 1,000 gentlemen. It is conjectured by some writers that the leaders of the Fronde suffered the truth to transpire relative to the attack on Joly, with a view to show up the counterplot of the threats, &c., against the Prince of Condé. With the sprightliness of our Gallic neighbours, they named the affair of Joly “*La Joliade*,” and the Condé counterplot “*La Joliade renforcée*.” The first excessive burst of public laughter gave way to indignation when the character of the witnesses came to be known—some were forgers, some were pickpockets, some swindlers, some had been condemned to be hanged, some had been found guilty of robbery, many were government spies. This worthy band stands unrivalled, except by our own protegées from Italy to swear away the reputation, and perhaps life, of Queen Caroline for unfaithfulness to the *scrupulous* Geo. IV.—headed by him of undying celebrity, the “*Non mi ricordo*” witness. It turned out that

these precious vagabonds were secured by Mazarin to appear against the leaders of the *Fronde*. De Retz was not slow to avail himself of the advantage this lucky discovery created in his affairs. Condé still kept aloof from the *Fronde*, and the wily De Retz stirred up numbers of discontented nobles and gentry, and, by great efforts, surrounded himself with a numerous and brilliant escort. Scenes of shameful violence were daily taking place even in the courts of law and parliament. Mazarin had hoped by working on the various passions of Condé to drive him more and more from the popular leaders, and further into the meshes of the court: notwithstanding, he still laughed at Mazarin, little perceiving that he himself was a puppet in the cardinal's hands. His egregious consequence disgusted men of all parties, and, by common consent, Condé was to be put down.

The Duchess de Chevreuse was intimate with Anne of Austria; she hinted to her majesty that the *Fronde* would be at her feet, would the regent but vigorously grapple with the pride and power of Condé, whom in truth the queen loved not. This very woman was mother of the open and notorious mistress of De Retz, who had, because of her charms, and immense estate, been considered a suitable match for the young Duke of Richelieu,—to show the morality of the age and country, it should be told that this project of marriage was suggested by the young duke's maiden aunt! Condé determined to mar this scheme; and it was settled to marry the young duke to a Madame de Ponts, an engaging widow, but not beautiful—but so attractive was she that she was called the “ugly Helen.” The young duke was fascinated by the widow—and such was the prevalent immorality that his aunt thought marriage was out of the question, and, for the rest, cared not. Under a conspiracy conducted by Condé, a clandestine marriage was effected—the aunt threatened to have the marriage dissolved, and Condé haughtily told her no marriage celebrated in his presence should ever be annulled—her resentment knew no bounds:—we shall see how she avenged herself.

Mademoiselle de Soyon, a maid of honour to the Duchess of Orleans, had yielded to the illicit passion of the Duke; in a fit of repentance she ran away, and was received in a Carmelite convent: his confessor was delighted at losing a counter-influence—and the duke was distracted. What a state of society! It is recorded that he had recourse to royal, parliamentary, personal, and friendly, authority to get this poor girl out of the protection of the church, and to bring her back to the same palace which contained his wife. The Duchess of Aiguillon was employed in executing this religious business, aided by a Carmelite monk, father Leon (let us say of his name as a prop of the church

*esto perpetua!*), who overcame the lady's scruples with the hope of her soon becoming lady of the bedchamber to the Duchess of Orleans! Well, the gratitude of Orleans to the Duchess of Aiguillon was very great,—we shall soon trace its working against the ever imprudent and haughty Condé. At p. 17, Jerzé was mentioned: he had been worked up by the prince to be vain enough to fancy the queen was in love with him. She mildly reprov'd his vanity; but it required a sharper and more public reprimand to put down the insolent presumption of this bold aspirer. He carried his wrongs to Condé, who, to test his power, demanded that Anne should, on the very day when she had for ever forbidden him her presence, again receive him. Mazarin remonstrated,—Condé replied, whether or not it was right or wrong was not the question; it should be done, for *he* willed it. In short, such was the state of matters that the queen submitted! But in bitterness of spirit she sent for Madame de Chevreuse (the mother of De Retz's mistress), and commenced a treaty. The queen regent herself, De Retz, and Mazarin, at once held a private interview. De Retz was faithfully promised the next cardinal's hat for his help; it was now arranged to arrest Condé, Conti, and De Longueville.

The various prices to the different *Frondeurs* were now settled. The difficulty was to gain the consent of the Duke of Orleans. This was managed through his mistress Mdlle. de Soyon, whose aid was secured by the Duchess of Aiguillon; and then to prevent the duke telling his confessor, La Rivière, both these ladies wrought on the lieutenant-general to believe that the priest had done all in his power to prevent the return of his mistress from the convent. Their plans laid, these antagonist parties, who, a short time before, would have pursued each other unto the death, were sworn friends, agreed in the same enterprise. A cause just now came before the council which excited great interest, and Mazarin intrigued to lead the three brothers to attend. Early that morning this deeply laid scheme was nearly discovered to Condé: he called on Mazarin, and, while engaged in conversation, walked near to the secretary, who was at that moment engaged in preparing the official order for his arrest; the secretary, aiming at an unembarrassed manner, contrived to cover over the papers. At this interview the *méchante* cardinal could not resist his love of calm pleasantry: the confessor of the duke of Orleans hated Mazarin—no love was lost between them. La Rivière's ambition was to don the purple; Mazarin had taken effectual means to prevent his receiving a cardinal's hat, but now persuaded the priest that it was on the road! and had the laugh against him by inducing him to try different shades of scarlet, to judge which best suited his complexion! Being in the humour, he next told Condé that a



witness who was about to appear against some *Frondeurs*, in a trial then going on, was likely to be rescued, and he persuaded him to sign an order for the soldiers to convey to Vincennes what prisoners soever should be committed to them.

The queen shammed illness, kept her bed, ordering that she should be fetched when the council were assembled; but the mother of Condé called to see her, and exhibited such kind interest in her health that she was so far touched as to manifest a degree of emotion which created a suspicion in the mind of the dowager that some design was afloat against her family. This feeling she told her son Condé—he thought proper to pay no attention to it.

Condé, Conti, and Longueville, proceeded to the council-chamber as usual. Orleans was too timid to be present, but the queen directed, when all was ready, that she should be called. She gave orders instantly to Guitaut, captain of the guard, and his nephew Comminges, to arrest the Prince de Condé, with Conti his brother, and De Longueville, his brother-in-law; when, taking the young king in her hand, she retired—to pray! Condé imagined Guitaut had been going to ask some favour when he made up to him, and received him with a degree of gracious condescension; but, in a voice so low as to be heard by no one else, the captain informed him of his orders to arrest him, Conti, and De Longueville. “Me! Me!” cried Condé, and desired to see queen, but of course he was not permitted to leave; a message was carried, but Anne refused to see him. By a file of musketeers he was led along, and with all imaginable coolness, he said he hoped they would take him to some warm place. Seeing among the soldiers some old comrades, he gently suggested disobedience of orders to them by remarking, “My friends, this is not the battle of Lens.” For a moment he was shaken, by witnessing in an obscure room the preparations which had been made for his arrest;—his historical reminiscences pointed to the fate of the Duke of Guise, and he observed to Guitaut, “This looks very much like the States of Blois.”

Guitaut’s honest nature revolted at the idea; he told the duke to fear not, for he at least was no agent for such deeds. His two brothers followed at some distance. Conti manifesting quiet indifference, and Longueville as much sunk as would be naturally expected from his character. They entered the coach which had been prepared to take them to Vincennes; after proceeding a short distance, the vehicle broke down, when Condé thought it was a plan for his escape: finding it otherwise, he peaceably went along. As there had been no beds provided, they sat up all night playing cards, and discussing the doctrine of astrology with great spirit. But although certain of his par-

tisans vainly attempted to get up an *emeute*, the Prince de Condé's haughtiness had left him enemies every where, and the population of Paris manifested the wildest joy at his arrest. Madame de Longueville was sent for by the queen; but, fearing to go, she escaped to Normandy. Condé's mother was ordered to one of her estates, and all his adherents were struck by the unexpected manifestation of vigour which the queen and Mazarin felt it most painful to exhibit, and both said, as did Condé's own friend Chavigny, that it was kindness to the prince to shut him up, and save him from himself. When the Duke of Orleans heard of their arrest, he remarked, "That's a fine haul of the net [*coup de filet*]*—the cardinal has caught a lion, an ape, and a fox!*" By the lion he meant Condé; by the ape he meant Conti, ugly, hump-backed, and diminutive; the fox was Longueville, cunning, supple, and adroit.

The immediate consequences of this precaution were rather alarming; revolts in Normandy ensued—which were soon put down. The Duchess de Longueville fermented these disturbances: Pont-de-l'Arche, and the castle of Dieppe were in her hands, the former commanded the course of the Seine, and it was held by one of the duke's officers. De Bouillon, alarmed, fled to Turenne, who, since the peace, had much attached himself to the Prince de Condé, and who now threw himself into Stenay, which Mazarin had given up to the prince: in Burgundy some of Condé's officers determined to hold out the towns they commanded on behalf of Condé. Mazarin was prepared for all this; and caused the king to publish a declaration, which was verified by the parliament, commanding all fugitives to return within fifteen days, under the penalty of high treason. The two princesses of Condé were ordered to Chantilly; the younger obeyed at once, but the dowager-duchess earnestly endeavoured to effect the liberty of her son. Mazarin and the court proceeded to Normandy—where all the refractory at once laid down their arms, and the Duchess de Longueville fled to Holland. From Normandy the royalists went to Burgundy; a slight resistance occurred at Bellegarde; but the whole of the province was soon reduced, and formally the Prince de Condé was removed from the government, the appointment being transferred to the Duke de Vendôme. On his return from these triumphs, Mazarin at Paris is said rather to have fallen into too presumptuous a spirit—which was the more censurable because, if he had put down Normandy and Burgundy, Stenay still recognised the Prince of Condé; Bouillon was getting on with Turenne; at Blaye, St. Simon had openly showed himself as the follower of the princes; Marsillac was in arms in Angoumois and Poitou; lower down, Bordeaux threatened rebellion. The court however upon the whole gained, and as by the death

of his father, Marsillac had become Duke de Rochefoucault, he thought to raise a fresh insurrection—but Mazarin was beforehand with him in pouring in that sort of troops which he facetiously called “yellow hussars!” and Saumur, which would have formed the strength of the disaffected there, Mazarin secured by treaty. Mortified, but not crushed, De Bouillon and De Rochefoucault, with a number of other discontented gentlemen, concocted a scheme of operations which troubled France in an internal warfare for years.

From Chantilly, they solicited the young princess to take possession of Bordeaux, as the capital for the insurgents, but Gourville had previously begged her to lead the discontented of Guienne. However, the dowager had been influenced by counsellor Lénét to urge her daughter-in-law, with her infant son, to proceed to Burgundy—still it was undecided to which point she should devote her energies. In such times, with such profligates, marriage must never be considered as essentially connected with love—she had been forced upon Condé, though neither handsome nor particularly engaging. Claire Clemence de Maille Brézé now showed a character for foresight and vigour which was quite unexpected. Under the mask of gaiety she had kept up a little court at Condé’s palace. Mazarin had watched their movements, and was to a certain extent imposed upon, and while the princess-dowager proceeded to court under the pretence of presenting a petition relative to her children, her daughter effected her escape. Mazarin had tardy information of some of their plans—he despatched messengers to order Clemence to consider herself as a prisoner. The young princess rose, and an English girl, one of her maids of honour, took her place in bed, counterfeiting her mistress. The gardener’s son represented the youthful Duke d’Enghien—wearing his clothes; the dowager was in bed, feigning sickness, and the wife of Condé was concealed by the curtains when the royal messenger entered the apartment and read his commission. From the old lady’s room the messenger proceeded to the bed of the pretended princess; where, with the curtains nearly drawn, the English girl performed her part so well that the agent from the court was misled by the pretended illness of the two princesses; thinking he had both his prisoners in custody several days after the young princess and her son had safely escaped. In the forest of Chantilly, the day after the messenger arrived, the duke’s horses were carelessly taken, with the appearance of its being merely for exercise; a carriage had been prepared previously, and it was drawn to this selected spot; and harness for four horses was smuggled thither. At 11 o’clock at night, Clemence took leave of her husband’s mother, and, with three ladies and the family physician, a gentleman of undoubted bravery, walked to the appointed ren-

dezvous in the forest. Attendants followed, carrying the young Duke d'Enghien, others hovered near to assist in case of alarm, and a third party, with Lénét, took another route, to avoid notice. By 4 o'clock in the morning they were all safely on the road to Montrond. One of the ladies took the character of the mother of the family in the coach; the other branch of the party, accompanied by Lénét, managed to travel without any apparent connexion with the princess's party, and at the different inns on the road passed for entire strangers, until they arrived in Burgundy, where their difficulties greatly diminished, and they were cordially received from house to house as the adherents of Condé, till they safely reached Montrond on the night of the 14th April.

A bruit reached Paris that the princess had escaped, and Mazarin sent off to the messenger in possession at Chantilly; he assured Mazarin in reply that they were safe, for he saw them every day. After plans had been arranged with many nobles, Clemence, escorted by several hundred men, proceeded to Bordeaux. To their surprise, the citizens remonstrated against the entrance of so numerous an escort; the princess and her son were freely received, but wished to avoid coming into collision with the court. After having for some time kept many of the noblemen and their retainers out, the authorities at length gradually relaxed; and, won by promises and fair speeches, the citizens suffered the troops to be introduced, when, as a natural consequence, their credulity was rewarded by soon finding themselves under the power of those whom it would have been their wisdom to keep out. The local parliament had all along wavered between Condé and Mazarin; the shrewd adherents of Condé naturally used all their art to urge them into a position in their favour, from which it would be impossible to retreat. These intrigues led to serious riots; some of the members, endeavouring to fly from the hall, were met by the roused populace, and by intimidation and blows were driven back. The citizens called on the burghers, who flew to arms: the contending parties, in a state of exasperation, came into collision before the Palais de Justice; a sanguinary conflict was just commencing, when the young princess, with some of her ladies, appeared in a commanding part of the building, and, with a clear and loud voice, exclaimed, "Let those that love me follow me." On this the combatants, mixing in one stream, turned towards her dwelling, shouting, "Long live the princess!" Her character was exhibited, perhaps elevated, by difficulties—so that she at last succeeded in augmenting the strength of her husband's resources where his interests so clearly indicated that strength should manifestly exist.

The dowager-princess had by this time proceeded to Paris, where she ably secured the sympathy of the parliament by a

personal appeal. At the feet of Orleans, in distress before Beaufort and De Retz, the latter confessed the existence of a kind of feeling to which before he had been a stranger, and thought he should have died of shame at her humiliating requests:—still, the supposed interests of these leaders swayed them to procure her abrupt ejection from Paris, which she reluctantly obeyed; on the road the princess was now really taken ill, and, from sorrow, shortly after died. De Retz soon saw that the wily cardinal meant to evade the fulfilment of his engagements—which indeed was the fate of his promises almost invariably; and although an apparent cordiality subsisted between Mazarin and the leading *Frondeurs*, they clearly perceived his *gifts* would have violently to be wrung from him. Fresh irritation was arising in the breast of De Retz, not only from the habitual deduction of heavy discounts, on the part of the able minister, from his reiterated assurances; but additionally from his everlasting penchant, by one cunning scheme or another, to plunder the national creditor.

Meanwhile the cardinal had thought it necessary, through the Count d'Estrades, to conclude a treaty with the young Prince of Orange, part of which was to be a great effort to establish Charles II. on the throne of England. If he had thus secured a friend in that quarter, danger soon arose from the north: Marshal Turenne, having declined all Mazarin's repeated overtures, had strengthened himself in Stenay, which, with Jamets, and other places in Champagne, still held out for Condé. Having turned all the plate, jewels, &c., into money, he was aided by the Duchess of Longueville, under whose joint efforts to shake the faithfulness of the forces which had served under him in Germany, only two regiments and a part of another joined the party of Condé. The great general was in an alarming position, as he was surrounded by the royal troops. Mazarin, finding he had made overtures to Spain, saw the necessity of winning Turenne; but his efforts were then fruitless; and the able commander, at the head of 18,000 French and Spaniards, advanced, and took Le Catelet, Guise, and other towns. He was, however, thwarted by Du Plessis Praslin, commanding a small French army, which would not have prevented his effecting a grand scheme of marching against Paris itself; but he found the Spaniards impracticable: he then thought of advancing with 3,000 horse to Vincennes, and delivering the princes by a *coup de main*. But he was prevented from engaging in this enterprise by hearing that the well-fortified town of Rhetel, in which he had thrown considerable strength, was suddenly attacked by Du Praslin: before he could arrive to defend it, Mazarin had gone thither, and successfully had suggested to Du Plessis a mode of attack on one of the suburbs, which

caused the town at once to surrender. The victor, with his army, was all night in sight of Turenne and his army. The latter was compelled to retreat, followed for two days by Du Plessis, till, at Genneville, the great general, seeing it unavoidable, although with vastly inferior strength to that of the royalists, determined on action. Himself foremost in the onslaught, heading some Lorraine cavalry, even under the greatest disadvantages of position, he bore down the right of the royal army, and penetrated to the cannon, that were behind the first line. Meanwhile Turenne's right was defeated by Hocquincourt, who led the left of the royalists—Turenne fought with desperation. Du Plessis brought up the second line, nearly surrounding the troops of Turenne, which, becoming panic-struck, began to fly in all directions. He struggled as long as possible, and was surrounded himself by the Germans in the royal service, who knew him and the vast importance of taking him prisoner; but he and one companion cut their way through. Then they had to pass through the French; this with incredible difficulty they effected, after a rout so very dreadful that no more than 150 of the fugitives rallied to reach Bar-le-duc with Turenne. He never more could assemble above half of his army, and therewith he shortly went to Montmedi. The Spaniards had behaved well to him, and yet offered him help—in men and money—which latter indeed they sent to him: not to be outdone in generosity, he returned the money to the archduke, informing him that a probability had arisen of his differences being adjusted with the court, assuring him he would not lay down his arms without fair terms of peace for Spain.

The three princes passed their time during their confinement according to their respective characters. In consequence of the insolent self-importance of that very weak man, in September 1643, the Duke of Beaufort had been arrested and confined here; but, after an abode of four years and a half, in May 1648, he contrived to drop from the walls of Vincennes. Conti had asked for a book entitled the "Imitation of Jesus Christ:" Conde, with bold irreverence, called out for "an imitation of the Duke of Beaufort;"—but no means existed of his availing himself of that example. He heard with gratification of the heroic conduct of his wife, and, turning from some flowers he was cultivating, expressed surprise that the tables should be so turned that *she* should be engaged in warfare, while *he* was watering carnations! Many schemes were tried by his friends to effect his liberation—actual money was given—many great promises were lavished—and indescribable benefits were to result from the opening of his prison doors; almost all the soldiers were gained over, and the period of the enlargement of the princes was fixed for the hour of vespers on one Sunday evening—while De Bar,

the governor, and all the officers were at church—it being settled to let down some bars so as to shut them all in church while the freedom of the *lion*, the *ape*, and the *fox*, was effected. The scheme was well laid, and doubtless would have succeeded but for a woman's tongue. Condé's mother told four of her friends—that they might be prepared with after aid; one, touched with compunction or dread—under a pretence of confessing to a robbery, handed a private paper to the grand penitentiary—which exposed the plan. He told De Retz, who, with Beaufort, took measures to collect troops immediately and to repair to Vincennes—the conspirators were alarmed, and Gourville fled into Poitou: however, they were not discovered, and, the guard being changed, the affair terminated. Mazarin suddenly removed them to Marcoussi, where a similar plan to release them, suggested by the Duke of Nemours, was frustrated by the sly measure of the wily minister's again unexpectedly sending them off to Havre. Enterprises were formed to release the princes thence, but as force must have been had recourse to, and in the *melée* their own lives might have been forfeited, these attempts were abandoned. Among the many ingenious contrivances to which their imprisonment gave rise, one should not pass unrecorded, as it escaped the vigilance of De Bar. The illustrious prisoners were by him prevented [one would almost be led to think that the word *debar* arose from this!] from other amusements than reading, gaming, and the cultivation of flowers—a truly *French* association; but there was no objection made to the reception of money by the princes, more especially as no small part of it found its way to the hands of the governor and other officers—under various pretences. This was generally sent in crown pieces, and the French, even then celebrated for their skill in *bijouterie*, contrived to slip in small silver boxes made to look exactly like the coin, on opening which, on very thin paper, were found letters. These they answered, and contrived to throw the boxes back again from the windows of their rooms, beyond the moat, to persons there ready to receive them. With his usual love of intrigue, Mazarin held out hopes of their liberation on condition of Conti's marrying one of his nieces; and under this pretence, and of settling all disputes with Spain, he caused Turenne to suspend his opposition to the court, while it suited the cardinal's purpose. Spain had helped the people of Bordeaux, who were now in formidable strength: they made sure of aid from the Duke of St. Simon, who deceived the princess with his promises, and, finally turning round to the court party, distressed the adherents of Condé from his strong post at Blaye.

Mazarin and the court proceeded to Guienne, where the aspect of the rebellion alarmed them, and while the *Maréchal de Meilleraie* marched towards Bordeaux, the king, the queen, the

minister, and the whole court, followed as far as Bourg. The Duke of Epernon and the Chevalier de Valette mustered all their strength, and joined De Meilleraie in investing Bordeaux. The troops of Bouillon and Rochefoucault were at an advanced post, and were soon driven in to the gates of Bordeaux. The castle of Vaire, on the Dordogne, was taken, the governor having surrendered at discretion; and for his pains he was immediately hanged by the royalists! And such are the horrors and injustice of war that the Baron Canoles, who had been taken long before by the insurgents, was immediately hanged by way of reprisals—by a cruel experiment, to see whether or not it would put an end to this kind of slaughter: it is said the effect was such. The siege now began: an attack was made upon a large dunghill, which Bouillon and Rochefoucault so successfully contested that it cost the royalists 800 men to take it; and then the porte, of which it formed the outwork, offered a determined resistance. A certain description of Mazarin makes him to carry in one hand a sword, and in the other a roll of parchment: he now carried on the war vigorously, while he was privately negotiating. Some of the members of the local parliament had stolen away to the court—they were received by the queen and Mazarin, and by them urged to return and try to make all parties anxious for peace. In consequence, a deputation waited on the court at Bourg, a truce of six days was concluded; and that led to a treaty of peace—the princess and her son were bound to retire to Montrond, the Dukes of Bouillon and Rochefoucault were pledged never to bear arms against the king, &c. This being all happily ended, the rebel leaders waited on the queen-regent, by whom they were graciously received, and the cardinal gave them their dinner; taking the opportunity to lure them, with his usual wiles, to the court party. They listened enough to vex De Retz; who had now in view a scheme to dissever the *Fronde* from the court, and to separate the interests of the Duke of Orleans and the cardinal; this was aided intentionally by their long private interviews with Mazarin that were observed by the daughter of Orleans, and by her communicated to her father.

This immediate trouble over, the court returned in triumph to Paris: nor was it long before the hornets' nest of the *Fronde* was about Mazarin's ears. Indeed the cardinal always reminds me of the old caricature (called "Breathing a Vein"), the fat old sensualist with his lugubrious countenance undergoing the operation of bleeding—expressive of a full determination to quit for ever the courses which have endangered his life. But after his recovery, we find him (in another caricature, entitled "Charming well again") immersed in his former gulosity. So Mazarin, full of engaging penitence and promises during the continuance of disasters, was for making friends of all—but, freed from his difficul-



ties, we see how soon he forgets his drafts approaching maturity, and how ready he is to renew them, instead of taking them up! Mazarin played one card badly:—the Abbé de la Rivière quarrelled with the Duke of Orleans, and, finding his influence abated, after vain attempts to restore himself, was finally driven from court. Mazarin should now have placed one in his own interest to govern that unstable prince, and not quietly have suffered his able antagonist to have usurped that function. De Retz never was actuated by repentance in his change of conduct toward Mazarin, but only speculated on turning his altered position to account; and to compensate for the loss—I will not say of *character*, for he had none to lose—but of political importance, in some degree, which was the necessary result of his unnatural combination with the minister. Herein De Retz displayed consummate ability in now securing Gaston, Duke of Orleans, as his cat's-paw, whose influence, from the high official station of lieutenant-general, under the direction of his own vast abilities, became an immense object. His motives do not appear clear—perhaps they were compounded of éclat, caprice and malice. He seems to have been like the stormy petrel, unhappy in a calm; and, from wielding supreme power over the fickle people, perhaps he eventually thought to fill the post of minister; at least it is certain he coveted a cardinal's hat. He therefore now set about removing the captive princes from the power of the court to the keeping of Gaston—in other words to have them in ward himself; thereby calculating on a considerable accession of power. Should his scheme be so far frustrated that the refusal would cause a rupture between the duke and the minister, thereby he would have recovered that portion of popular influence which he had lost. I have told how they were unexpectedly removed from Vincennes to Marcoussi—which was an able “coup” of the subtle cardinal, as it at once frustrated the wiles of De Retz, and defeated the schemes of Turenne. No one could penetrate the minister's moves on the political chess-board—his motives were not discoverable till it was “check-mate!” But all his coadjutors were not equally cunning: old Chateauneuf, the keeper of the seals, not unaccountably, somewhat elated at this double defeat of their enemies—openly said, “De Retz must not talk so loud any more.”

In the desperation of revenge, De Retz had so let his influence work as to convince the Duke of Orleans that Mazarin was making terms with the insurgents—and the reports of the duke's daughter contributed not a little to give force to the insinuations—that the queen and the imprisoned princes were to be reconciled, and that the co-regent Orleans was to be offered up as the sacrifice to appease the indignation of the insurgent party! Mazarin set the queen upon inviting her weak brother-

in-law to a conference at Fontainbleau; and De Retz was obliged to let him depart, without the guidance of his own tutelary genius—in great concern for the consequences; not however before he had dosed him, by the instigation of other clever leaders of the Fronde, with instructions as to the course he should pursue, which they had calculated so as most to embarrass the court. But Mazarin was too deep for the shallow Gaston: a council was held on his arrival at Fontainbleau; they secured all their objects with the weak duke, who was captivated with the apparent energy with which Mazarin introduced and ably supported De Retz's receiving the cardinal's hat, However, Mazarin had previously arranged to secure a considerable majority against his own motion; having privately convinced the queen of the madness of entrusting farther power to so dangerous a man! On Gaston's return to Paris, he almost foamed with rage when he came to understand the shrewd turn the cardinal had played him. The boundless resources of De Retz at once suggested another evolution of the wheel; he determined to undo the work which his own influence had so materially contributed to effect; and, by securing the co-operation of the parliament, with Orleans as a puppet in his hands, he began to compass the liberation of the princes! But his caution looked forward to the operation of this upon himself and the *Fronde*: it became necessary to define the ultimatum in the shape of treaties, and, on the part of the Condé family, the clever and penetrating Anne de Gonzaga negotiated. It is said she almost equalled this astonishing knave in skill; and the result of their deliberations was several treaties, whereby Conti was to marry Mademoiselle de Chevreuse (living in open infamy at the time with De Retz!); Condé was to abandon his pretensions to the office of high-admiral in favour of the Duke of Beaufort; Condé's son, the Duke d'Enghien was to marry Mademoiselle d'Orleans; the cardinal's hat was to be given to De Retz; and a system of mutual assistance was agreed upon. This was artfully contrived in separate engagements—unknown except to the immediate parties—De Retz and Anne de Gonzaga alone being aware of the whole of the covenants. A great difficulty arose with Gaston, who, fussy and self-important, always liked the reputation of an intrigue, but had neither courage nor abilities for action; De Retz therefore caused his own secretary to lie in wait for the duke as he was crossing a passage between two doors. Caumartin held a pen full of ink in his hand, begged the duke to lay the document on his back as a substitute for a desk; and the weak prince, afraid of being seen (as the cunning De Retz had anticipated), hastily affixed his signature, and retired.

A forged petition from Condé had been agreed upon to lay before the parliament, by the young princess Condé, on learning

which, Mazarin in haste sent down a message to that body forbidding their deliberation upon it; which was the very point De Retz had been driving at, as their passions were directly roused against this tyrannical invasion of their rights; and the court and the parliament at once became thereby placed in a juxta position. This happened just as Mazarin had returned flushed with his success against Turenne; the masterly mind of De Retz knew full well the value of re-action—he determined therefore to attack the cardinal in the zenith of his self-gratulation, and pleaded, with his usual power, that, as the enemies were all crushed, now was the time to rectify the numerous and shameful evils in the state; and skilfully got a vote of the house remonstrating with the regent on the disgraceful disorders of the government. With consummate art, he scarcely touched on the main object of his wishes, and so coldly spoke of the imprisonment of the princes that he roused the more generous feelings of the parliament, who secured the concurrence of the chief president in passing a strong remonstrance and address to the queen, to the purport of effecting a general reconciliation among the members of the royal family. De Retz had now committed the parliament—his next object was to hurl Mazarin from his post.

Some common street ruffians had attacked the carriage of the Duke of Beaufort, and one of his attendants was killed, his name was St. Eglan. He had been to seek the duke at Madame de Montbazou's, and was returning at 11 o'clock at night, when he was attacked by 10 or 12 wretches. Four of them were executed for the crime; they confessed they were regular thieves and highwaymen, who had committed many other street robberies, we are told by M. Talon. Joly mentions a curious fact relative to the body of one of the malefactors: on being dissected by the surgeons, all the parts were found transposed; the heart and the spleen were on the right side, and the liver on the left. Although a very remarkable circumstance, it was not unprecedented, for, much about that time, a similar conformation was discovered in the body of a canon of Nantes. Of course this murder was not a thing to be lost—all sorts of reports were spread, and Mazarin was pointed out as the assassin. De Retz affected to consider all the opposition leaders in danger—nor would they move about without the ostentation of guards, nor remain at home without sentinels. But it might as well have been said, as on a former occasion, when the President Charton, who also pretended his life was in danger, and applied for *guards* at his house, was told by Viole Donzerau, conseiller-clerc de la grand-chambre,—that he was of opinion that they should place guards for the President Charton—but that a *carpenter* should construct them! Mazarin was attacked by outrageous abuse in the house, and night after night did the most wild proposals pro-

ceed from some of the puppets of De Retz—who were themselves unconscious who pulled the strings! The object of course was to inflame the populace, and so to mould them as that *he* should ride in the storm.

The cardinal, too, committed himself by sending for Gaston, and in the presence of the queen exposing the character and designs of De Retz. But the weak duke, conceiving their judicious advice, an impugning of his own discernment, took up the cudgels in favour of his new friend, and Mazarin cursed England and the parliament which had just decapitated Charles I. The queen lost her temper, and joined in anathemas against the duke and De Retz; so that Gaston was driven away, vowing he never more would encounter such a hurricane from the royal scold. The schemes of the crafty coadjutor were now fast ripening—Mazarin and the queen were frightened, and injudiciously sent down to the parliament a coarse, and even absurd, declaration against De Retz—which so called forth his powerful sarcasm that, in reply, he considered it as below contempt. He forged a Latin quotation so dexterously that the learned were for some days occupied in hunting after it, and ended by an exposition of the policy he proposed. Confusion indescribable ensued—the Duke of Orleans was besought to go to the palace—a celebrated man, advocate-general, made an almost superhuman address to conquer the intelligible reluctance of the duke, which had just effected its object—but De Retz arrived in the nick of time, and through his masterly influence, persuaded Gaston to send a message to the queen, purporting that he would pay his respects to her as soon as she had banished Mazarin! It is said that it was only now that the queen and the cardinal began to believe the *Fronde* in earnest for the liberation of Condé and his brothers; that Anne de Gonzaga, with the comprehensiveness of her powerful mind, had warned Mazarin of the danger of delay—had shown him that if he let his enemies have the merit of the act, he was lost. Others also pressed these views upon him—his obstinacy resisted all their counsel, and, when too late to benefit by its soundness, the parliament passed a decree proposed by his able enemy, and sanctioned by the weak Gaston, which at length showed Mazarin how hollow was the ground beneath his feet.

Mazarin was offered the services of many celebrated men, but they were known to be treacherous. Chateaufort was on the *qui vive* for his post—bodies, parties, families, were torn with intestine commotions, and many advised the queen-regent to march the army into Paris, and reduce the refractory by force. It is said that the cardinal now bitterly repented his procrastinating incredulity, and, mortified beyond expression that he had not removed the king, he now thought seriously of making concessions which, had they been timely, might have saved years of civil war and

confusion and suffering. But the storm beat too fiercely against him, and he resolved to quit a city in which his very life was in danger. He therefore provided himself with the necessary official order to De Bar; and, although he aimed at disguising his emotion throughout the day, his irritation at last broke out to the Count de Brienne, to whom he told his intention to quit Paris, and himself liberate the prisoners. He lost himself in recurring to some scandal relative to himself in which Brienne's daughter had indulged, which so roused the count, that, but for respect to the queen, he would have chastised the flying cardinal. The mob in the streets became increasingly noisy—loud cries of "To arms, to arms," were heard in the midst of the palace—with wild imprecations against Mazarin; and intelligence was now conveyed to him that one of his carriages, which had preceded him to St. Germain, had been attacked, and the servants nearly killed. Seeing that no time was to be lost, he retired to another room, where he disguised himself in a red coat and a plumed hat, and, with two of his gentlemen, escaped by the Port de Richelieu. Reaching St. Germain in safety, and breathing rather freely again, his fixed habits overcame him, and he lingered there for days.

The parliament, hearing of his movements, proceeded to pass fearful resolutions; the *friends* of the queen dropped off—under every fresh betrayal she bore up with a creditable magnanimity, to her faithful attendant Mde. de Motteville alone unbosoming her sorrows. "I could wish," said the high-minded lady, "that it were always night; for though I cannot sleep, the silence and the solitude please me; for in the day I see none but those who deceive me." She now contemplated a bold measure; to take away her son to Havre, where Mazarin would meet her, and there to be safe, and to detain the princes until a favourable treaty could be effected. The Duke of Orleans was privately informed of the queen's plan, and De Retz roused the populace—caused the Palais Royal to be surrounded, seized the city gates, and, in short, placed the royal family within the clutches of the *Fronde*. It is further said that De Retz, conceiving the blow might now safely be struck, proposed to seize the young king, to remove Anne to a convent, and to declare the duke regent; but Gaston had not spirit for the occasion—the very order to surround the Palais Royal De Retz made the duchess sign in her husband's name. Anne took the officer of the guard into the room in which Louis slept, and showed him that the king was there. That officer went out to pacify the people with the assurance that all was quiet;—mob-like, the Parisian ruffians were not satisfied without ocular demonstration, and insisted on going to the bed-side of the king. The queen instantly commanded that a portion of these friends of liberty should be admitted;

and, when they beheld the sweet repose of the boy amidst all these dreadful tumults, the open bearing of the queen, and the evident quiet of the palace, some of better principles among these "reformers," went back to their virtuous friends, and so far from thinking the queen ought to be interfered with, loaded the young prince with blessings. The queen's presence of mind led her farther to order the keys of the city gates to be given up to the citizens, and by her readiness, a threatening night passed away better than might have been expected. The ever feeble Gaston, feeling in some degree ashamed, went down to the parliament to explain: his guardian angel the coadjutor had worked up the mob to encourage him by their vociferations, and to threaten with their vengeance such as should dare to blame the duke. But Molé, the president, was not thus to be put down, and boldly censured the lieutenant-general for the peril he had fermented, and told him that the king was prisoner in his own capital. Before any other voice could be heard in support of the president, Gaston replied, that "the king had been a prisoner in the hands of Mazarin, but, thank God! he is so no longer." So that this kind of repartee sometimes found in weak people, pacified the people and averted a storm against Orleans.

These matters were soon known to Mazarin at St. Germain; he decided to proceed to Havre, and liberate the princes. De Bar, distrusting him, would only permit him to enter with two attendants, with whom he waited on Condé, and informed him that he was unconditionally free. The captive had all along maintained his equanimity—even his habitual pleasantry had not deserted him—so much so that when the Count of Harcourt, who had been sent by Mazarin to convey the prince from Marcoussi, took his seat in the carriage, Condé perpetrated an impromptu, thus translated by Mr. James:—

" That man, so fat and short,  
 So much renown'd in story,  
 The famous Count de Harcourt,  
 All blazing forth with glory,  
 Who succour'd Casal at its need, and who retook Turin,  
 Is now turn'd bailiff's follower to Julius Mazarin !"

Notwithstanding—liberty was sweet, and a fiery spirit like that of Condé, after the privations of 13 months, must have rejoiced. In the ebullitions of gratulation it is not to be wondered at that Condé who, with his brothers, dined this day with the cardinal, should at first have used expressions of thankfulness, that Mazarin might hope would enable him to use Condé in his hour of need. He was mistaken—Condé soon chagrined the troubled minister, and gloried in his vexation; who, seeing his

miscalculation, now set out, with about 100 horsemen in his train, for Picardy. At Abbeville he was refused permission to pass through the town; he was driven from Doullens; many suggested that a force should be raised for his protection—but he was too prudent for that. He proceeded to Sedan, and thence to Cologne, in which places he was most respectfully treated.

Condé, his brothers, and the Duke of Orleans, now visited the queen, a constrained line of conduct characterising these interviews. Being little better than a prisoner, she anxiously looked to her favourite's grand receipt, *time*, to release her from the hands of the Philistines. The party of Condé received a great accession in the Duke of Beaufort and Mdme. de Montbazon; who, offended at the limited confidence placed in them by the coadjutor, now abandoned the *Fronde*, and ranged themselves under the victor of Rocroi—bringing considerable popular éclat. This probably hastened the defection of La Rochefoucault, who, having smarted from the commanding superiority of the coadjutor, had the most bitter feelings towards him; and as he had great influence over the mind of Condé's lovely sister Longueville, his separation from the party of De Retz was severely felt by the old *Fronde*. De Bouillon was easily gained, by arranging the dispute about Sedan; and his brother Turenne, worn out with his incongruous position, and anxious to obliterate his rebellion, readily engaged in the royal service once more. Mazarin's influence had never been lost with the Picardy governors and officers; and, during his exile at Brühl, near Cologne, a good understanding had been kept up, and he had as early intimation of events almost as if he had remained at Paris. The clergy had been led to join with a large portion of nobles in desiring a meeting of the states-general, and the Fronde, led by De Retz, who still clutched the weak Gaston, sought that object—as in reality the influence of the coadjutor would have predominated. Matters having been in this position when Condé and his brothers returned from Havre, the same people, who had celebrated his *capture* by bon-fires, now lit them again to celebrate his *liberation*!—Amidst all this acclamation, and almost before the smell of gunpowder, created by the letting off of the fire-works to testify the public joy at Condé's release, had passed away, ancient animosities began to elbow out the newly formed fine feelings of generosity and friendship.

In his retirement, Mazarin directed the queen how to act under these new circumstances—nor, indeed, was she a slow scholar. In Mazarin's absence the parliament had passed a decree that he was for ever excluded from acting as minister, on account of his being a cardinal. The old enemy of the coadjutor, the chief president, directly proposed that the terms of the edict should for ever exclude *all* cardinals; as the ambition of De Retz for

the purple was notorious, Condé testified his approbation of the motion. The nobles pressed vigorously for the assembling of the states-general, and the queen must have complied had the princes joined : but Mazarin strenuously advised Anne to secure the opposition of Condé to this dreaded measure. Gaston was dissuaded by Condé, and the coadjutor seemed unaccountably to be quiescent under the put-off of this meeting, through the illusory promise of that assembly being called on the majority of the king. The queen felt grateful to Condé; and, desirous to gratify him in return, was mortified by the magnitude of demands which she felt compelled to grant. The seals were, in consequence, taken from the aged Chateaufort and given to Molé; Chavigni was also recalled. The hatred of the regent to the former sweetened the bitterness of the pill, and she farther consoled herself by the hope that Chavigni would cause a rupture between the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Orleans. She required that Condé should break off the projected marriage between Conti and Mdle. de Chevreuse, which object was furthered by the beautiful Duchess de Longueville, who, jealous of her rival's charms, detested the idea of her attaining equal rank.

Conti, enamoured of the fair mistress of De Retz, was incredulous of her disgrace; but her *friends* contrived to give him indisputable proof of her infamy, and, from being an object of desire, Conti now regarded her with horror. On April 3, 1651, the queen told Gaston that she had recalled Chavigni; the Duke, in dudgeon, instantly repaired to his hôtel, where he found De Retz, Madame de Chevreuse, and her daughter. Condé, the other princes and nobles, with whom he now acted, soon followed, and a council was held to discuss what should be done. A scene of altercation ensued, and De Retz soon divined the line of conduct Condé had pursued; nor was the Duke of Orleans weak enough to be blind to the affront he had received. He shortly withdrew into an inner room, with his wife, De Retz and the two Chevreuses, when the coadjutor recommended a fresh rising of the people. Condé, Conti, and Beaufort had retired into the library, when Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, springing towards the door, exclaimed, "Nothing is wanting but the turn of a key! What a fine thing for a girl to arrest the winner of victories!" Gaston was alarmed, and commenced what De Retz well knew was an ominous whistle, and put off the measure *till to-morrow morning*. Condé had irritated him by saying that in the service of his royal highness he would willingly raise troops; but that he felt himself to be a coward in a war of *pots-de-chambres*! A fresh affront was intentionally given by Condé and Conti sending the President Viole the next morning to the Duchess de Chevreuse, to decline the honour of a matrimonial connexion with her daughter. The young lady enjoyed in the idea of *losing* a deformed admirer;



but a slighted beauty does not easily swallow affronts; and while digesting, as best she might, the studied insult, the coadjutor, as was his wont, being present at her toilet, a messenger arrived with important intelligence. The Duke of Orleans and the creatures of the queen and Condé had been closeted all the morning; and, as straws show which way the wind blows, it was noticed that the friends of De Retz were shunned by the aspirants to court favour. Well knowing the baseness of the Duke of Orleans, and that it was equalled by his weakness, with his usual quickness, the coadjutor perceived his own danger, and at once struck out a course of action. He resolved to remove from public life, and to disengage himself from the Duke.

Repairing at once to Gaston, and with apparent frankness and respect, he told him that, having helped his royal highness in the two main points, the expulsion of Mazarin and the liberation of Condé, he had now made up his mind to retire from public life, and to follow the *spiritual* duties of his profession! The duke was delighted; instead of hatred succeeding, as the ready perception of De Retz had suggested, the weak prince was eased of what he had neither sense nor nerve to rid himself of, and parted in good feeling with him, after having arranged a mode of secret communication. From the Luxembourg, the coadjutor bent his steps to the hôtel of Condé, and to the prince likewise announced his intention to retire from the world, the flesh, and the devil—which highly amused the great gainer of victories. Conti congratulated him on his *conversion*, and, at parting, said, “Adieu, good brother hermit!” Every where he was laughed at—but he persevered, and prepared devotionally to enter upon the sacred functions of his office! But pretending his life was in danger, or, at least, that the princes meant to arrest him, he got together a number of English soldiers, kept from their native land by the vigorous reign of Cromwell, and fortifying the archiepiscopal residence, he turned one of the towers of the cathedral into a magazine, and the adjoining houses into a species of barracks. Thus prepared, our new hermit remained on the watch in his cell! He doubtless anticipated that the period would not be long before he should be again wanted, as he too well knew the jarring materials of which the princes and factious nobles were composed—and perhaps he speculated on a re-action in his own favour in the breast of Gaston or the regent. The insolence of Condé became insatiable, and his demands were little short of supreme power—indeed he literally demanded a dismemberment of France, and that he himself should reign over a kingdom resting on the Pyrenees, extending from the mouth of the Rhone to the Gironde. There at one time appeared no remedy: but to the honour of Mazarin it should be told that a letter of his yet extant shows his clear views and desires for the

good of France and his royal mistress. It runs thus: "You are well aware, Madam, that the greatest enemy I have in the world is the coadjutor. Make use of him, Madam, rather than yield the prince the conditions he demands. Make him a cardinal, give him my place, put him in my apartments; he will still probably attach himself more to the Duke of Orleans than to your majesty. But the Duke of Orleans does not wish to ruin the state; his intentions at the bottom are not bad. In a word, any thing, Madam, rather than grant the Prince of Condé that which he demands. If he should obtain it, there would only be left to carry him to Rheims to be crowned." Anne now resolved to try whether or not she could be aided by De Retz, and through him also effect the recall of the cardinal. She rather regretted his diminished power through the defection of Beaufort—but had no time to deliberate: she commissioned Marshal du Plessis to watch for De Retz on his nocturnal return at 1 o'clock from Mdlle. de Chevreuse—that he might show him the cardinal's letter. Believing *much* of the cardinal's sincerity, he also too well knew human nature to credit *all*. He agreed to visit the regent at 12 o'clock the following night in secret, and, before Du Plessis, threw her safe-conduct to himself in the fire, that he might gain credit for trust in the honour of the regent.

Introduced at the time to Anne, the emergency seeming too pressing to her to admit of a long florid address, from this comp-troller of words as well as deeds, she somewhat brusquely interrupted him, with the practical question—"What will you *do*, then?" He replied, tersely, that Condé should be driven from Paris within a week, and a separation within 24 hours should be effected between the Duke of Orleans and that ambitious prince. The regent declared, if successful, the coadjutor should be made forthwith a cardinal, and be reckoned the second among her friends. He now adroitly required the restoration of the seals to Chateauneuf, aware that Orleans must support him, and that Condé must oppose that measure. Having that night arranged the *modus operandi* with the regent and Anne de Gonzaga—he instantly set his agents to work, to inundate Paris with torrents of libels and satires against Condé; and hosts of criers, and the scum of the population, went about with low ribald ballads, and satires on the conduct of the ambitious Condé, holding him up to popular odium—all, or most, of which had been composed early in the morning in the *hermitage* of the pious coadjutor. When matters were deemed ripe, his mistress went to tell the regent he was going to the parliament: such was *dame* Anne's joy that she clasped Mdlle. de Chevreuse in her arms, and kissing her repeatedly, with little self-respect, she exclaimed: "You rogue! you are now doing me as much good as you have occasioned mischief to me!"

Attended by 400, De Retz, on reaching the parliament, came upon the Prince of Condé, warming himself at the fire of an anti-room—they met politely. As the coadjutor had not for many weeks attended the parliament, and the Duke of Orleans had also absented himself, Condé's influence had been unchecked. Condé, on taking his place, launched forth violent invectives against Mazarin; De Retz was too cunning to defend the absent minister, but railed also against him. Still Condé's influence was greater than the coadjutor had reckoned on—delays took place—some proposed assassinating Condé, and (truth must be told) the queen consulted a *priest* on the propriety of these means, which his reverence, under all the circumstances, pronounced expedient! But De Retz, Mdle. de Chevreuse, and other leaders of the *Fronde*, never would listen to this: upon which the regent observed that the coadjutor was not so daring as she had thought—and the Marshal du Plessis considered scruples unworthy of a great man! De Retz desired Condé's imprisonment, but would go no farther. Mazarin's absence kept all in confusion—every thing now tended to his return. Condé's situation became perilous from the popular defection, and the evil intentions of the court. On being misled as to the movements of some troops, which, although with a totally different object, some officious friends told him were about to surround the hôtel de Condé, at 2 o'clock on the morning, July 6, 1651, he left for his house at St. Maur; thence he wrote to the parliament to show that personal danger had driven him to this flight. The Duke of Orleans prevailed on Anne to recal the prince, and to try to effect a complete reconciliation—he came back, and all matters were to be arranged with the parliament. Mdle. de Chevreuse and her mother attended to witness the proceedings, and, while there, the despicable Conti openly insulted the mistress of the coadjutor, having hired a mob of "radical reformers" to follow those ladies to their hotel, hissing and hooting. Their obscenity—pure souls that they were—was directed chiefly against the unquestionably guilty connexion between De Retz and the younger lady; and, probably upon the principle suggested by Solomon—"answer a fool according to his folly"—the coadjutor was not backward to concoct an equally devotional assemblage, with the judicious difference that *his* company greatly outnumbered their opponents; and, catching the *ape* himself (Conti), the larger number—of outraged virtue—conveyed the hunch-back before the ladies, and made him bow with all outward tokens of abject humiliation!

The evident course of this turbulence seems to have convinced Condé that Paris was no longer the place for his fiery spirit, as his ambition was not to be gratified on the bold statement of his pretensions, he therefore entered into negotiations

with Spain—it is thought with a view to secure an ultimate refuge. Another altercation of a most threatening nature took place between De Retz and Condé at the parliament. Through the influence of Molé, peace was in some measure restored, and it was agreed that the numerous retainers of each should be mutually dismissed. It was done; on the return of the Duke of Rochefoucault, as he entered the hall in which the parliament sat, he slammed the door in the face of De Retz, who, knocking immediately, the duke, partly opening the door, let De Retz half way in—*i. e.* head and shoulders: in this position he held the coadjutor, until with a hook and chain they had fastened the door, and pinned this prop of the church in this dangerous, undignified, and helpless condition. Swords were clashing on both sides of him—the Palais de Justice was thronged by a countless rabble—such was the feeling of peril, that the sober citizens were preparing for action—the palaces of the queen, Orleans, &c., were being filled with troops—and, probably, had a riot then commenced, the city would have been laid in ashes. In the midst, by the coolness of the Marquis of Crenan, who called out that both De Retz and Condé would be killed, and therefore *all* should put up their swords—a cry of “Vive le Roi” burst from the throng of virtuous reformers, and their weapons were sheathed. The son of Molé violently pushed back La Rochefoucault, reproached him for his cowardice, opened the door as well as he could, and released De Retz. On all hands the sound of “coward” reached La Rochefoucault—who, looking very big, talked of strangling De Retz and Brissac, amidst the laughter of the bystanders. He had been ironically named *frankness* from the total absence of that quality in him; De Retz, scornfully looking at him, said, “Friend *Frankness*, don’t be spiteful! You are a coward, I am a priest—there won’t be much blood spilt between us.” At the instigation of Molé, something like peace being restored, all parties in feverish anxiety retired for the night. Condé afterward said, Paris was very nearly made a bonfire of, and what a triumph it would have been to Mazarin! He demanded of the regent an avowal in the king’s name of his innocence—she told the haughty Condé the king should not be implicated, at least until his now fast approaching majority. Herein she was bolder than Mazarin, who advised that *any* thing should be conceded rather than that Condé should break out into open rebellion, and so dismember the empire.

She was not ignorant of the easily impressed character of her subjects, and saw the advantage of the parade—trappings and *prestiges* of royalty—and depending on producing a favourable result, on the day of her son’s attaining his majority, revived all ancient formalities, and, with the whole court, commenced the auspicious day with a visit of state to Louis in his bed-room.

Accompanied by trumpeters, and very many attendants, with nearly 1,000 noblemen on horseback, two by two, in splendid dresses, followed by the light horse of the queen; then the light horse of the king, at the head of whom was the Count d'Olonne, in a dress of embroidered gold, and his sword in a baldrick of rich pearls; wearing a hat with a large white plume and fire-coloured feathers, he presented a glorious object to those lovers of *spectacles*—the Parisians. Next followed the grand prévôt's company of 100 Swiss, in their peculiar costume, with their lieutenants, bearing the eaglet plume in their black velvet caps; then came lieutenants-general and governors; next heralds and trumpeters; then the master of the ceremonies; then the grand master of the artillery, leading all the marshals of France, except the Count of Harcourt, who, as *grand écuyer*, went by himself, carrying the king's sword. Then came an immense number of pages bareheaded and on foot, preceding the garde-du-corps, who went immediately before the king. Louis now appeared—in the 14th year of his age—on a fiery steed, which he knew how to manage with ease. Around this good-looking and promising prince were esquires and numbers of the officers of the household; and he was followed by all the princes (but one) and all the peers. Crowds of guards, officers and attendants came after, and the long and splendid procession was brought up by the queen and her ladies, in carriages, surrounded by her own guards. After mass in the holy chapel, he repaired to the parliament hall, where, addressing the assembly with dignity, the youthful monarch told them that, having attained his majority, he now took the government upon himself: the chancellor followed the king in an address, and the queen-regent formally resigned her authority into his hands. Louis then embraced his mother, and all did homage.

Various decrees were formally passed, as the first acts of his reign; among them, one important act was that in favour of Condé—who, with his usual hauteur, had sent a contemptuous apology for his absence, which again so chafed Anne that she declared aloud, either she or Condé should perish! On his part, the rash and haughty prince was greatly annoyed by ministerial changes and other events, and felt satisfied that matters were preparing for the cardinal's recall. The Duke of Orleans entreated him not to retire from the court,—but, as Condé was resolute, he begged him to stop at Augerville until he heard from him. Some accounts say that Gaston, mocking him, being inwardly rejoiced at getting rid of his talented and superior cousin, instructed the messenger not to arrive at Augerville till it was certain Condé was gone. Others that the courier really made a mistake, and went to Angerville: at length the letter of peace from the court reached the fiery prince, who coolly said,

if it had come to hand at the proper time and place, he would have returned, but that, having travelled so far from Paris, it was not worth his while to return! So that the ill-writing of the letter *n* again plunged France in a civil war. This ought to be a lesson to legislators and statesmen, and "all that are in authority over us," to form their letters legibly, and to drop the silly fashion of writing so discreditably that none can decipher their scrawls. Condé knew that he had gone too far with Spain for his own safety, and dreaded the return of the cardinal. He arrived at Montrond on September 15, 1651, exactly a week after the king's majority, his family having been sent on before: surrounded there by his sister, Conti, La Rochefoucault, Nemours, and many others of note, he formed a plan of action, and, in pursuance, advanced to Guienne. Troops were raised, the taxes were seized, to make head against the king, Spain hastened to do her part towards the fermentation of this new civil war, which assumed the most threatening aspect.

In the memoirs of De Retz, while he says that, in one sense, the proximate cause of the civil war may be attributed to the expansion which Mazarin, educated in a country where the papal authority had no bounds, endeavoured to give the royal prerogative; in a larger view, we must look to far more remote causes. For more than twelve centuries, France had been governed by kings, but they were not, in some respects, so absolute as was Louis XIII. or Anne of Austria; their authority not having been constitutionally defined, as in England, but having rather been guided by received customs, deposited with the "états généraux," and afterwards in the hands of the parliament. The registering of treaties made exclusively by the crown, and the verification of edicts for the raising of money—were wholesome precautions, that foregone generations had adopted as steering between the unbridled license of the people and the exercise of regal despotism. Wise kings had appreciated this, but there had been dangerous ministers, tempted, by success, to think little of parliaments, and even to endeavour the reversal of their decrees; and none had laboured in these mischievous efforts more assiduously than Richelieu, who would have governed without responsibility. As Mazarin succeeded him—dissimilar in most respects—a mere sharper in finance, supple in adversity, and an impostor in prosperity, he brought the government into contempt—the most dangerous disease of a state—the contagion of which spreads through all the members with rapidity: it is easy to conceive how destructive must be an administration, following close on the heels of the bad one of Richelieu, of a different, and even worse, character.

Before farther entering upon the movements of these formidable insurgents, it will be well to direct our attention to the

state of matters at head-quarters: the clever coadjutor, either from the love of mischief in his mistress (who by some is said to have set him on), or from a desire to see how far his power would go, or from egregious vanity, which prompted him to mistake himself, now made love to the queen. In the vexation which this is said to have occasioned to Anne, she removed with Louis to Fontainebleau, to be out of his way. A bold and shameful attempt of an accredited agent of Condé's, Gourville, to assassinate the coadjutor, had nearly turned the scale by its success. To his praise be it recorded—and of moral actions it must be confessed he had too few to be able to spare any—that the offender having been secured, De Retz himself with difficulty spared his life, after a few months' imprisonment in the Bastille. How different his conduct to that of Condé herein! De Retz alone had stood between Condé and assassination, and in saving him had nearly lost every thing himself—look at the return! and then see how little vindictive there was about this extraordinary man! Well may the poet say, "None are all evil." He resisted the queen's determination to recall Mazarin, but as she had through his advice made effectual terms with the Duke de Bouillon, and his brother the great Turenne, she sent one Bertet from Fontainebleau to Paris to inform the coadjutor and his more immediate colleagues, who, well knowing the danger to themselves, from the people—from the Duke of Orleans (who in fact at once issued an order for their arrest, which was only just too late), and from the cardinal—immediately quitted Paris. Meanwhile the queen put herself at the head of the army, and with the court remained some weeks at Bourges; here they divided: the larger part, under Harcourt, opposed Condé in Guienne; the smaller, under Clerambault, went to blockade Montrond. The relatives and immediate friends of Condé had got away quickly to Bordeaux on the approach of the royal army. Under the Marquis de Persau, Montrond sustained a regular siege for a year.

Mazarin who, even in his exile at Cologne, had governed the court, re-entered the kingdom more like a sovereign taking possession of a throne than as a minister resuming his post: he was escorted by an army of 7,000 men (Voltaire says), raised at his own expense. The Marshal d'Hoquincourt commanded his little army—all the officers wore green scarfs, which was the colour of the cardinal's livery: white was the king's; Condé's, the Isabella colour. It was remarked with surprise that one who had hitherto conducted himself with comparative modesty should have had the boldness to allow an army to assume his livery, as though he were independent of a master—but he was strong in the favour of the queen. The king and his brother went out to meet at him at Poitiers, while the queen stood at a

window. Meanwhile the Duke of Orleans raised troops, that he was unable to command, nor could he properly direct their employ; the parliament fulminated fresh decrees against Mazarin, declaring him a traitor. It was seriously discussed whether or not they should offer a very large reward to any one who should assassinate him. The wits of the day caused papers to be stuck up in the shop windows of Paris, some offering 150,000 livres to be divided—so much to him who should slit the cardinal's nose—so much for an ear—so much for an eye; and their pleasantry went so far as to enlarge considerably the proportion for qualifying him to run for the *gelding's* plate—(to use the country-gentleman expression of squire Western)—which would most effectually have debared him from the tiara—by a somewhat fanciful turn of that clerico-celibacy requiring church. However, this humour produced no other damage to Mazarin than the ridicule it created; on his part no assassination seems ever to have been sanctioned; nor during these trials were many great crimes committed; for, to the shame of professors of Christianity be it spoken, a reason is assigned by one who knew human nature well—this was not a *religious* war!

The parliament of Paris seem to have been swayed by a comprehensive infatuation: after solemnly decreeing an assassination which excited derision, it was decreed that a deputation of *conseillers* were to proceed to the frontiers to take cognizance of the army which conducted Mazarin. Two of these were so imprudent as to go with some peasants to break down the bridges over which the cardinal was to pass: being made prisoners by the king's troops, they were soon released amidst the jeers and ridicule of all parties. In their wisdom, the parliament proceeded to declare the Prince de Condé guilty of high treason, ordered the newly-raised troops of Gaston to march against Mazarin, and at the same time prohibited their being paid out of the public treasury. The parliament of Bordeaux, being much farther from court, observed a far more uniform conduct; it was less agitated by contending parties, and therefore, not assembling with the same tumult and exasperation, did not pass measures one day which astonished itself the next. The forces raised by the Duke of Orleans were placed under the Duke of Beaufort, and were joined by the Duke of Nemours; this army was ordered by the weak Gaston to remain on this side of the Loire, and by no means to go far from the capital. Condé commanded it to march to Montrond, and thence to join his troops in Guienne: to add to the confusion, Nemours and Beaufort quarrelled, and thus they rather injured than helped Condé. The forces of neither party were numerous—the exhausted state of the country prevented that—but while, on the one hand, 100,000 men can sometimes scarcely take a town, on the other,



the conflict of two armies, of not more than 7,000 each, may decide the fate of a kingdom.

Louis XIV., educated in adversity, went with his mother and brother, and the cardinal, from province to province, scarcely better attended by troops than in after times of peace he was by his ordinary guard; being pursued by an army of Spaniards, and troops raised by Condé's partisans, headed by that able general himself, into the very heart of his kingdom: the prince in his marches took many towns, and every where increased his party. He had been forced to quit Bordeaux by reason of the dissensions of his friends and followers, and now adopted the bold resolution to pass through the centre of France, to join Nemours, who commanded the choicest of his adherents. Accompanied by La Rochefoucault, six other gentlemen and Gourville, disguised as common troopers, under feigned names, they proceeded to Cahusac, where they were endangered by their own friends: in distress for provisions they, after night-fall, reached a little cabaret, where Condé undertook to cook an omelet for the party, but awkwardly he tumbled the whole contents of the frying-pan into the fire. They underwent very great risks and hardships: on one occasion they personated the royal troops, and were compelled to pass the guards at a city gate under the muskets of the king's soldiers. Again, a peasant at one place actually recognized the prince, and called him aloud—but the bold and ready Gourville laughed him out of his own senses. At length from sheer exhaustion they had almost given up this romantic attempt: asking a man to guide them, he by mistake led them up to a sentinel—they were challenged, and Gourville answered that they were officers of the king going on their way to the army. Condé asked for his friend, the governor; but, fearing to stay too long, the others walked off when the prince said they were queer fellows not to wait, but as they had walked so far together he would not desert them—so, leaving compliments for Bussey, he passed on without being suspected. Going to Gien, where the court then was, a courier recognized one of the party—he disappeared—but overtaking the prince's valet and alarming him, he confessed that Condé was one of them. The fellow now hastened back, telling his discovery; armed parties were sent to search for Condé; and, after incredible escapes, he at length saw the advanced-guard of his own army before him, and the troops received him with joy and gladness. Nor did he arrive before he was wanted, as Nemours and Beaufort had nearly destroyed all discipline by their unseemly quarrels. His presence in this unexpected manner did a great deal to quell the animosities and correct the disorders of his army, and (as his forte lay—in familiar parlance—in striking the iron while hot), he formed instantaneously the boldest resolutions.

The hopes of the royalists rested upon the great Turenne—Mazarin was embarrassed between his feelings of gratitude to Hoquincourt, and his appreciation of the overpowering abilities of Turenne. He therefore unhappily, with his usual indecision, proposed to the latter to accept of the command of only half, leaving Hoquincourt to lead that part at Blenau. Condé tell upon this division, and dispersed it almost as soon as he attacked it. Turenne could not be informed of it; and Mazarin, in a fright, ran to Gien, in the middle of the night, to wake the king: the little court were thrown into the greatest alarm, and it was proposed to save the king by flight, privately conducting him to Bourges. Increased consternation pervaded them all, as Condé, flushed with his success, approached Gien; but they were in some measure re-assured by Turenne, who by this time had arrived to try to avert the consequences of Hoquincourt's disaster. He so judiciously posted his forces—poor as were the remains of the army, in comparison with Condé's—that he averted the danger; for when Condé learnt who commanded, he too well knew his ability to hope to overcome that great general; so that he drew off his troops from the daring attempt to take king, queen, cardinal, and court, prisoners, from which fatal result they were alone saved by the genius of Turenne. The competent military judges, I believe, are all agreed that, on this remarkable occasion, which, from what hung upon it, is considered perhaps the most memorable battle in French history, it is difficult to award the palm; for, if Condé's genius struck out, and succeeded to a great extent in working out, a masterly plan—on the other hand, almost unequalled skill was shown by Turenne—with a beaten army, and on a sudden emergency, to thwart superior force and equal ability.

Condé marched to Paris, where his hatred to Mazarin, and the splendour of his all but successful attack on the court, rendered him welcome at first. But that gay and giddy city was torn by factions, and the parliament oscillated between the parties of the court, the prince, the Duke of Orleans, and the *Fronde*. The people were like a tempestuous sea—all were contriving their own interests—agreed in no one thing but detestation of the cardinal; to secure whose expulsion, this *devotional* populace carried the shrine of St. Geneviève through Paris, which miracle, the saint, they rightly judged, had just as much power to work, as her appropriate function—to grant rain! Nothing was going on but negotiations between the chiefs of parties, deputations from the parliament, assemblies of the chambers, seditions among the people, and the whole country in arms: guards were kept before the gates of the monasteries. As Condé had called in the Spaniards to his aid, Charles IV., Duke of Lorraine, having been driven out of his dominions, and who

commanded no power nor fortune, but an army of 8,000 men, which he sold annually to the King of Spain, went to Paris with his followers. Mazarin offered him more money to return than Condé had given him to come, and therefore he soon retired out of France, laying it waste as he passed, and carrying away the money from both parties. Condé's influence in Paris daily diminished, and his troops became fast thinned. Turenne was now conducting the royal army to Paris, with the king and court. Coming to Orleans, they were not in sufficient strength to face Condé's army under the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours; it was necessary to secure the bridge of Gergeau, and this gave opportunity to the prince's generals to take the royal army in flank. Turenne arrived personally just as the Baron de Sirot had planted cannon on the middle of the bridge, so as to command the passage. He could here only get together 200 men, and they were destitute of powder; he placed them at the windows which commanded the bridge, himself advancing with 30 men, while in a loud voice, so that the enemy might hear, he ordered his soldiers not to fire! Thus disguising his want of ammunition, he marched on to the enemy's lodgment—sustaining the fire of the enemy until Hoquincourt could throw up a barricade; he then fell behind it, and defended himself for three hours till his own regiments came up. Putting himself at their head, he marched to the lodgment, carried it after a murderous assault, in which Sirot was killed, drove the enemy back, and blew up the bridge, so as to screen the king's army. With the modesty of greatness, he described it, in a letter to his sister, as "an affair of no great consequence;" but the queen thanked him for having hereby saved the state.

The royalists at length reached the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and the young king, from the summit of Charonne, beheld the battle of St. Anthony, where those two able generals, with little armies, performed such great things as to exalt their previously high reputation. The Prince de Condé, with a few noblemen and soldiers, sustained, and repulsed, the first attack of the royal army: the imbecile Duke of Orleans, uncertain which side to embrace, remained in his palace of the Luxembourg. Cardinal de Retz (for Anne had kept her word, and secured him the appointment to the purple while she was at Fontainebleau, and during these distractions the stormy cardinal had cantoned himself once more in his archbishopric,) and the parliament awaited the result of this battle in anxiety. The timid citizens, afraid of both parties, had shut the city gates, and permitted none to go either in or out—while the flower of French nobility were shedding their blood in the suburbs. At this battle of St. Anthony it was where the Duke de Rochefoucault was struck blind by a blow over his eyes; in short,

nothing was to be seen but young noblemen killed or wounded: they were brought to this gate, which the citizens refused to open. Mademoiselle, the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, espoused the party of Condé, whom her father was too timid effectually to aid; she caused the gates to be opened to receive the wounded, and dared to order the cannon of the Bastille to be fired upon the king's troops. The royal army drew back: Condé gained—and it was all he gained—glory. But Mademoiselle ruined her long cherished schemes of ambition, for she had always contemplated being married to her cousin Louis XIV., although much his senior; so that when Mazarin heard of her temerity, he exclaimed, "Those cannon have killed her husband!" Condé snatched a hasty interview at the gate with Mademoiselle; she described him afterwards as covered from head to foot with blood and dust, his cuirass knocked in, the scabbard of his sword gone, so that he held it by the naked blade. As he approached the daughter of Orleans, a momentary gush of anguish at the loss of dead and dying friends overcame him—he fell on a seat, burst into tears, and said, "Forgive me, I have lost all my friends!" As best she might, she comforted him with the assurance that of those whom they had seen carried into the city many were only wounded: she tried to detain him, but he hurried away, declaring it should never be said he shrunk from meeting the detested *Mazarins*. Turenne's troops now hemmed in Condé's force, and he withdrew within the walls of Paris; the insurgents were enabled to carry off their wounded, and Condé, almost the last who took refuge within the walls, at length passed the gates in safety. This took place July, 1652. Voltaire, to his praise, thinking more of the injustice done to the people than of the prodigies of courage and the crop of "glory," says that those who knew the shameful resources of these *heroes*, which entailed such frightful misery on the sufferers, would rather feel pity than admiration. Gourville, who, as we have seen, was a devoted adherent of Condé, confesses he himself robbed one of the public receiver's offices, and that he seized a certain post-master in his lodgings, and made him pay a ransom for his liberty: and such affairs were too common.

This bloody business at the gate of St. Anthony having been fatal to Mazarin's nephew, young Mancini, it is probable the uncle only added this severe stroke to the catalogue of the sins of Condé. The latter, it was evident, could not long keep possession of Paris, and yet the king could not enter it. Condé's influence abated, from several circumstances: still he had his partisans in the parliament. As several murders had taken place, it was supposed at Condé's instigation, his popularity fast waned, and his daring to assume the function of issuing an *arrêt*,

declaring the Duke of Orleans lieutenant-general of the kingdom, though the king was of age, so inflamed the court that, in a rage, the queen caused Louis to transfer the parliament to Pontoise. Some few members obeyed—so that two parliaments were then sitting, disputing each other's authority, and issuing contradictory decrees; but *all* parties yet agreed in demanding the expulsion of Mazarin, and to this demand the court was compelled to listen.

An infamous conspiracy, ending in an awful catastrophe, had taken place. A very frightful riot, attended with wanton butchery and the burning down of the Hôtel de Ville, upon the whole, appears attributable to Condé. After these horrible scenes, the more sober citizens began anxiously to desire a cessation of these sad troubles, a strong dislike was increasing against Condé—the author of all these evils. Fear had so struck almost every body, that the seats in the parliament, and the assemblies at the town hall, were miserably attended. Condé and Orleans had it all their own way—they appointed fresh officers to all posts, civil and municipal, new sheriffs, and constituted themselves *the* government—in short, none dared to oppose them. Every thing was in a state of anarchy, and from the license Condé had been compelled to encourage, he and Orleans now, in their turn, suffered. Beaufort and Nemours were always wrangling, and the brothers-in-law at last agreed to fight a duel (if the expression be allowable) of five against five, before the Hôtel Vendôme, when Beaufort shot Nemours through the heart, and two other noblemen of the party were killed. Nemours had one quality by which he was endeared to many—courage; and he had ever tried to keep Condé within bounds, even offering to give up all his own claims to effect that object. Chavigni and the Duke of Bouillon died just at the same time: the former caught a fatal illness in visiting Condé, who was suffering then from typhus fever. Hearing Chavigni was dying, Condé, convalescent, went to see his suffering friend: finding him in the agonies of death, he was affected to tears—but, being noticed on going out, he had the weakness to be ashamed of any manifestation of feeling, and began to laugh, observing of the dying man, that he was “as ugly as the devil!” Bouillon's death was a great blow, he was distinguished by a powerful mind and high character, and from his dislike to Mazarin (so great was his influence), he probably would have secured his perpetual banishment: he died of the same fever which ravaged Paris, August 9, at Pontoise. Paris was now in a state of starvation. De Retz contrived to increase the popular distrust and hatred of Condé and Orleans, whose influence rapidly waned. Just then the Duke of Lorraine commenced a return to Paris with his ruffian troops, hoping to profit by the awful confusion;

and the Spanish commander thought he might as well do a little business on his own account, by bringing up an army of the inveterate enemies of France. As he therefore at once invaded the frontiers, it was no longer matter of doubt that some bold effort must be made to break up the influence of the refractory princes, who otherwise would effectually destroy the rights of Louis XIV. At the suggestion of the cardinal himself, that the little royal parliament at Pontoise might secure increased weight by the unavoidable measure, they humbly solicited the king to remove that obnoxious minister! Louis published a declaration, wherein he acknowledged, though he parted with his services, he knew how to value them, and deplored his exile. Voltaire contrasts herein France with England: Louis XIV. became the peaceable master of his kingdom by allowing the exile of Mazarin; while the king of England lost his head for having sacrificed Strafford on the scaffold—tracing different effects from the same weaknesses. The one, by abandonment of his favourite, emboldening a people who breathed nothing but war—hating kings; and the other by banishing the cardinal, removing the pretence for sedition from a people weary of war, and abstractedly lovers of regal dominion.

On learning the actual departure of the cardinal, the citizens of Paris voluntarily sent a deputation to the king to entreat him to enter his capital. Seeing that matters would tend to that point, De Retz shaped his course accordingly; and privately assured the court party that he could bring it to pass with safety. The queen thanked him, acknowledging his power, but suggested that it would not be safe for him to appear as active for this object, at least as a politician, but that he could do more as the head of the clergy. Having seen the Duke of Orleans, he convinced him that his faction was undone, and that nothing remained for Gaston but to retire to Blois, therefore he ought to make a merit of necessity, and, lowering his personal demands, try to help forward the peace of France. This weak man, who had been so long tossed about like a shuttlecock between factions, accepted the Cardinal de Retz's advice, elicited in no very dignified manner; for on the strong wish of the duchess, his wife, that he should withdraw, as it was vain to flatter himself with hopes of good on the return of the king, the feeble Gaston, as if he had been advised to throw himself into the Seine, exclaimed: "Et où diable irai-je?" (And where the devil shall I go?) He submitted to the royal order by which he was sentenced to proceed to Blois, where, on finding every thing so peaceable about him, it is said, he found it difficult to imagine how matters should a few days before have been in such confusion. Here Gaston of Orleans, unfortunate in all his enterprises, passed the remainder of his days, as the French

would say, ingloriously, but, it is reported, in *repentance*. He was the second of the sons of Henry the Great who died in comparative obscurity. The Cardinal de Retz himself, through Anne de Gonzaga, sounded the queen, to know whether or not he could with safety make his appearance at the court? Mazarin having been written to, consented, and the queen was well pleased. Attended by a host of clericals, and a considerable guard of retainers, De Retz repaired to Compiègne, where, even up to the moment of his arrival, it was debated how he should be treated. Some were for arrest—some for death; but Prince Thomas of Savoy, who filled Mazarin's post, warmly opposed all breach of honour, and he was received with distinction. De Retz himself informs us he was impelled to this course by the entreaties of M. de Fontenay, who concluded a long and persuasive address to him by an adjuration that he "would stay the dangers which he well knew must forcibly present themselves" to the late leader of the Fronde.—"He was a cardinal, and archbishop of Paris; he enjoyed the confidence of the public—was only 37 years old—on him it depended to save the city, to save the state!" The turbulent *Frondeur* confesses he was touched, for though De Fontenay had told him nothing which he knew not previously, these matters were presented more sensibly to his reflection. He describes the interviews he had with the queen as ending on her part in expressions of gratitude for the effect he had produced on the mind of Gaston, and with the public, towards the entrance of the king. De Retz made a kind of triumphant entry into Paris on his return, when he put the finishing stroke to the extrusion of the Duke of Orleans. Notwithstanding, the Cardinal de Retz was far from feeling himself at ease.

The Prince de Condé, seeing that his occupation was gone, abandoned by almost all his partisans in France, and but coldly helped by Spain, and that he could no longer prevent Paris from making its peace with the court, went to Flanders to join the Duke of Lorraine, whence he contrived to renew a destructive civil war: the disturbances of his partisans continued also for some time at Bordeaux. The Duke of Beaufort followed Orleans to Blois. Although the crisis was over, a fear of danger to the royal family affected many of their friends, who in numbers left the city for the Bois de Boulogne, endeavouring to stay them from the perils of entrance into Paris. The court stopped, and a consultation, which Turenne attended, ensued, when the scale was turned by that great man—who was supported by the courage of the queen, against the opinions of the majority. Louis XIV., with Prince Thomas of Savoy at his side, put himself at the head of his guards, and came upon a vast crowd assembled at the porte St. Honoré;—fear was sent to the winds,—one tre-

mendous and unbroken shout told the returning loyalty of the people, and, with thunders of applause, the king was conveyed to the Louvre. De Retz heading a large body of magistracy, nobles, and clergy, waited on the steps to receive him; and the disgusting adulation which followed could only be appreciated by those who were behind the scenes, and knew that the foremost were the very men who *only the day before* had consulted again, in its most fearful form, to light the fires of civil war for the express purpose of destroying the king's hopes! At night nothing but gaiety and joy was to be witnessed among the lower orders. They surrounded the Louvre—butchers, courtezans and the scum of that filthy city—all roaring out at the top of their loyal lungs, "Vive le roi! Vive la reine!" Turenne, standing near, whispered De Retz, "They made just the same noise for the Duke of Lorraine, the other day." Turenne afterwards took him aside, and asked him if he felt safe? "Yes," replied De Retz, "in every sense."

The royal authority was re-established—the wars of the *Fronde* were ended—the insurgent princes were crushed—the influence of faction was over; and though Condé kept up agitation for a time, in reality, the foundation of that vast power, which lasted throughout the long reign of Louis XIV., was now laid on a solid basis,—the tranquillity of the kingdom being secured by the banishment of Cardinal Mazarin. A general amnesty was declared; from Pontoise the parliament was recalled to Paris; a third edict of the king excepted some from the benefits of the amnesty, and contained stringent clauses against the said offenders—De Retz was not of this number. The parliament, that had formerly been at the feet of Condé, now condemned him to lose his life for contempt in not appearing to answer its accusation! The very day after the king's arrival all was as quiet as if the *Fronde* had never been heard of—as if there had been no civil wars. This, perhaps, in addition to the natural fickleness of the French character, may in a great measure be attributed to the fact that there was a total want of sympathy between the people and their late leaders, who, having no great grievances to complain of, merely stirred up the base passions of a base rabble for their own base interests. I have brought my reader to October 1652:—the French monarchy now rises like a phoenix from its ashes. But the important events on which we are entering demand that a fresh section should be devoted to their recital.



## SECTION II.

Treaty of Westphalia—Determination to put down Condé—Close of the public career of De Retz—Death of Mademoiselle de Chevreuse—Arrest of De Retz—Remarkable astrological predictions—Removal of De Retz—His escape—Interesting adventures by land and sea—His travels in Spain—Marriage of Mazarin's nieces—High notions of Louis XIV.—Queen Christina—Oliver Cromwell—Charles II. a Roman Catholic—Testimonies to the greatness of Cromwell—Disgusting conduct of the Stuarts—Taking of Dunkirk—Infamous murder by Queen Christina—Fear of Louis marrying one of Mazarin's nieces—Peace between France and Spain—Marriage of Louis XIV.—Pardon of Condé—Avarice of Mazarin—Marriages of his nieces—Final illness and characteristic death of Mazarin—Henrietta married to the Duke of Anjou—Female intrigues—Disgraceful amours of Louis XIV.—Fouquet's ambition—Dissimulation of the king—The government—Fouquet's arrest and lengthened imprisonment—His death—The French at Rome—Magnificent carousal at Versailles—Astrologers and Fools—Free trade—Ship-building—Fashion of Dress—Policy of the Bourbons—French Navy—Dutch commerce—The Bishop of Munster—Repose and grandeur of France and Louis XIV.

DISTRACTED and torn with these internal discords and wars, the state had been also attacked successfully from without.—The benefits resulting from the battles of Rocroi, Lens, and Norlingen, had passed away. Dunkirk was retaken by the Spaniards; that people had also driven the French out of Barcelona; and they had retaken Casal, in Italy. The emperor had sold to the King of France the sovereignty of Alsace (see p. 6,) for 3,000,000 of livres. This was effected in 1648, by the treaty of Westphalia, which, forming a basis for future treaties, a new electorate was created in favour of the house of Bavaria. The rights of all the princes, the imperial towns, and the privileges of the most inconsiderable Germans, were confirmed; the emperor's power was confined within narrower bounds, and the French, united with the Swedes, became the legislators of the empire. Much of this had been effected by the arms of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus having first checked the imperial power; and success had followed the efforts of his daughter, Christina. Wrangel, the Swedish general, was upon the point of entering Austria, and Konigsburg had become master of half of the city of Prague, and was besieging the other, when this

peace was concluded. It is true, Sweden gained more than France, for she obtained Pomerania, many other towns, and considerable sums of money: she had also wrested from the emperor certain benefices which belonged to the Roman Catholics, and transferred them to the Lutherans, against which Rome exclaimed as impiety, declaring the cause of God was betrayed. On the other hand, the Protestants thought that they had sanctified the peace by robbing the Papists, says Voltaire. All that Spain had gained by this treaty was the hope of aid from the disbanded Germans, and the advantages of the civil war which rent the bosom of France. The Dutch increased their wealth and power by concluding a peace with Spain, and maintaining that already made with France. They became so powerful as to man 100 ships of the line in the war with England, and victory alternated between the great Van Tromp and the noted Blake. Such had been the state of exhaustion in France that, in 1653, Louis found himself master of a kingdom shaken by repeated shocks, and whose daily declining marine could not muster 10 ships of 50 guns. The immense resources of this splendid empire did but little under an administration so disordered. But, applying herself to free the government from its enemies, open or disguised, the queen now trampled on those who had so grievously insulted, and almost overthrown, the royal power. Having destroyed her enemies by arms, and beaten them in diplomacy, while the rebellion of Condé yet annoyed the court, all the rest having resumed their duty, except some few who wanted too high a price for their loyalty, it became the business of the queen to effect the restoration of France to the important place she was destined to occupy in the world.

It was evidently necessary to put down Condé—he must be a friend, or destroyed as an enemy: every facility was given for his coming in upon easy terms; but he still insolently demanded the perpetual exile of Mazarin. As that was disdainfully refused, he plunged on in actual rebellion both against his king and his country, and it was unavoidable that he should be declared guilty of high treason in the name of the king. One or two acting upon noble principles, like the Counts de Coligni and Bouteville, having maintained friendly alliances with the prince in prosperity, would not now desert him in adversity. Condé commanded Spanish armies—he fought at the head of new forces; and, with rapidity, took the towns of Château-Porcien, Rhétel (where Turenne, when commanding as a general of the King of France, had scarcely been able to save the shattered remains of the Spanish army), Monzon, and St. Menchould. Meanwhile Turenne had been sent off, and though Condé had taken the important town of Bar-le-duc, neither he nor his Spanish coadjutor knew that Turenne was approaching

with forces greatly augmented, from Artois and Picardy, and by a large body of cavalry which had joined him on his march. Not aware of this, the prince's movements had been hazardous—he had taken Ligny, Void, and Commerci; he had separated from Fuensaldana, the Spanish commander, which being unknown to Turenne, he stayed some days at St. Dizier. Proceeding to Stainville, he was re-inforced by 2,500 men, and learnt that Condé and the Duke of Lorraine were left without the Spaniards. He therefore speedily marched on, and Condé was compelled to a rapid retreat before the royalist general. The rebel prince now crossed the frontier; having driven him out of France, Turenne spent some time in refreshing his army, which suffered dreadfully from want of money and food; and that he did not meet with greater success is by d'Anquetil attributed to this. The town of Bar-le-duc, recently taken by Condé, was now laid siege to by Turenne. Mazarin just then arrived with re-inforcements, and by the frequent necessity of consulting him, much inconvenience ensued to the royal cause. The dreadful scenes, at which the reflecting mind sickens, resulting from these insane wars, took place during an unusually severe winter—a number of the poor soldiers were frozen to death on the march. The king's army proceeded to take several towns, and met with much success against the great general Condé. It is due to Mazarin to say that many suggestions he made were applauded by the other great general, Turenne—who, as he could well afford it, is supposed to have thrown all imaginable credit on the cardinal, for the purpose of securing his return to Paris in triumph, and the effecting of a comprehensive peace to his distracted country.

About this time took place the close of the public career of that remarkable character the Cardinal de Retz. As the part he played on the great stage of Parisian life, by the powerful influences of his almost matchless abilities, swayed the destinies of this great nation, I need scarcely make apology to my reader for presenting to him (with more circumstantiality than I find in most writers on this period—from Joly to Voltaire, and from Voltaire to the recent work of Mr. James) a few pages descriptive of the latter years of this “mighty troubler of the earth.” He tells us, in his autobiography, that he went after dinner, the succeeding day to the arrival of the court at Paris, to the queen, and that when he had remained some time in the circle, she commanded him to follow her into her private cabinet. Anne treated him perfectly well, and told him she knew he had, as much as possible, by softening down matters, both in public and private, forwarded the return of the court, and that, knowing the difficulties he yet had to contend with relative to his political friends, she would help to disentangle him. He says that, spite of these fair speeches, the queen was more ill-disposed to him

than ever; which he attributes to the fact of one of Gaston's servants having told her that, on the last morning of Monsieur's being at Paris, De Retz had offered his adhesion to the interests of the Duke of Orleans. However, he now answered the queen that the moment had at length arrived when he could serve the royal cause freely; that so long as the Duke of Orleans was a party, he could not follow his inclination, by reason of his long-standing engagements with him; but that, having wholly retired from public life, he was now placed where he had so long wished to be, and with joy which could scarcely be expressed. Anne appeared quite satisfied, but was very pressing in her enquiries about the Duke of Orleans, and was well pleased to learn that he really and truly had abandoned public life. She added he might still be useful, and, having volunteered his submission to the king, Anne thought it desirable to overlook the past offences of the Duke of Orleans, and to place him in that position which would at once gratify his royal highness, and strengthen the throne. Finding De Retz only answered in general terms, the queen's manner changed—she spoke more coldly—rather blushed, which with her was always a sign of anger. Recovering herself a little afterwards, she asked him if he felt always sure of Madame de Chevreuse? He replied he was always upon the best terms with her. The queen answered somewhat brusquely, "I understand you—you think better of the Palatine (Anne de Gonzaga)—and not without reason." De Retz assured the queen that he had the highest estimation of Madame the Palatine, but that it could not exceed that which he entertained for herself. "I doubt it not," replied Anne, "adieu—all France within is waiting for me."

De Retz assures us that M. Noirmoutier, to ingratiate himself with the cardinal, whom he went to meet on the frontier, having possessed himself of an old letter, written by De Retz during the frenzy of the disturbances, to which he had put a false date—Mazarin himself doubted it, and from circumstances set it down as an imposture. Madame de Chevreuse, having been disappointed at the reception she had met with at court, was looking out for an opportunity of revenge. Laignes, who had been friendly with De Retz, resumed his former familiarity; and whereas a distance, ending in a separation, had taken place between the Cardinal de Retz and the daughter of Mde. de Chevreuse, at her mother's instigation, his former mistress made overtures for reconciliation. He says that one evening she gave him a look—a most expressive and inviting glance—from what really were the finest eyes he ever beheld. But he paid no attention to their expression, for which she never forgave him; and Fouquet, who had by then taken the place of De Retz (auprès d'elle), told a gentleman that thenceforward she hated

the Cardinal de Retz as much as she had previously loved him. He declares solemnly he never gave her the least reason so to do. She was carried off by a malignant fever, he records, within 24 hours, even before the physicians could ascertain the complaint. He went to see her for a moment; her mother was at her bolster, and little was her sudden death expected. Joly says that her body became quite black, and so did every article of plate in the chamber, so that reports were not wanting of her having either herself taken poison, or of its having been administered by her mother. He says, the friends of De Retz were shocked at the indifference with which he received the tidings of her death, and it must be confessed that De Retz's own account of her illness and death was sufficiently heartless to justify this feeling. In giving some farther detail of the intrigues by which he was finally destroyed, after speaking of the satisfaction of *his conscience*, he laments that, through life he has been *too scrupulous*—which, he says, never suits a man like himself, immersed in great affairs! His former friends of the *Fronde* worked against him, and a certain number of people of quality, who had allied themselves formerly with his interests—such as Brissac, Bellievre, and Caumartin. Madame de Chevreuse let fall some imprudent hints of what was plotting, which reached the ears of the last mentioned. Disliking the scheme, he waited on De Retz, and asked him if such were his views? He was answered by a smile, and a wish to know if he thought De Retz was mad? and he assured Caumartin he would remonstrate with both Laignes and Mde. de Chevreuse on their folly: this created a sensation. M. de Montrésor, who made himself very officious just now, went about to misrepresent the intentions of De Retz; his negotiations were interrupted by Servien and l'Abbé Fouquet. He was implored by Madame de Lesdiguières to keep up his spirits, that the cardinal, who was careering with Turenne, did not like to return to Paris till De Retz was gone—that he had said he would make him a *bridge of gold* to walk over—so that De Retz, who was enormously in debt, thought to do the best he could for himself.

Anne is understood to have gone great lengths to secure him as a friend and assistant to the cardinal; but, whether from distrust on her part, or impracticability on that of De Retz, owing to his inveterate prejudice against Mazarin, all efforts failed. It is said that his demands were ridiculously extravagant, and that, after having had 100,000 or 150,000 crowns offered him, which he refused, he showed symptoms of reviving the excitement to which his former influence was adequate. But, being watched by the court, who had long prepared an order for his arrest, under the idea that he privately corresponded with Condé, than which, he says, though nothing could be more false, nothing

was more readily believed, he resumed the old plan of fortifying his residence. This presented too formidable an obstacle to his arrest there, so that the king sent Saintot, lieutenant of the ceremonies, overnight to direct De Retz to attend a bed of justice, to hear the criminal declaration against the Prince of Condé. He respectfully assigned reasons why he should be excused—which irritated the queen, who viewed his conduct as conclusive of a traitorous correspondence with the rebel prince. Pradelle was commissioned to take De Retz, alive or dead. He was now on the *qui vive*, and strong in his entrenchments.

The holy period of Advent had arrived—it fell to the lot of this successor of the apostles to preach at the more important churches of Paris, and he began at St. Germain, the parish of the king, who, with the queen, attended the service: he waited the next day upon them to thank them for their assistance at the devotions! It was the strong, and really honest, advice of Mde. de Lesguidieres that he should return to court. She assured him of a private arrangement to gratify him, with respect to the price of his own patriotism, that he had thought greatly underestimated; and also of that which was due to his friends. De Retz was not one of those selfish beings who could use his partisans as rounds of the ladder he was climbing, and when he had attained the top, coldly forget those who had helped him up.

He again made his appearance at the Louvre, on December 19, 1652. On entering the anti-chamber of the queen, he was arrested by M. de Villequier, who conveyed him into an apartment. Dinner was set before him:—he was much vexed by being searched, as he says was the fashion with cutpurses: on him was found a letter from the king of England, requesting him to use his influence with the pope for some pecuniary assistance. After being detained three hours in the grand gallery of the Louvre, he was placed in one of the royal carriages, accompanied by Villequier and five or six officers of the body-guard, attended by two or three companies of horse. Great, and as it turned out, unnecessary, precautions had been taken: a feeling of regret, perhaps dismay, was manifest, but no popular tendency to disturbances. According to Mde. de Motteville, the young king had met De Retz on the stairs, before he was arrested, and graciously asked him, if he had seen the queen? Upon being informed he had not, the youthful deceiver politely told De Retz to follow him; and, whispering the captain of the guards that now was his time, the royal catch-poll retired—having thus *honourably* and regally performed the first known personal act of this splendid reign! Not yet fifteen, how can the selfishness and dissimulation of his after-life be matter of surprise! Dr. Moore, on the French Revolution, remarks on the tendency of people to forget that maxim of holy writ,

than which none is more verified by bitter experience—"Put not your trust in princes." Spite of their numerous disappointments, the highest expectations are always formed by the populace of either the heir-apparent to the throne or of a young monarch; and history scarcely mentions one, who died young, who is not said to have possessed all the virtues of humanity. This writer asks "of how many Marcelli have we heard, each more blooming than the other, whose wonderful spring of talents promised the most astonishing harvest! Even the monster Caligula was, when a boy, the favourite of the Roman army; and if, for the good of mankind, he had died then, the world would probably have been told, by some poet or historian, that he was just shown to the earth—'Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata'—which being unworthy of him, he was soon carried to heaven! If, however, among those born the immediate heirs of empire, so many are endowed in this extraordinary manner, whose virtues would add splendour to the throne, and diffuse happiness among their subjects, how infinitely is it to be lamented that they should be so early cut off, rather than their survivors!"

Arriving between eight and nine o'clock at night at Vincennes, De Retz was shown into a room without either tapestry or bed, but at eleven o'clock was taken into another apartment with a bed, the furniture of which was chintz, which he found very unsuitable for winter. However, he slept well, which he attributed to the state of trouble into which he was thrown, as dejection always made him sleepy. The next morning he was allowed no fire to dress by; this annoyed him the more, as it was continued for 15 days, the guard appointed to attend him meanwhile having that comfort allowed him. That worthy stole his linen, his clothes, and his shoes, so that he sometimes had to lie in bed eight or ten days for want of these necessaries. As this fellow worked at a little garden adjoining De Retz's dungeon, he asked him what he employed himself about? And was not a little annoyed to learn that he was making an asparagus bed—which as it takes three years before it can be cut, and as this wretch came on purpose, and would be likely to stay no longer than the imprisoned cardinal, led him to expect a longer sojourn than his active habits approved. Although an indirect intimation, it served as effectually to lead the captive to a deduction from the premises, as was the old lady enlightened when, after rating her grandson, nobody else but the cat being present, the irreverent boy muttered, "I know what I wish!" "What's that?" said the grandame. "Why I wish one of us three was dead. I don't mean myself, and I don't mean you, pussey."—The goaler's attendant was a wag in his way—De Retz says he was daily worried by at least a score of his wicked pleasantries.

The clergy of Paris now began to stir, and waited in a body on the king and queen to require the causes of his imprisonment, when they kindly assured them that it was only meant for De Retz's own good! His friends, Caumartin and D'Hacqueville continued every attempt to serve him: the chapter of Notre-Dame daily had *an anthem chanted expressly for his liberation*: these attentions caused the court to soften the rigours of his confinement. They now sent a physician of repute to see him, named Vacherot, who informed him that his faithful friend Caumartin had charged him with a message to the effect that Goiset, a barrister, who believed in, and practised, astrology, having made his calculations, had ascertained that De Retz would regain his liberty in March, but that it would be imperfect, nor would he arrive at its full restoration till August. This literally came to pass as foretold. It appears De Retz attached some importance to it; because Goiset several years before had made a similar prediction relative to the escape of the Duke of Beaufort, and the event in that matter in all respects agreed with the prophecy. In the case of the Duke of Beaufort, the Abbé de Marivaux had also made astrological calculations, and, arriving at the same conclusion, advertised Mazarin, that he might double his precautions. Mazarin laughed at his credulity, and took no notice. The abbé having publicly announced his conviction—the day when it was to be verified he was at court, and, being rallied by some of his friends on its failure, he coolly told them to wait a little, as four hours must elapse before it could be called a failure. As much was said about this, at length within two or three hours, Mazarin sent off orders to De la Ramée to be especially on his guard, without going into detail. But De la Rameé forgot to say so to Vaugrimant, who had charge of Beaufort, and the latter succeeded in his plan of escape; thus completely verifying these astrological predictions.

For the 15 months during which his imprisonment lasted, De Retz devoted the days, and often a great part of the nights, to resume his studies of Latin; he now also revived his Greek. Amidst other consolations, he composed the "Consolation of Theology;" therein proving, according to that of St. Paul, that every prisoner ought to endeavour to be "*vincetus in Christo.*" He wrote several other pieces, and sought relaxation in keeping rabbits; in one of the towers he also had turtle-doves and pigeons. A secret mode of communication having unexpectedly been opened through the kindness of Madame de Pommereux, and his constant friends Caumartin and D'Hacqueville, they corresponded twice a week; one or two unsuccessful enterprises for his escape resulted, which failing, he began again to try what could be done by ecclesiastical influence. Mazarin had now returned to Paris, and sent Pradelle with a fulsome message to



the prisoner, with the assurances of his best wishes and humble services, &c. : this is to be explained, on account of the stir which was now making at Rome, and a wish to make terms with De Retz to abandon the coadjutorship. By the unwearied efforts of the chapter of Notre-Dame, Bragelonne, a monk, who had been his companion at college, and whom he had appointed a prebend, was assigned as his companion. But this gentleman, although devotedly attached to the prisoner, sunk into a profound melancholy, and in a quotidian fever which supervened, during one of the fits, cut his throat. His uncle the archbishop of Paris now died, and his friend Caumartin took possession of the see formally in the name of De Retz. Disquiet began—the people demanded their archbishop—the clergy were indignant—a work was published, stating that it was unavoidable to shut up all the churches; Mazarin began to fear, and then had recourse to his usual refuge—negociation. The stringency of his confinement was abated; Pradelle endeavoured to persuade De Retz of the great things which were going to be done by the court, &c. : from his faithful friends, he had repeated cautions to keep as quiet and guarded as possible. Noailles was sent by the young king with a long and flattering message; to this De Retz replied he hoped the king would pardon his returning a written answer, which he sent—to the purport of never consenting to give up the archbishopric of Paris. His friends contrived to let him know that the president Bellievre was to be sent next day farther to tempt him—so that he was the better prepared to receive him. After a long discussion, during which he behaved in the most friendly way to De Retz, the president told him his fears: though Mazarin was not a bloody man, he doubted Noailles and his secret instructions from the queen and king.

De Retz now came into terms, and was removed to Nantes, where he was under the surveillance of the Marshal de Meilleraie. He soon created a sensation, giving elegant soirées; at one of which Madame de Sevigné brought her daughter,—between whom and De Retz an *affaire du cœur* soon arose. The pope meanwhile refused acquiescence in the arrangement whereby he would have vacated the archiepiscopal see,—which greatly perplexed him. Weary of imprisonment, although now in so much more agreeable a form, he began to contemplate effecting his escape from the castle in which De Meilleraie held him. It was August, when, walking on one of the bastions, he noticed that the sea did not come up quite so far—probably from the drought of the season—thus leaving a little dry piece of ground between it and the wall. To this at the appointed time he descended, Saturday, August 8, 1653, at five o'clock in the evening, while his faithful valet-de-chambre amused the sentinels, and gave them wine to drink. Clinging to his rope, he let himself down

40 feet; while descending, one of the sentinels saw him, but he afterwards declared he thought the marshal was privy to the attempt; and two pages, who were bathing, called out—but they appear not to have been heard. Four friends had five horses there, as if to bathe them on the sands; De Retz nimbly jumped on one, and was soon on the road to Paris, which city he was to have reached on the following Wednesday. Arrived near Mauve, where Brissac and Sevigné were at the edge of the river, to have a boat ready to take him over, one La Ralde, whom Brissac had in his service, now proposed to gallop on, that the guards might not have shut the gates through which they must necessarily pass. As they were all well mounted, they pushed rapidly on; the guards would have taken no notice of them, but Boisguérin, one of the gentlemen of the party, fearing an attempt at detention, called out that each should carry a loaded pistol in his hand; and De Retz says he held his so as effectually to prevent his bridle being seized by the guard nearest to him. (In the memoirs of Joly, it is fair to say the conduct of De Retz is not so courageously represented as his own accounts, in several cases.) By accident the pistol of De Retz went off, and the report so startled his horse that he suddenly and fearfully plunged, and threw the cardinal on his left shoulder against a post. In indescribable pain, one of his attendants raised him, but he was so hurt he could scarcely proceed—however he did go on, and reached the boat, in which were his two friends Brissac and Sevigné. As soon as he stepped into it, he fainted away; on reaching the opposite bank he attempted to mount a fresh horse, but was quite unable. Brissac hid him in a hay-cock, where, leaving him in the care of some of his gentlemen, Joly and the rest proceeded to Paris to assemble his friends, and take the necessary measures.

One of his attached attendants, M. Paris, a doctor of Navarre, who had given the agreed signal with his hat to four gentlemen to serve him on this occasion, was overtaken at the bank of the river by Coulon, squire to the marshal, who took him, after several blows. Paris, who always had his wits about him, said to the squire "I shall inform the marshal that you amused yourself with beating a defenceless priest, as you were afraid to take the cardinal, who is provided with good pistols at his holsters!" Coulon seemed struck, and asked where the cardinal was? "Don't you see him?" said Paris, directing his attention to some distant object. Coulon flew after this person on a jaded horse, whom Paris well knew to be Beauchesne, and rushed towards him, with a pistol in his hand. Beauchesne was cool, and, seeing a boat a few paces off, jumped into it in time: holding a pistol to the head of the ferryman, he made him at once tow him over, and thus saved himself and De Retz, as, there being no

other near ferry, his pursuers were compelled to go lower down the river, which afforded him and his friends time.

His shoulder battered and put out of joint, De Retz remained in a wretched condition, hidden in his refuge, the haycock; he fell into a state of fever, that was greatly augmented by the fermentation of the hay. Parched with thirst and close by the river, he dared not drink; as, if he and Montel had left their retreat, they had nobody *to tuck them up again*, whereby attention might have been directed to their hiding-place—whence they plainly heard the horsemen on the right and left, and could distinguish the voice of Coulon. Suffering dreadfully from pain and thirst, which latter he describes, as all others have done who have been called to that trial, to be inconceivably horrible, he lay *perdue* till two hours after midnight. Through the kind consideration of his friend Brissac, a gentleman of consequence in that part of the country, named Offange, when he had ascertained that the pursuers were all gone, came, and withdrew the cardinal from the hay, had him placed on a farmer's dung-cart, which was drawn by two peasants; to avoid suspicion, he was still enveloped in the hay. Here, in about seven or eight hours, he was joined by Brissac with 15 or 20 horsemen, who conveyed him to Beaupreau, where he was entertained one night by the Abbé de Belebat: and Brissac, being esteemed by all the neighbourhood, placed his friend in many different houses in the course of his stay there, to throw the court's pursuers off their scent. At length his friends mustered a body, aided and accompanied by his relative M. de Retz, and made for Machecoul, which is within the district of the family of De Retz. They had to pass close by Nantes, whence some of the marshal's guard made a *sortie*, but they were vigorously repulsed, and at length succeeded in reaching Machecoul, where they were perfectly safe. He was attended by a surgeon at the house of M. de Retz; but, although he suffered the greatest pain, he was so uncomfortable with his relatives that a plan was concocted to decamp to Belle-isle. It was attended with the greatest difficulties, on account of the troops of the marshal, and even when at sea they were pursued by a vessel, which they only escaped by out-sailing.

Arrived safely here, they were not to enjoy repose: and they settled Brissac and De Sevigné should now leave the party, and that De Retz, two of his gentlemen, and a valet-de-chambre, lent to him by his brother, with Joly, should embark in a fishing boat loaded with pilchards. This indeed was the more necessary as they were almost destitute of funds; for, though the brother of De Retz had sent them money, it had been intercepted by the coast-guard. So that, disguised in the wretched clothes of old soldiers, and others, which were with difficulty procured, they embarked on board this fishing smack, and, sailing all night, had a rough

time of it. In the morning it became calm, when, as they had the misfortune to drop the mariner's compass into the sea, the fishermen, being ignorant and frightened, could only take such a course as they were compelled by the pursuit of a ship which followed them; this was soon discovered to be a Turk, and from Salé. She trimmed her sails, towards evening, as if afraid of being too near the coast, and as little birds came and pitched on their mast, it was hoped the vessel neared the land—but what country? for, under the circumstances, France was as bad as Turkey. Remaining all day in this uncertainty, and all the next day, and seeing a vessel from which they would procure information, on approaching it for that purpose, all the satisfaction gained was three volleys of cannon. The clouds threatened, and seeing a shalop (a large boat) they made for it, and, speaking in French and Italian, to three men therein, found themselves not understood; but one of the three called out *San Sebastien!* The party of De Retz exhibited some money, and replied *San Sebastien*, which the strangers understood, and one of them got into the boat of the fugitives, and conducted the wanderers safely to that port.

A fresh danger followed them here: from want of a charter-party, and their wretched clothes, the guards were inclined to arrest them. De Retz told them they were well known to the Baron de Vateville, the Spanish commander in Guipuscoa. Upon which the friends were taken care of, and Joly was led to that commander, who waited upon De Retz: he was suspicious at first, but at last one of his secretaries was able to identify the cardinal, and showed him every attention. From bruises, dislocation, and, above all, the fatigue and dangers of his escape, he now kept his bed for three weeks. After his recovery, at the instance of his friends, who advised him to go to Rome as the natural asylum of a cardinal, the pope being the protector of a persecuted bishop, he decided on that course. The Spaniards would have been glad for him to adopt another line of conduct, and incited him by enormous promises, to proceed to Flanders and join Condé; though he refused, the Spanish government behaved very well to him, in offering him a large sum of money unconditionally. De Retz says, he refused it, contenting himself with borrowing 400 pistoles from M. de Vateville for linen, clothes, and other necessaries, which sum, he declares, he afterwards returned. He proceeded to Valencia, to embark at Vivaros, whence he was promised to be conveyed in a frigate by command of Don John of Austria, who was at Barcelona. He arrived in one of the royal litters, having passed through Navarre. Tudelle, near Pampeluna, he found in a riot, on account of some interference with the privileges of the people connected with hunting. On his reaching the hotel, he had the unspeakable

comfort of being taken for a French spy by the authorities, who affected to believe that he had been at the bottom of this fermentation, of which he only then first knew. With difficulty he escaped between the two excited parties—being kept a prisoner all night, the hotel surrounded with the howls of these defenders of privilege. The next day, when all was explained, the viceroy sent De Retz on, escorted by 50 troopers mounted on donkeys, who thus delivered him at Cortes. He proceeded to Sarragossa, always travelling under the name of the Marquis of St. Florent. Going to see Nuestra Senora del Pilar, one of the most celebrated sanctuaries of Spain, De Retz was mistaken for Charles II. of England, and he was in consequence followed by an immense concourse of ladies. Here he was amused by being shown a man whose office was to light the almost innumerable lamps there; and was gravely told, by the dean and chapter, that for seven years this man had been there with *only one leg*—that all the city knew him—that at least 20,000 could attest the miracle! *He had recovered his leg by rubbing over the stump with the oil which was used in the lamps of this sanctuary!* This miraculous cure (only to be equalled by those effected by Morison's pills!) was annually celebrated by a countless throng, whom De Retz met coming into Sarragossa, actually covering all the main roads, from the equipages of the quality to the humblest pedestrians.

He was struck with Arragon, as not only one of the most healthy spots, but as the finest garden in the world—the main roads being formed into groves by pomegranate, lemon, and orange trees; the country irrigated by the finest navigable rivers, and the whole district being enamelled with myriads of beautiful flowers, which delight by their odoriferous scent. Arriving the next day at Vivaros, he was waited on by the commander of the ships (an officer corresponding with our *admiral*), who delivered a letter to him from John of Austria, as handsome as any he ever received, giving him his choice of a galley or a frigate belonging to Dunkirk, which mounted 36 guns; however, he preferred the galley. Just as he was on the point of embarking, he received a very handsome present from the viceroy of Valencia, which De Retz consented to accept, and distributed it among those who had befriended him during his stay in Spain, and those who had been at expenses on his account. Embarking in the evening, they next day reached Majorca, at which place quarantine was performed, as the plague had been at Arragon—but in his case he received every accommodation and kindness. The viceroy attended De Retz to the cathedral with 100 or 120 carriages filled with the nobility, where all that our cardinal mentions as having attracted his regards is that he saw 30 or 40 ladies of quality of surpassing beauty and that there

are no ugly ones in the island; the delicacy of their appearance is very striking, being of the tints of lilies and roses—even the common working-people, he says, are also of this description; their head-dress he thought particularly pretty.

He was entertained by the viceroy at a magnificent dinner, under a superb tent of brocade of gold, which he had caused to be erected by the sea-side. To this entertainment the cardinal was taken, after attending a concert by a number of girls at a convent, whose beauty seems to have pleased him as much as that of the ladies of the court: they chanted at the grate to the honour of their saint, with words and air as gallant and more impassioned than the songs of Lambert (the love-poet of the day). Walking in the evening to the environs of the city, which are indescribably beautiful, they proceeded to the viceroy's lady—she formed an exception to the rule, and was more ugly than a demon. Elevated on a daïs, and set off with precious stones, she became an excellent foil to 60 ladies who surrounded her, as they were the handsomest of the city. He was attended by 50 wax candles to his galley, the guns of the battery firing, and amidst the sound of countless hautboys and trumpets. Thus occupied, the three days of his quarantine passed away. On the fourth, taking leave of his kind entertainers, De Retz again set sail, and in 12 hours arrived safely at Port-Mahon, the finest port of the Mediterranean. It has an entrance so narrow as to be a kind of turnpike-gate, and, enlarging suddenly, it forms a very oblong basin. Surrounded by elevated mountains, bearing very lofty trees, and down the slopes of the hills abundant rivulets running, a thousand beautiful varieties are presented to the senses that (let us mark the thoroughly *French* idea), *are more surprising than those of the opera!* This truly valuable and interesting port of Minorca affords secure anchorage to the largest ships, that are here supplied with all sorts of stores. They were detained four days, during which a young man, Don Fernand Carillo, a person of quality, behaved in the most obliging manner; entertaining them with hunting, fishing, and all the amusements of this lovely island.

Our voyagers again took ship for the gulf of Lyons. It is a very dangerous passage in winter; but they passed happily along this perilous coast. Alarmed by six galleys, they anchored at Porto-Condé, then under the command of M. de Guise; and the fortress of Saint Boniface saluted them with several guns. They now spied a Turk, and agreed to give chase to her—but, getting too near the shore, were grounded: all cried out “*Miséricorde!*” The galley's crew rushed to the edge, and would have jumped into the sea, but the commander, who was in the cabin playing at piquet with Joly, immediately came up and restored order; he then sent De Retz with a proper escort on shore—the water

was only two or three feet deep—while the ship was examined. It is remarkable that the ship was not hurt; in two hours' time he was taken back in a felucca; they overtook the Turkish vessel, and found her to be in the hands of Genoese who had captured her. Learning that De Guise was sailing about in search of them, the fugitives were compelled to put out to sea, and, a terrible storm arising, they were all night exposed to the greatest danger. The pilot said it was the worst he had ever known during 50 years; and, as such are the times when our gay neighbours say their prayers and confess, "tout le monde," says De Retz, were thus occupied, except Don Fernand Carillo—who was of "angelical piety" notwithstanding. He whispered De Retz, "I know well enough that all these confessions, produced by fear alone, go for nothing!" The Spanish officers put on their ornaments, that there might be no doubt of their dying as servants of their king, and the more to honour him.

Amidst scenes of terror, hypocrisy, and such characteristics as are brought out in like awful circumstances, a Sicilian priest on board was preaching by the mast, and assured them that St. Francis had just appeared to him, declaring that they should not perish. In point of fact this prophecy was no doubt made after the violence of the storm had abated, that now became less and less, till they reached Porto-Ferraro; which place De Retz celebrates both for its wonderful artificial strength and natural beauties. At Piambino he took leave of his Spanish friends, after handsomely complimenting officers and ship's-crew—parting with all but nine pistoles, to carry him on to Florence. De Retz speaks most honourably of their kindness, nor did they part without abundance of tears. And here, and not till then, may the adventures of this fugitive cardinal be said to terminate. He soon travelled to Rome, where he was most kindly received by the pope; but that pontiff died within six weeks, before the affairs of De Retz could be arranged—to his great chagrin. After six years of exile, during which he abandoned the profligacy that had disgraced his more youthful days, he was permitted to return to Paris. De Retz had disappeared for ever from the political stage; and, on his again coming to the scenes of his memorable turbulence, he endeavoured by exemplary conduct to atone for his former sins. Voltaire says he was a Cataline in his youth, and an Atticus in his old age. He died in 1679, aged 66. Tempted by the interesting nature of his adventures, as he will no more come before us, I have thought it would gratify my reader to follow this extraordinary character to the termination of his career, at the expense of a few pages, and an interruption of chronology.

Meanwhile, Vieuville had been appointed superintendant of finance, but his sudden death caused that important office to be

filled by Nicholas Fouquet, at the instance of his brother the Abbé Fouquet—he was aided by Servien. Mazarin now entered Paris in triumph. Louis went out to meet him, and, after publicly honouring the cardinal, brought him back in his own carriage into that city—whence, amidst execrations, he had twice fled for his very life—once more to hear the enthusiastic acclamations of this fickle people! Apartments were assigned him at the Louvre—the base adulation of the great out-heroded Herod;—and such was the literal crowding to bow before the powerful minister that serious fears were entertained some of the nobility would be bodily injured by the press. One ecclesiastic bowed down so low before him that it was almost impossible to raise him again, whether from some muscular action, or from some other anatomical cause.

The able minister, schooled by trials, knew how to avail himself of his advantages: he persecuted none of those who had so basely laboured to destroy him; and, though he might have effected the execution of Croissy Fouquet, he only stipulated he should retire to Italy, and thus saved him. Mazarin's attention was immediately directed to the troubles of Guienne; and, adopting his old system of setting up the selfishness of one party to work the ruin of another, he increased the confusion of the various insurgent factions, by holding out hopes to all. One of these parties called the "Ormée," fell into every imaginable brutality at Bordeaux. They were headed by a kind of Jack Cade, called Duretête (from the supposed inflexibility of his sense of justice). To them was opposed a party of respectables called the "Chapeau Rouge:" between these rival factions frequent and violent collisions took place. Mazarin sent spies into the town, and an army under the famous D'Estrades was directed to Bordeaux. In the midst of these great events, as a kind of under current, yet bearing upon the state of public matters, it is curious to trace the intrigues he had recourse to for the aggrandisement of his nieces. Conti had now been appointed by Condé to command Bordeaux; himself incompetent for the situation, matters were virtually conducted by the Abbé Sarasin and Conti's mistress, a woman of notoriety in Bordeaux. The army of the Duke of Candale was inadequate to the investiture of the capital of Guienne, and D'Estrades, who actually commanded, though the feeble Duke of Vendôme nominally led, was trying to join Candale at Bourg. While this was the posture of affairs, Mazarin sent Perefice, the Bishop of Rhodes (afterwards Archbishop of Paris), to communicate with the Abbé Sarasin, on the return of Conti to his allegiance. We learn from the memoirs of Artagnan that he had been engaged by this overseer of the flock, Perefice, to act as a go-between: his beard was suffered to



grow, and the bishop provided him with the disguise of a hermit, in which he gained access to the town, where he wormed himself into an intimacy, even of a disgraceful nature, with Conti's mistress. This gave him opportunities to mislead the "Ormée" with bad advice and false news.

But his main business was to lead Conti to a marriage with Mazarin's niece: a portrait of her was thrown in his way, but she was not sufficiently beautiful to captivate this weak and profligate prince. They procured another most flattering likeness, and this Conti's mistress took care to show him, at the same time extolling her virtues, which praise she was entitled to. Conti was caught, but feared his brother Condé. The scheme was for the time frustrated by the disguised hermit being detected by Conti in circumstances that left no doubt of the double game this courtesan was playing; so that Artagnan was dismissed to the Duc de Candale, under the derision of all. The result of these intrigues was that all were pardoned who had rebelled in Guienne; the regiments of Condé, with his wife and son, some principal officers, domestics and troops, should join the prince at Stenay, to the amount of 2,500; and that Mde. de Longueville and Conti should be allowed to retire. On the arrival of this news at Paris, while joy was universal, Mazarin did not quite relish so sweeping an amnesty, nor could he be prevailed upon to agree to spare *Duretête* and four of his chief abettors. Gourville, who was the ambassador, felt the difficulty of his position, that was only got over by his being furnished with *two* treaties—he was to try one, to secure the execution of *Duretête*, &c.; and, if that would not go down, he was to bring out the one which would:—this was so like Mazarin! However, the citizens were tired of war and its horrors, and quietly submitted—*duretête* was cut off, and stuck on a post in the midst of the camp; thus the south of France was reduced to complete obedience to Louis XIV. Under the Duke of Guise, vigorous attempts to strengthen French influence in the Neapolitan dominions proved disastrous; and the duke himself was at length taken prisoner by the Spaniards, who seriously contemplated putting him to death, for having headed insurgent subjects of the king of Spain. But milder measures, under the great minister Don Louis de Haro, spared his life, and enlarged his comforts in imprisonment; the sum total of these efforts, to increase the benefits of the Neapolitan connexion, having ended in the sacrifice of 18,000 natives!

Mazarin sent out another fleet to revive French influence in Naples, but it was as ineffectual as the foregoing melancholy effort; and the cardinal had too much business upon his hands to appropriate farther the resources of France to effect this desideratum. Condé was dissatisfied with the Spaniards, the supplies of

men and money were inadequate to his necessities, and to their engagements with him; but, like too many of the rest of us, Don Louis de Haro, talented and just though he was, *could not get the needful*. The success of the great French commander was not commensurate with his abilities, many of his friends made terms with the court—La Rochefoucault was one.

Gourville, after his long, and apparently firm, attachment, we have incidentally witnessed in the confidence of Mazarin, and even acting as the ministerial agent throughout those negotiations which ended in the peace of Bordeaux. All eyes were upon Condé, as an extraordinary general; but men could not forget the unusually haughty selfishness which had placed him in his present perilous and anomalous position. Turenne, we have seen, had rapidly taken Rhetel, which led Condé and the archduke to hurry their armies towards Picardy. Just then, Turenne was so situated that he could only bring 12,000 men against 27,000. He was here joined by Mazarin and Louis himself. A council, was held, and it was determined that Turenne should follow the enemy, so placing his army as to avoid a battle, and yet prevent the separation of Condé and the archduke. He was not to let them rest, nor commence any siege. Mazarin, meanwhile, was busy at his old work, making overtures and promises to Condé; these the rebel prince naively answered by saying that, as the cardinal's promises were never performed but for his own convenience, he thought it much better not to trust to them. He now suddenly marched off for Rocroi, which did not long hold out. As compensation, Turenne took Monzon, and, the royal army being now strengthened, St. Ménéhould was re-invested, and soon capitulated. The balance was in favour of Louis, and the success was attributed to the extraordinary talents of Turenne; to whose skill a memorable testimony is extant by the Duke of York (James II.), then serving under him. At this termination of the campaign, Condé retired to Brussels, there to strengthen his position by fresh arrangements with the Duke of Lorraine, and the Spanish government; but as disputes arose, it was decided to arrest the duke and set up his brother Francis in his place. The Count of Harcourt had rebelled against Louis XIV., and, with an army at his command, had over-run the banks of the Rhine, and harassed the royalists by the necessity of sending an army under La Ferté after him: favourable proposals induced Harcourt to return to his allegiance.

The king was now crowned, June 7, 1654. Immediately Turenne attacked Stenay; for, as Condé had lost Bellegarde, Stenay was the only important place yet to be reduced. It was besieged—but news was unexpectedly brought of Arras being attacked by 32,000 Spaniards. Condé having thought by this

stroke to draw the French off from Stenay ; but, although that was the first idea of Mazarin, Turenne insisted on continuing the siege of Stenay. Mazarin and Louis were present, and it is said the youthful king made some judicious and useful suggestions. Stenay was forced to capitulate on the 6th of August: the royal army then marched away for Arras, to strengthen the forces which were watching the army of Condé, who wanted to intercept them, but the terror of Turenne's name caused the Spaniards obstinately to refuse. He commenced by cutting off Condé's supplies. Turenne and the Duke of York had one night gone to visit the out-lying posts of the army, when they perceived a sudden and extraordinary distant light. Next day they learned that *a whole regiment* of the enemy's cavalry, each soldier carrying a sack of powder behind him, and 80 horses loaded with hand-grenades, *had been all blown up together!* The awful catastrophe arose from a quarrel between the commanding officer and one of the men, who having a lighted pipe in his mouth, the officer gently took it from him and threw it to the ground. In drunken bravery, the soldier fired his pistol at his officer—the bag of powder behind him ignited, and the soldiers being close together, the fire ran fearfully and fatally along the line, and the whole, except the officer, met with their deaths in this dreadful manner!

During the manœuvres which called forth the greatest military skill before Arras, one anecdote, honourable alike to both Condé and Turenne, must not be omitted. Each of these great commanders had enough to do to direct their generals, whose incompetency or perverseness too often baffled their superior tact. Condé was fettered by the slow Spaniard. And on one occasion when great benefits would have resulted from Turenne's general, La Ferté, keeping his ground on a height where his superior had ordered seven pieces of cannon to be kept in play, La Ferté, thinking he could do better, opened a fire on the squadrons of Condé. Turenne anxiously watched to see whether or not any infantry would come up to support Condé: seeing that none did, and that the cavalry did not advance, he said to those around him, "Condé himself must be there—he alone would have self-confidence enough to push his enemy with horse only!" At the self-same time Condé was gazing at Turenne's position, and observed, to his staff, "There, for certain, is Turenne: anybody else would have come down from the hill to charge me, and would have been beaten!" Mr. James here ably remarks that it is thus genius appreciates genius. Turenne knew too well the power of Condé to intercept his retreat; but the garrison thought it an opportunity not to be lost, and rashly sent out a large body of cavalry to harass the prince, as he passed the river; but Condé wheeled upon them,

and almost cut them to pieces before Marsin could come up to cover their retreat. The archduke and the Spanish commander fled to Douay with the shattered remains of their armies—Condé and his division alone saved their wagons—all the rest lost every thing. His extraordinary genius blazed forth in conducting this celebrated retreat. The king of Spain, in his letter to him after this engagement, said, “I have been informed that every thing was lost, and that you have recovered every thing.” This relief of Arras, the forcing of the lines, and the defeat of the archduke, crowned Turenne also with glory. In the official letter, written in the king’s name, the whole success is attributed to Mazarin, nor was even the name of Turenne mentioned! In the first place, the cardinal was several leagues off; but, as he had attended on one or two occasions the councils of war—and probably for the same reason which Turenne before allowed to operate—he cheerfully let Mazarin’s weakness receive that gratification which formed the derision of Europe. Mazarin’s ambition was now also farther gratified by the crowning of his anxious intrigues with success, in the marriage of his niece Anna Maria with the Prince de Conti; who, in consequence, had every imaginable honour showered down upon him. He was also put at the head of the French army in Catalonia, where he might have been called to measure swords with his more celebrated brother, Condé.

A trait may here be mentioned of Louis XIV., which indicated what might be expected from him in future years. Some offensive fiscal measure of Mazarin’s having met with considerable, though not successful, opposition in parliament, it was rapidly verified by the king, who immediately left, to engage in hunting at Vincennes. After his departure, the refractory sought to examine the king’s decree, which was too much like former proceedings for the cardinal to pass over. He sent after Louis, and, at his instance, the king, in his hunting boots, his horse-whip in his hand, attended by his household officers similarly accoutred, rudely entered the house. He told them of their former offences—forbidding the president to permit such *irregularities* as contesting *his* will, and *ordered* them at once to register his edicts: after which despotie address, he indignantly left them to chew the cud of their humiliation. What an affront this must have been to that assembly we can form some idea of when we call to mind that, 150 years afterwards, it was assigned as one reason of declaring war against England, that our ambassador, Lord Whitworth, *insulted* Napoleon by wearing boots at his levée, so tenacious have our neighbours ever been!) Nor was public spirit wholly defunct; some show of opposition was quashed by the arrival of the great Turenne, who pointed out the danger of the recurrence of civil

war, and so soothed their irritation. Meanwhile the youth of Louis was ripening into manhood, and Mazarin craftily piloted him, even in his pleasures; and, throwing his attractive and beautiful niece Olympia in the youthful monarch's way, a passion sprang up between them, which he did all in his power to foster. Madame de Motteville says, the ambition of this wily churchman, having overcome so many obstacles, at last pitched on the throne of France for his niece; and that, by way of sounding Anne of Austria, he watched an opportunity, as it were incidentally, to introduce the subject to her, and expressed his *fears* that the king's affection would hurry him on to marry his niece. But the pride of the Austrian, notwithstanding her attachment to Mazarin, was roused, and she quickly answered, "If the king be capable of committing so dishonourable an action, I will put myself and my second son at the head of the whole nation—against *you* and the king!" He never forgave her, but was oily enough to agree with her prudential views, and assume the honour of preventing the rashness of Louis!

The war between France and Spain continued—though not with vigour on either side. Europe at this period presented the aspect of a total want of greatness in the personal character of any reigning king: but Christina, Queen of Sweden governed with dignity. Charles II. was at this time a profligate vagabond in France with his mother and brother;—pity it is that any of that wretched race should ever have left its shores! England presented the proud spectacle of dignity and power wielded by an individual of middle rank, who raised his country by a series of acts that shed a halo of glory around his name, at which the world trembled. He knew how far to stretch power, he respected privileges—at least those of citizens; he neither burdened the people by taxes, nor offended them by the vain display of pomp and pageantry; he was no sensualist, nor addicted to the accumulation of riches; in him justice met with an inflexible patron, neither courting high nor low—rich nor poor. Men point with triumph to the laws passed during the protectorate—so unlike other *reigns* that I will never covet the appropriation of the term. No, let the *word* and the *deeds* of that remarkable epoch stand out in bold relief. See how the eyes of Europe were then upon us—mark the contrast between the subsequent doings of *legitimacy*, and the glory of one of *nature's nobles*. One of the protector's maxims was to spare no expense to insure the first and best intelligence from abroad, to guide him in his foreign affairs; he negotiated with the Jews of Spain and Portugal whom he found the most suited for that purpose. We are told that the Earl of Orrery was once walking with Cromwell in the gallery of Whitehall, and a man almost in rags came up; he at once dismissed the peer and took off the beggar to his closet,

who brought him an account of a large sum of money the Spaniards were sending over to pay their army in Flanders, in a Dutch man of war, describing the parts of the ship in which it was hidden. The protector immediately sent an express to Sir Jeremy Smith, who lay in the Downs, describing what he knew; and, as we were at war with Spain, ordering him to seize the money. The commander accordingly secured the prize.

Cromwell afterwards told Lord Orrery that he obtained his intelligence from that scrubby beggarly looking man. But it is said by Burnet that the protector's greatest difficulty always was to determine which side to take—with France or Spain—as Condé, surrounded by protestants in the Netherlands, urged Louis de Haro (the noted Spanish minister) to gain Cromwell by all means; and, amidst other temptations, promised never to make peace with France until she should abandon all claim upon Calais, and consent to its restoration to England. Mazarin, hearing of this, offered to assure him of Dunkirk, and otherwise outbid Condé. The latter, to gratify and secure the protector, offered to turn *protestant*, and to grant him *any* terms he should propose. Cromwell listened, and sent Stoupe through France, to talk with their most eminent men, to enquire about their strength, present disposition, the oppressions they laboured under, and their inclinations towards Condé. This agent went from Paris down the Loire, to Bordeaux, to Montauban, then crossed to Lyons; he passed merely for an English traveller, every where extolling Cromwell's zeal for the protestant religion. They now were much at their ease, as the cautious cardinal took care to spare himself the additional animosity of a religious warfare; so Stoupe reported to Cromwell the quiet condition of the protestants, and their determination to let well alone. As Condé was discovered by his agent to be generally and correctly appreciated as a man who sought nothing but personal aggrandisement, and to that end would sacrifice fame and friends; and as he found the spies of Mazarin were as lively as his own, ascertaining all that passed between him and the Netherlands; Cromwell decided to have nothing farther to do with Condé. It is also probable that, seeing the strength and restlessness of the Jacobite party at home, he was too shrewd to allow the unnatural alliance of the Huguenots with Charles II., threatened by Mazarin, if the protector made an union with Spain. During the negociations between France and England, Cromwell required the expulsion of Charles and James from France; therefore, furnishing them with money, they were dismissed to Cologne. At this, and seeing no hopes of a treaty with Cromwell, the Spaniards coquetted with the Stuart princes, inviting them to Brussels, and settling great nominal appointments upon them, and promising a vast deal more than Spain could perform. It was just before Charles left Paris

that he changed his *religion* (?) De Retz is said to have been in the secret, and Lord Aubigny had a great hand in it. Chancellor Hyde had some suspicion of it, but would never quite believe such vile hypocrisy. De Retz came over privately to England, after the restoration, and had an audience of the king. In his *penitence* the old *Frondeur* had turned very zealous for religion, and, like as face answers to face in a glass, so I suppose he came to strengthen the faith of his royal penitent. As for the other royal hypocrite, it seems he was not at that time reconciled to "holy mother," for he afterwards told Bishop Burnet that, being in a monastery in Flanders, a nun desired him to pray every day that, if he was not in the right way, God would bring him into it, and that the impression these words made never left him till he changed.

While Cromwell was balancing in his mind what was fit for him to do, Gage, who had been a priest, came over from the West Indies, and gave him such an account of the feebleness, as well as the wealth, of the Spaniards in those parts as made him conclude that it would be both a great and an easy conquest to seize on their dominions. By this he reckoned he would be supplied with such a treasure that his government would be established before he should need to have any recourse to a parliament for money. Spain would never admit of a peace with England between the tropics: so he was in a state of war with them as to those parts, even before he declared war in Europe. He upon that equipped a fleet with a force sufficient, as he hoped, to have seized Hispaniola and Cuba: and Gage had assured him, that success in that expedition would make all the rest fall into his hands. Stoupe, being on another occasion called to his closet, saw him one day very intent on looking on a map, and in measuring distances. Stoupe saw it was a map of the Bay of Mexico, and observed who printed it. So, there being no discourse upon that subject, Stoupe went next day to the printer to buy the map: the printer denied he had printed it. Stoupe affirmed he had seen it. Then, he said, it must have been only in Cromwell's hand; for he only had some of the prints, and had given him a strict charge to sell none till he had leave given him. So Stoupe perceived there was a design that way. And when the time of setting out the fleet came on, all were in a gaze whither it was to go: some fancied it was to rob the church of Loretto, which did occasion a fortification to be drawn round it: others talked of Rome itself; for Cromwell's preachers had this often in their mouths, that if it were not for the divisions at home, he would go and sack Babylon; others talked of Cadiz, though he had not yet broken with the Spaniards. The French could not penetrate into the secret. Cromwell had not finished his alliance with them, so he was not

bound to give them an account of the expedition. All he said upon it was, that he sent out the fleet to guard the seas, and to restore England to its dominion on that element. Stoupe happened to say, in a company, he believed the design was on the West Indies. The Spanish ambassador hearing that, sent for him very privately, to ask him upon what ground he said it, and he offered to lay down £10,000 if he could make any discovery of that. Stoupe owned to me he had a great mind to the money, and fancied he betrayed nothing if he did discover the grounds of these conjectures, since nothing had been trusted to him; but he expected greater matters from Cromwell, and so kept the secret, and said only that, in a diversity of conjectures, that seemed to him more probable than any others. But the ambassador made no account of that, nor did he think it worth the writing to Don John, then at Brussels, about it. Stoupe wrote it over, as his conjecture, to one about the Prince of Condé, who at first hearing it, was persuaded that must be the design, and went the next day to suggest it to Don John; but Don John relied so much on the ambassador, that this made no impression, and indeed all the ministers whom he employed knew that they were not to disturb him with troublesome news: of which King Charles told a pleasant story. One, whom Don John was sending to some court in Germany, coming to the king to ask his commands, he desired him only to write him news; the Spaniard asked him if he would have true or false news? and when the king seemed amazed at the question, he added, if he wrote him true news the king must be secret, for he knew that he must write news to Don John that would be acceptable, true or false. When the ministers of that court showed that they would be served in such a manner, it is no wonder to see how their affairs have declined.

“This matter of the fleet continued a great secret; and some months after that, Stoupe being accidentally with Cromwell, one came from the fleet, through Ireland, with a letter, looking as if he brought no welcome news. As soon as Cromwell had read the letter, he dismissed Stoupe, who went immediately to Lord Lisle, and told him what he had seen; he, being of Cromwell’s council went to Whitehall, and came back, and told Stoupe of the descent made on Hispaniola, and of the misfortune that had happened. It was then late, and was the post night for Flanders; so Stoupe wrote it as news to his correspondent, some days before the Spanish ambassador knew anything of it. Don John was amazed at the news, and had never any regard for the ambassador after that, but had a great opinion of Stoupe, and ordered the ambassador to make him theirs at any rate. The ambassador sent for him, and asked him, now that it appeared he had guessed right, what were his grounds?



and when he told what they were, the ambassador owned he had reason to conclude as he did, upon what he saw. The court of France was amazed at the undertaking, and was glad it had miscarried; for the cardinal said, if he had suspected it, he would have made peace with Spain on any terms, rather than have given way to that which would have been such an addition to England, as must have brought all the wealth of the world into their hands. The fleet took Jamaica; but this was but a small gain, magnified to cover the failing of the main design." I have extracted this from Burnet.

On two signal occasions, Cromwell showed his zeal in protecting the protestants; first, by sending to Mazarin to desire him to put a stop to the persecution of the Vaudois, which the Duke of Savoy had commenced, saying, France had him in her power, and if Mazarin did not, England would at once break with France. Mazarin proposed a middle course, but Cromwell was positive—so the cardinal was driven to prompt measures, and stopped the fury of the papists, and the protector forwarded a large sum for the Vaudois, and sent over Morland to comfort them, and compensate their losses. The Huguenots, having been driven mad by oppression, had been imprudent during some tumults at Nismes; and, seeing the storm which was ready to burst upon them, immediately sent over to Cromwell. To his honour be it recorded, he instantly, aye, within an hour from the envoy's arrival, ordered the messenger to Paris, with an effectual letter to his ambassador there, requiring him either to be assured that the matter should be dropped, or that he should at once quit. Mazarin complained of this imperious way of dealing, but the protector was inflexible, and the difficulties of France compelled the cardinal to give way.

The maintenance of British honour in all foreign countries gratified the vanity of the English; and so careful was Cromwell of the national respect that, though not a crowned head, he insisted on his ambassadors having the utmost respect paid to them, saying the dignity of a crown was on account of the nation, of which a king was only the representative head; so, as the nation of England was still the same, he would have as much regard paid to his ministers as under royalty. Another instance occurred: Blake was at Malago with the fleet, before he attacked Spain; some of the seamen, going ashore, met the host carried about, and not only paid no respect to it, but laughed at those who did. Upon which one of the priests incited the mob to fall upon the English, and they accordingly, being vastly superior in numbers, attacked and severely beat the English sailors; who, on their return to their ship complained of the treatment they had received. Blake sent a trumpet to the viceroy, demanding the priest who was the inciting cause of the outrage; the governor

replied that he had no power over the priests. To which Blake answered that he did not send to enquire where the power lay, but to inform the viceroy that if he did not send that priest within three hours, he would burn their town. They, being unable to resist, found a way of sending the offending priest, as directed, who attempted to justify himself by the rudeness of the sailors. Blake answered, that if he had sent to complain of their conduct, he would have punished them severely, as he would never allow his men to insult religion, but he took it ill that the priests had dared to punish them, for he would have all the world to know that Englishmen should only be punished by Englishmen. After treating the priest civilly, and reading the Spaniards this moral lesson, he sent back the priest uninjured, to his great surprise and satisfaction. This mightily pleased Cromwell, who read the letters to his council and said, he hoped he should make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been. The states of Holland were in such dread of him that they took care to give him no sort of umbrage; and when at any time the king or his brothers came to see their sister, the princess royal, within a day or two after they used to send a deputation to let them know that Cromwell had required of the States that they should give them no harbour. King Charles II., when catching at any excuse for the war with the Dutch, in 1672, alleged that they allowed some of his rebels to live in their provinces. Borel, then ambassador at London, answered that it was a maxim of long standing with them, unless emigrants had engaged in personal outrages on their princes, to receive them. The king on that reminded the ambassador how he himself and the Duke of York had been served. Borel, in the greatest simplicity, replied: "Ah, sire, c'étoit une autre chose: Cromwell étoit un grand homme, et il se faisoit craindre par terre et par mer." This malapropos contrast confused Charles, who however said, "Je me ferai craindre aussi à mon tour." Events showed the difference between words and deeds.

Voltaire says that Cromwell was showering down benefits on his country, that England under him had never before been so rich, commerce never having been *so free*; that her victorious fleets caused her name to be respected everywhere; and at the same time Mazarin, being solely engaged in enriching himself, and encreasing his own power, suffered the justice, the commerce, the marine, and even the finances, of France to languish and decay. After the civil war, he might have done that for France which Cromwell had done for England; but Mazarin was a foreigner, and as he had not the barbarity (continues Voltaire), neither had he the grandeur of soul, which Cromwell possessed. All the nations of Europe, who had neglected the alliance of England under the reigns of James and

and Charles, solicited it under Cromwell; and queen Christina, though detesting the murder of Charles I., entered into alliance with the protector, whom she could not but admire and esteem. We have just seen how Spain and France courted union with him. The admirals of Cromwell took Jamaica from Spain, and it has ever since belonged to the English. After this expedition, the protector soon signed the treaty with Louis XIV., which he did without mention of Dunkirk; nor would he negotiate at all without being treated as the equal of the king of France. Henrietta, the widow of Charles I., and mother of Charles II. and James II., the daughter of Henry the Great, was so utterly reduced in circumstances as to be compelled to the humiliation of imploring, through Mazarin, from Cromwell, that he would return her dowry—which, for unassigned reasons, was refused, and she was left to languish in poverty. The Spaniards loudly inveighed against the cardinal, for having listened to Cromwell's demand, that Charles and James should have been sent out of France—being cousins of Louis XIV. In answer to their virtuous indignation, Mazarin produced their own offers to Cromwell! The two heartless fugitives lived upon the bounty of foreigners—and, alas, lived long enough to entail fresh miseries on England by their hypocrisy, cruelty, and debauchery.

It fell to the lot of Turenne to sustain similar reverses at Valenciennes to those which had damaged the power, although they had raised the glory, of Condé at Arras. Turenne repaired, so far as was possible, the errors and ill success of La Ferté, who was himself taken prisoner; he saved the vanquished army, every where sustaining the attacks of the enemy, and, within a month, besieged and took La Capelle. He besieged Cambray; Condé, at the head of 2,000, pierced through the army of besiegers, and threw himself into the city;—the inhabitants receiving their deliverer upon their knees. Thus these two able generals, fairly opposed to each other, exhibited the various resources of their genius; they were admired in the conduct of their retreats, as well as in their victories. This state of matters went on to the damage of France, and the disorders of her finance proved most destructive to her interests. But in this she only shared with her old enemy Spain, over whom France now gained the distinguished advantage of concluding an alliance with Oliver Cromwell. Blake burnt the Spanish galleons near the Canaries, and secured the sinews of war with which they were loaded. Again the English, with 20 ships, blocked up the port of Dunkirk; and Turenne was strengthened by 6,000 veteran English soldiers. Dunkirk, being the most important fortress in Flanders, was besieged both by sea and land. Condé and Don John of Austria assembled all their forces to relieve it, and the attention of all Europe was directed to this

spot. Louis, now nearly twenty years old, was conducted by Mazarin to the seat of war: he was at Calais while his army attacked that of Spain, near the Dunes, and gained the most glorious victory obtained since the battle of Rocroi.

Condé could do nothing against the superiority of the troops of England; the Spanish army was destroyed, and Dunkirk soon after surrendered: the king and Mazarin personally hastened to see the garrison march out. The latter suffered not Louis to appear either as a general or as a king; he had scarcely any household of his own, for on these occasions he was always at the tables either of Mazarin or Turenne; this is attributed to the cardinal's love of power and vain desire to centre all splendour in himself. Louis XIV. entered Dunkirk only to deliver it up to Lockhart, Cromwell's ambassador. With his usual dishonour, the cardinal tried to elude the treaty by cajoling Lockhart out of the place; but the firmness of the steady Englishman overcame the craft of the Italian. As success had now nearly turned the brain of Mazarin, the bright idea entered his head of taking the entire credit of this important affair, because Turenne had permitted the gratification of his vanity at Arras. He even sent to ask Turenne to sign a paper, which he himself had drawn up, giving all the military credit of the siege and capture of Dunkirk to himself. But Turenne had humoured him far enough, and refused that which would only have cast greater ridicule upon the crafty and aspiring minister. Mazarin added to the weakness, that could prompt so unreasonable and ridiculous a request, the unworthiness of retaining animosity towards the noted general as long as he lived. Turenne wrote a characteristic note relative to this great victory to his wife:—"The enemies have come upon us: thank God, they have been beaten! I have worked somewhat hard all day—so I shall wish you good night, and go to bed."

Shortly after the taking of Dunkirk, the royal army besieged Bergues, where the young king showed intrepidity. Rushing into a severe fire of musketry with perfect indifference, he would probably have paid the penalty of his rashness, but that, at the eager and even passionate remonstrance of Du Plessis, Louis, good-naturedly reproving him, turned his horse's head, and rode safely away. Within two days he was seized with typhus fever in so alarming a manner that his physicians gave no hopes of his recovery. Mazarin felt so sure of his death that, well knowing his occupation would be gone, he made his preparations for removing his treasures from France. As is usually the case with courtiers, they began to pay court to his expected successor, the Duke of Anjou, who, it must be told, conducted himself with evident affection to his brother, showing such great solicitude for his recovery as led, on Louis' restora-

tion, to a still closer bond of brotherly feeling. The king himself behaved well throughout his serious illness: on enquiring his own condition, and insisting that the truth should be told him, Mazarin, with the utmost agitation, confessed that there was little hope of his getting well. Louis was grateful, and said he was looking into his own conscience, and desired to make preparation for death. But by antimonial wine he was restored: on the re-establishment of his health, appreciating the baseness of many of those who surrounded him, he punished them deservedly by exile from the court. Bergues surrendered during his illness: and Turenne took Gravelines on August 30.

Shortly after the acquisition of Dunkirk, Cromwell died, aged 59 years, in the midst of real glory; having humbled Holland, frightened Portugal into a treaty, conquered Spain, and compelled France to beg support from him. In his death he showed the same unshaken firmness of soul which he had always manifested in every action of his life. Death, observes Voltaire, put a period to his vast designs, and to the greatness of England! As connected with the French, one anecdote may with propriety be here introduced: immediately after Richard Cromwell resigned the protectorate, he retired to Montpellier, in France, where the Prince de Conti, not knowing to whom he was talking, observed that "Oliver Cromwell was a great man, but his son Richard a *wretch*, not to know how to enjoy the fruits of his father's crimes!" And yet the father lived and died in storms—his sturdy powers exhausted at 59 years of age; and Richard lived a life of honorable retirement and rural repose, and attained in a placid home the unusual age of 90!

Royalty was despised by another and a female mind: Christina, of Sweden, at the early age of 27, being the object of great personal admiration, renounced a crown of which she seemed every way worthy: she contemplated this measure when only 20. A short extract from one of her letters exhibits her character: "I have possessed without vanity or ostentation; and I resign with cheerfulness; therefore have no fears about me—for my happiness is above the power of fortune." She was of uncommon genius and perseverance, having been the friend and pupil of Descartes, who, in fact, died in her palace at Stockholm. She understood eight languages; she had drawn around her all such ingenious persons as could improve herself and her people, and she quitted the throne from disgust at reigning over an ignorant nation of mere soldiers; thinking it better *to live with* those who cultivated their rational faculties than *to command over* those who were illiterate and without genius. She had studied all the sciences, says Voltaire, in a climate where they were then unknown; her design was to retire into the centre of them in Italy; and she came into France only in her way thither. As she

meant to fix at Rome, she abandoned the Lutheran for the popish faith, being indifferent to either—but desirous to live in peace where she dwelt. Although disliked by the court of France, there was there not her equal: the king saw her, but, feeling his inferiority, he was unable to converse with her. The lightness of the French character prevented their appreciating this extraordinary woman, in whom they could perceive no more than that she could neither dance nor dress well. In a letter of the Duke of Guise it is stated that “she has one shoulder high, but she conceals that defect so well by the absurdity of her dress, her demeanour, and her actions, that one might lay wagers about it. Her face is large, without being out of proportion, with strongly marked features; the nose aquiline, the mouth large enough, without being disagreeable—her teeth passable, her eyes fine and full of fire; her complexion, notwithstanding some marks of small pox, brilliant; the form of her face tolerable, but accompanied by a head-dress very singular. It is a man’s wig, very thick, and much turned up on the forehead, very thick at the sides, and below thin and pointed; the top of the head is a tissue of hair, and the back has something of the head-dress of a woman. Sometimes she wears a hat; her bodice, laced behind and slanting, is almost made like our pourpoints; her shift coming out all round above her petticoats, which she wears but badly fastened up and not too straight. She is always very much powdered, with a world of pomatum, and never wears gloves. She is shod like a man—and has a man’s voice and tone; she sometimes wears a sword and a buff-jerkin, her wig is black, and she has nothing upon her bosom but a scarf of the same colour.”

But she had her shady side: on a second journey to Fontainebleau, she caused Monaldeschi to be murdered; and it was justly alleged that it was not then a queen who punished a crime against the state, but a woman who finished an amour by a murder. This event disgraced her philosophy; and, as the powerful author of the Age of Louis XIV. remarks, “in England she would have been punished, but, in France, this insult on the king’s authority, upon the laws of nations, and upon humanity itself, was passed over in silence.” The history, or rather cause, of this barbarous murder is involved in obscurity: the shocking circumstances attending it leave a frightful blot on the character of this extraordinary woman, which deprives her of the sympathy of all who possess feelings of humanity. Furnished, as she believed, with evidence of the unfaithfulness of her paramour, she sent for father Mathurin, a roman catholic priest. Causing the offender to be brought into the room, she accused Monaldeschi of *treason*, and ordered him to make ready for death! In vain did he plead for life; he would not confess, perhaps hoping she only meant

to terrify him: she directed the brutal executioner of her vengeance to stab him, but so as only severely to wound him, this he accordingly did, but not before himself and the priest in vain interceded for the pardon of the culprit. At length, finding his condition hopeless, he confessed to the priest, while Christina is said to have amused herself in the next room by ridiculing the unhappy creature's cowardice. The captain of the guard thrust his sword through the throat of Monaldeschi, and drew it barbarously backwards and forwards till the poor wretch was dead. Spite of this infamous crime, Christina had boldness enough once more to visit Paris: but at last was sent out of France, abhorred by all just people; though it would appear that her want of "tournée" depreciated her more in the estimation of the bulk of the people than her detestable cruelty.

The parliament of Paris had become more and more submissive to the will of the minister, and the members found the inutility of struggling with the vast power of the king. That feeling had been increased by the death of the chief president, Bellièvre, who had succeeded Molé, and was one of the few of whom Mazarin stood in awe; of course, the cardinal's own strength derived an increase from this event. The ducal coronet rested on the brow of one of his nieces, married to Mercœur, which allied him to the house of Vendôme; through the wife of Conti he was also nearly connected with the royal family; and her sister brought him in close contact with the house of Modena. Olympia, whom the minister had in his own intention destined to be queen-consort, feeling that that diadem must grace another brow, in 1657 married Prince Thomas of Savoy, leaving her sister Mary to accept the transfer of Louis' love. Gratified as the queen was at the destiny of Olympia—thus relieved of all fears in that quarter—she the less regarded his passion for Mary, who was at once plain, and, as Anne thought, free from those seducing graces which often more than supply the place of personal beauty. All fears of Louis' indiscretion, in contracting a marriage derogatory to the honour of France, were shortly removed by his placing the Infanta of Spain on the throne. Mazarin had sent Lionne to Spain, in 1656, to demand the hand of that princess—to which difficulties then existed. But peace had become necessary to Spain since the battle of Dunes, and Don Louis met the cardinal in the Island of Pheasants, on the frontiers, where conferences began, which lasted four months; the affair was much like an able game of chess—Don Louis excelled in circumspection, and Mazarin in cunning. On this occasion, the former is reported to have pointed out to the cardinal the great mistake he always made, in studying how to deceive. St. Omer, Ypres,

Menin, Oudenarde, and some other towns, were restored to Spain. By her marriage contract, Maria-Theresa would in time be possessed of those towns, so that her portion was only 500,000 crowns, a sum inadequate even to pay the expenses of the reception the king prepared for her on the frontiers.

The marriage produced no other real advantage to France than peace, because Louis solemnly ratified the Infanta's renunciation of all right she might afterwards have to any of her father's dominions. The Duke of Lorraine was included in this treaty, but it was to place him in a posture of humiliation; and, by forbidding him to maintain an army, he was prevented from farther mischief. One part of the treaty which terminated in the marriage of the Infanta and Louis, was the re-establishment of the Prince de Condé in France, with conditions honourable to Spain, and beneficial to the rebel prince. Mazarin long stuck at this point—but the Spaniard was immovable, although Condé implored his personal interests should not stand in the way of a treaty full of benefits to Europe. The cardinal determined Condé should not re-acquire power in France, and though in the end an entire amnesty and pardon was granted the great general, he never resumed the precise governments and influence he before enjoyed. Mazarin did not again quail before him, but, instead of treating him as his superior, now took precedence of him, and had his pride gratified by seeing that fiery prince humiliate himself before the minister whom he had so often mocked and flouted at. To his praise be it told, the cardinal did not testify farther resentment; although at first the young king received the celebrated rebel with sufficient distance; as we are informed by D'Anquetil.

Mazarin at last returned to Paris with Louis and his consort, and of course the power of the minister was still more consolidated by this beneficial and popular measure. This man who had twice been driven from Paris, the object of the people's scorn and hatred, now entered that same city (according to Mad. de Maintenon) in such grandeur, loaded with such honours and adulation, and followed by such a train, as was never known to any minister of any European monarch, except his greater prototype, and brother cardinal, Wolsey, on the same soil, when he went over to meet the progenitor of this very French king. "The splendid household of Mazarin began by 72 baggage mules, with the finest housings and tapestries ever seen—red velvet and gold and silver embroidery, &c. Then passed 24 pages, and all the gentlemen and officers of his household: after that 12 carriages with six horses each, and his guards. In short, his household was more than an hour passing and in being admired. I forgot 24 led horses, covered with housings so beautiful, and so beautiful themselves, that I could not take my



eyes off them." In such truly christian simplicity, then, did this successor of the apostles make his entrée! He now no longer gave precedency to the princes of the blood, and for the future never appeared but with much of this splendid retinue, being invariably attended with a regular company of horse, besides his own guards, that afterwards became the king's second company of musqueteers. He was no longer easy of access, and to ask a favour of the king was certain ruin. It is to be regretted that he should so far have forgotten the ladder by which he had climbed as to manifest indifference to the queen-mother, whom he publicly slighted—so that she repented what she had done for the proud minister.

His almost sole occupation now seems to have been the amassing of a prodigious sum of money. While the cunning financier Fouquet could not produce supplies for the necessities of the young monarch, it is said that he was compelled frequently to answer the king: "Sire, there is none in your majesty's coffers—but the cardinal will lend you some." According to several writers, Mazarin was not very particular as to the mode of adding to his immense wealth—even sharing the prize money of the privateers! But while he was shrewd enough in looking after his own matters, he grossly neglected the national finances, that were only farther embarrassed by the wild efforts of Fouquet. Seeing this, and appreciating the talents of Colbert, Mazarin brought him into closer connection with the young king; to that afterwards extraordinary minister entrusting the instruction of Louis in that important branch of regal education. Thus tardily the cardinal endeavoured to supply the deficiencies in the training of the monarch, for the long neglect of which he was highly culpable. Except in martial exercises and manly accomplishments, Louis was greatly wanting. Of history he knew little, still less of the learned languages; of Italian he acquired a smattering during the period of his love for Olympia and Mary Mancini; and he learnt a little Spanish about the time of the negociations for his marriage. He is said to have employed his leisure in reading books of entertainment; he was pleased with poetry and romances, the pictures of gallantry and heroism in which flattered his self-love. He read the tragedies of Corneille, and formed in himself that taste which arises only from good sense. This was heightened by the conversation of his mother and the ladies of her court, that tended to cultivate in the young king's breast that remarkable politeness then beginning to distinguish the French court. To this had been introduced a certain elevated gallantry, which savoured of the Spanish genius of those times, and joined therewith that elegance, softness, and decent freedom, no where to be found, according to Voltaire, but in France. But Louis' progress was

greater in pleasure than in learning, from his 18th to his 20th year; and his inclinations for the Baroness de Beauvais, Mademoiselle d'Argencourt, Olympia, and afterwards Mary, Mancini, were so well known as scarcely by any historian to be omitted. The latter followed him with notorious marks of fondness, and indeed when he tore himself from her, said to him "You weep, where you might command." Whether or not from an idea that his time could not be very long, Mazarin now became as sedulous, as he had formerly been neglectful, to improve the budding talents of the king. But the necessity under which he had found himself to rule with determination after the civil wars—with that despotic principle within every human breast—perhaps led Louis to govern with a degree of harshness which a constitutional monarch should always avoid.

Mary Mancini finally married the constable Colonna, an Italian gentleman of high family, but of no estate; on them the cardinal settled a large fortune, and placed them in a beautiful house he had purchased at Rome. In acting thus it is understood it was for the sake of keeping down scandal—as the passion of Louis was by no means extinguished by his marriage—and preserving the peace of the royal family of France. Hortense, the most admired for her beauty, in 1661, married the Marshal de Meilleraie, he took the name of *Mazarin*, and to him the cardinal bequeathed the larger portion of his almost boundless wealth. She afterwards separated from her husband, becoming one of the mistresses of Charles II., and settled in England, where she patronised St. Evremond; and died at London, 1699. St. Evremond was connected with Fouquet, and was involved in his disgrace. Colbert, who was indefatigable in his search for evidence against a man whom he wanted to destroy, ordered some papers to be seized which were in the hands of Madame du Plessis-Bellièvre—among them was found a MS. letter of St. Evremond's on the subject of the peace of the Pyrenees. It contained nothing but mere pleasantry; being read to the king and considered a crime against the government, Colbert, who hated him for being a friend of Fouquet's, and dreaded him as a wit, urged Louis to drive him away. He retired to England, where he lived in peace; but (Voltaire says) the Marquis de Miremont assured him there was in reality an additional cause of his disgrace, which he never would reveal. My reader, I trust, will pardon these few lines of anticipation, which I was the more tempted to introduce here as there may arise no farther necessity again to allude to the lady or St. Evremond.

About now, Mazarin made a gift of all he possessed to the king. By some this is thought to have been an effusion of affection; but it is rather to be attributed to the apprehension he entertained as to the right he had to these ill-got possessions,

which became secured on the king's returning them to him—Mazarin, no doubt, having well calculated on that; and, by this act, all future investigation was rendered almost impossible.

The end of his long course of intrigue approached; amidst all the bustle, fatigues, honours, reverses, successes, reproaches, iniquities, kindly actions (and many there were), extravagant ambition, inordinate graspings at wealth and power, that characterised his remarkable career, the insatiate destroyer, Death, claimed him who had so long ruled and commanded. Against this power the sinking cardinal could offer no resistance; and, as the great mover of cabinets approached that bourne whence no traveller returns; and as his spirit caught a glimpse of that unknown land towards which he was fast travelling (although religion had never been treated by him as other than a state machine), he is said *now* to have had some fearful impressions of its importance, and to have gone into the enjoined ceremonies of the catholic faith with a spirit of devotion to which therefore he had been a stranger. He forced the princess palatine (Anne de Gonzaga) to resign a certain high post about the queen; and another lady to vacate the corresponding office of superintendant of the queen-mother, in favour of two of his nieces; and, after some beneficial arrangements for others of his family, having performed his last official acts, he began to make preparations for his great change.

Public prayers, the too frequent forerunners of approaching death, were put up for the cardinal's recovery; the king and queen went to visit him in his last confinement. Although he adopted these extra precautions as to papistical observances, and showed some apprehensions, they do not appear to have been of very startling order, for he was blinded enough, at least so it is said, to imagine that his great sufferings (he had long been tortured with the stone) would expiate his sins! During the pauses of his bodily pains the ruling passion, strong in death, prompted him to "stick to business." And he had the evident weakness to try to conceal the ravages of his frightful and tormenting disease—so much so as to make use of quantities of *paint*. He appears to have maintained a good opinion of Gourville, the former friend of Condé; in fact, while he caused himself to be carried about the park at Vincennes in a chair, Mazarin told him in confidence he felt he was rapidly dying. He requested the royal family to be called around his bed; and, having begged the acceptance by each of some valuable keepsake, he took a feeling leave of them, and begged it might be a final one, as he felt he was going. With a remarkable degree of formality, Mazarin was carefully dressed in his purple robes, and with his cardinal's cap on his head. He asked all his domestics, whom he directed to be present, to forgive him

for any harshness he might ever have been guilty of, and bade them finally farewell. His physician, a few hours before his death, informed the dying minister that a comet had just appeared, in a way to leave the flattering impression of its being a supernatural portent of his departure; when, with a polite contempt, Mazarin replied, "The comet does me too much honour." He farther sent the Chevalier de Meré to the chief president of the parliament, begging him to declare to them that he died their very humble servant.

After which characteristics, he departed, March 9th, 1661, aged 59 years: his body was buried in the college which he had founded. It was not till 1694 that his letters, 103 in number, were published. He died, in one sense, sincerely regretted, as he had now become respected by the nation. To the king, whose praise it was gratefully to put up with much annoyance, from his overruling habits and disposition, it must have afforded relief, even while he sincerely wept over the tomb of this minister; and the remark he is known to have made reflects honour on both: "I know not what I should have done if he had lived longer!" Louis XIV. and the court went into mourning—an honour, except to royalty, almost unprecedented.

In Voltaire's able summing-up of the character of this distinguished minister it is said that we are to judge of mankind by their *enterprises*, and not by their *success*; that Mazarin was prudent, artful and greedy of riches. But to discover the degree of genius in a minister it is necessary either to hear him speak, or to read his writings; for that which we daily see in other walks of life often happens among ministers—he, who has the greatest genius frequently fails; while he whose character is distinguished by a greater degree of patience and fortitude generally succeeds. In estimating Mazarin, we must look to his actions, it is true, but eschew the common-place opinion that great success indicates consummate abilities. Where can history furnish more celebrated cases than the success of certain eminent commanders? and yet none but servile flatterers, or anxious expectants, would rank all such with those of a very high order of intellect. In the long contests between Mazarin and De Retz it is easy to see which was the superior genius, and yet, such is the value of *common* sense, Mazarin weathered that storm which for ever shivered the consummate *Frondeur*. The great statesman is discoverable by the monuments he leaves behind—not in storied urn or animated bust, but the substantial benefits to his country. The monument, which immortalizes Cardinal Mazarin, is the acquisition of Alsace: he procured that province to France, whilst all France was incensed against him; and, by a singular fatality, he did the country more service while he was persecuted in it than he ever accomplished during the peace-

able course of unlimited power. It is to be borne in mind that, in the frenzy of party spirit, while declaiming against the impostures, bad faith, and avarice, of this extraordinary man, all is omitted which tells to his advantage: it is certain that he successfully carried out the plan of Richelieu to lower the aristocracy and raise the monarchy. And experience abundantly shows (at any rate to me) that, excepting democracy, the very worst form of government is an oligarchy: and to Mazarin's praise let it be told that he never looked to the scaffold as an engine. No doubt he would have shone more had he comprehended the welfare of the people in his endeavours for the interests of royalty; on the other hand, D'Anquetil says, it was impossible to do anything effectual for France until he had prostrated feudality.

The grand and elegant taste now rising in France had been fostered, if not introduced, by Mazarin. He himself left jewels worth 1,200,000 crowns, valued 100 years back at 20,000,000 of livres, while the crown jewels were not valued at more than 100,000 crowns. To celebrate the royal marriage he had an Italian opera represented at the Louvre, entitled "*Ercole amante*"—but the French derived no other gratification from it than that of seeing the king and queen dance! Mazarin therefore set about a more popular affair: a kind of allegorical tragedy, called *Lisis* (France) and *Hesperia* (Spain), composed by Quinaut, was played at the Louvre. From the time of the king's marriage, there was nothing but a continued series of feasts, pleasures, and gallantry, which continued to the death of Mazarin. Subsequently it came out that he had committed the most bare-faced depredations on the revenue: he had appropriated to himself several branches of the public monies; he had made great profits out of the army supplies; he had exacted great sums by *lettres de cachet* (which by law was punishable with death). By these nefarious means he left such an enormous sum that Caumartin, intendant of finances, told Voltaire some years after the cardinal's death, he was at the Mazarin palace, where the duke and Hortense then lived; that he saw there a large and deep chest of drawers, which filled one side of the closet from top to bottom. The keys had long been lost, and no one had ever opened the drawers. M. de Caumartin, surprised at such negligence, told the duchess that perhaps something curious might be discovered in them. In consequence they were opened, and were found full of doubloons, gold counters and medals, which Madame Mazarin threw by handfuls out of the window, to the people, for eight days together!

The approaching death of Mazarin had opened a greater variety of hopes and fears, intrigues and cabals, than perhaps were ever known in any court. The ladies, who were conscious of extraordinary charms, rivalled each other in schemes to

entrap a prince of 22 years of age, from whom their hopes were greater by knowing that his susceptible nature had been already so far seduced as to have contemplated offering his crown to his mistress. The younger courtiers desired the revival of the reign of favourites; and each particular minister felt qualified and anxious to be placed at the head of affairs.

Anne of Austria resolved to promote the removal of the corrupt Fouquet; turning her thoughts to Marshal Villeroi, as the most honest of public men. She little believed the king, who had been brought up in ignorance of the business of state, would venture to incur the responsibilities of government. There were none among all those who had acted under the first minister who asked the king when he would hear them—on the contrary, the universal question to him was, "To whom must we address ourselves?" to which Louis constantly replied, "To me!" And the surprise was increased when it appeared that he persevered in his resolution. But he had considered his own abilities, and, convinced of aptitude for government, he took the reins into his own hands, and followed the advice of his late Mentor, to try literally to rule for himself. He prescribed to each of his ministers their functions, required periodical statements of their proceedings; reposing in them sufficient confidence to give sanction to their ministry, while, by watchfulness he took care that they did not abuse their trusts. Fouquet was by him warned to regulate the derangement of his department, and told to abandon the flagrant acts which had brought disgrace on his office and misery upon the people. This infatuated man believed himself too strong to be in danger, and reckoned on the king's soon wearying of dry and tedious financial documents. Finding Louis reduced them to order, and by acute remarks stripped these delusive papers of the attempted deceptions which characterized them, Fouquet was again and again warned of his peril—but he would take no warning. At length this bad man bethought him of stultifying his youthful master, by putting into his hands such immense sums to squander on his pleasures as would debauch his mind from the severer pursuits of business. At first, indeed, he bid fair to effect this object on the return of the court to Paris, after the death of the cardinal. But, though Louis could seem to give himself up to pleasure, he found moments to devote to the duties of his position; and at night, with Colbert, examined the accounts of the finance minister, detecting the mystifications which that crafty knave practised in his statements.

The marriage of his brother the Duke of Anjou with Henrietta of England, sister of Charles II., had taken place in 1661. She was formed to attract; and the grandeur of the nuptials had called forth fresh attempts at refined amusements; so that the

court witnessed a long and splendid succession of feasts and gallantries. In the *Memoirs of Madame la Fayette*, we find that every day Henrietta went to bathe she rode in a carriage, on account of the heat, and returned on horseback, followed by all the ladies magnificently dressed—feathers on their heads—accompanied by the king and all the youth of the court. After supper they got into calèches, and went to wander a part of the night round about the canal. This English princess is said to have introduced into the court the charm of an agreeable and sprightly conversation, which she improved afterwards by the reading of good authors and by a just taste. She soon became a proficient in the language, which she could not write with propriety at the time of her marriage. Inspiring a fresh emulation of wit, she introduced into the court such grace and politeness as the rest of Europe scarcely knew: she had all the sprightliness of Charles II., adorned by feminine delicacy.

Madame de Motteville testifies to the kind of elysian world the new court was creating; in the midst of which the king's attentions to the beauty of England were sufficiently marked to excite the uneasiness of the two French queens. The elder, took a mother's right to express to her son the scandal which his conduct created. He, forgetting the inalienable duty of a parent, suffered a refractory coldness to arise which separated him more and more from that mother to whom he owed so much. It is affirmed, by his apologists, that this platonic effusion consisted of little more than coquetish sallies of wit, and a secret sympathy too often repeated in the little feasts of the court. Louis sent her letters in verse, that Henrietta answered: the Marquis of Dangeau was the confidant of both. In this ingenious correspondence he was employed by the king to write for him, and the princess also engaged him to write answers for her—thus serving them both, without suffering either to suspect he was entrusted by the other—which was one of the chief causes of his good fortune. It seems that great alarm was felt by the royal family, and the remonstrances of the queen-mother were unacceptable to her daughter-in-law Henrietta. The effect was a plan gradually to detach Louis from the more immediate circle where he should have shone, and that the king endeavoured to blind his mother by a pretended love affair with some new objects. Mademoiselles De Pons, De Chemerault, and De la Valière, Henrietta's ladies of honour, were pitched upon as covers for the more dangerous intentions of the monarch.

In addition, he still maintained his tender gallantry with the Countess of Soissons (Olympia), but exhibited most to Henrietta herself—thus setting a very pernicious example to his court and people. Madame de Pons the queen-mother soon moved away; there can be no doubt of the affair ending in

criminality between Louis and De Chemerault; but more serious and lasting was the fascination of La Valière. So that the kind queen-mother consoled herself, under the mortification of her hopeless attempts, by endeavours to keep the queen as much as possible in the dark. But a lasting esteem and sincere friendship (if it may be so written) appears to have been consolidated between Louis and his lively sister-in-law, which long after showed itself, when she set Racine and Corneille to write the tragedy of *Berenice*, having in her eye the restraint she had put upon her own inclinations, lest they should disgrace her. Louis XIV. is sufficiently pointed out in these lines:

Howe'er obscure thy birth by heaven's decree,  
The gazing world had own'd its Lord in thee!

La Valière was for two years the secret object to whom were dedicated the gay amusements that the king gave at the queen's or the Princess Henrietta's. At the recitatives, used at the dances, the sentiments of the hearts of the lovers were introduced, which, though intended to be secret, did not long continue so. The Abbé de Choisi describes La Valière as having a beautiful complexion, fair hair, a sweet smile, blue eyes, with so tender, and yet so modest, an expression as to gain immediate esteem. She had but little wit; what she had, by continual reading; she improved. Engrossed by her passion for Louis, La Valière was devoid of ambition; the king therefore for once could experience the uncommon happiness of being loved for his own sake. Mde. de Soissons and Henrietta are said to have been inexpressibly mortified at first, on finding what was meant to be a feint should end in so permanent a reality; and they thereupon determined to expose Louis' infidelity to his queen! But if her heart was won, La Valière kept him at a distance, and is said to have maintained a fearful struggle between her affections and her sense of virtue. Madame de Brancas was instrumental in the fall of this beautiful, but unhappy, girl, which was followed on her part immediately with bitter remorse. The career of immorality in which Louis now indulged is painful to record, but, having to give his life and times, it falls not to me to write only what one could desire, but what actually occurred.

A fresh intrigue almost immediately disgraced the fickle king; Mdlle. de la Mothe Houdancourt nearly fell a victim to his illicit desires. But, owing to some remaining feelings of virtue in her breast, and the watchfulness of the Duchess of Navailles, *and some iron gratings which she caused to be placed on the roof of the palace, around the apartments of the maids of honour*, Houdancourt, escaping, was permitted to leave the field in the possession of La Valière. A fabricated letter, purporting to be from the Queen of Spain, to her daughter the Queen of



France, was got up between the Countess of Soissons, Henrietta, the Marshal de Grammont, and one or two others. It passed to the hands of one of the Spanish ladies of the queen, who, just before she presented it to her royal mistress, suspecting there was some peculiarity about it, ventured to open it herself. Perceiving that the contents would only distress the queen, she went to Anne of Austria, to whom she told the matter, and offered to leave the letter with her; but the mother of the king directed this lady to take it to Louis. When he received it he turned very red, and asked if the queen had seen it? He consulted his various ministers as to who wrote this vexatious epistle, but he could get no information. As he found his queen was jealous, he settled it in his own mind that the Duke and Duchess of Navailles, two of the most virtuous of the court, and who had, in proper ways, shown their displeasure at his improper courses, were the authors. Louis had *then* justice enough not to injure this worthy couple upon mere suspicion. But the Countess of Soissons contrived an interview with the queen, and to her majesty exposed the immoralities of her royal consort; and at the same time she contrived to implicate the Duke and Duchess of Navailles to Louis, who now cruelly deprived them of their posts and drove them from court.

With the spirit of a Spaniard, and of a Spanish woman, the queen stung the king with reproaches, which unhappily irritated, rather than reclaimed, that selfish breast. Seeing the hopelessness of her case, and perhaps in utter disgust and alienation, she tried to refrain in general from useless remonstrances. But on one occasion, by her just anger, she so chafed Louis that he threw off the little remains of decent external appearances, and, on the first night of the carnival, 1663, he refused to go with the queen, and openly escorted La Valière. Anne of Austria tried her utmost to support the queen; yet as old age was approaching, she felt the utter hopelessness of maintaining a conflict with her son, and very, reluctantly followed the course she had laid down. By even receiving in her sick chamber the mistress of his passionate affections, she deeply distressed her daughter-in-law. On this subject Mr. James has a beautiful passage:—"many a bitter tear bedewed the queen's solitary pillow; and when the unhappy girl who yielded to the king's temptations declared, in after years, that, at the Carmelites, she would remember the pain which the sight of a successful rival's triumph gave her, perhaps she forgot the sorrows that she herself had inflicted on a pure and affectionate heart, and the bitter tears she had wrung from the eyes of one who had so much more cause to be indignant, who had so much greater a right to weep!"

Louis continued to divide his time between the pleasures which agreed with his age, and the duties of his station. He held

a council every day, and afterwards conferred with Colbert; the chief subject was the fall of Fouquet, that involved those of Guérégaud, Pelisson, Gourville, and many others. The king had accepted a magnificent entertainment at Vaux, which Fouquet had given him; and it should be told of the royal hypocrite that this took place *after* he had decided to destroy that minister. This splendid palace and gardens had cost 18,000,000 of livres, a sum nearly to be doubled, if estimated according to present currency. He had built it twice over, having purchased three entire villages, the ground of which was enclosed in his immense gardens, at that time considered the finest in Europe: his water-works, though subsequently eclipsed by those of Versailles, Marli and St. Cloud, were then regarded with wonder. St. Germain and Fontainebleau were certainly very inferior to this superb country mansion of Fouquet's. The king was not insensible of this amazing grandeur; and, seeing the arms and motto of the aspiring minister, which decorated all parts of the vast building—a squirrel, with the words, “Quo non ascendam?” (to what eminence shall I not attain?) it was necessary to explain them to him, so little did he know of Latin. A serpent is represented pursuing the squirrel;—this being the heraldic bearing of Colbert, the witty courtiers whispered it was typical of the expected rise of the latter upon the ruins of the former. At this feast Molière's comedy, *les Fâcheux*, was for the first time acted, the admired prologue having been written by Pelisson.

Fouquet had enraged the king by having loved La Valière, to whom he had made illicit overtures previous to the king's passion, which had been indignantly rejected by her. And when the minister knew of the king's affection, he endeavoured to constitute himself the go-between in that disgraceful business, in attempting which he still farther inflamed the king. On his part Louis disgraced his royalty by a refinement of dissimulation, and even intended to let the blow of being arrested fall upon him while partaking of his splendid hospitality; from this however he was dissuaded by Anne of Austria. From Gourville we learn that Fouquet was aware of the coming storm, and accordingly set his house in order; endeavouring to gain the aid of Condé, and to place his tried friend Crequi so that he should be able to help his benefactor in case of need. He had bought, from the Duke de Retz, Belle-isle, which he had strongly fortified—under the idea of a secure retreat—so that, should matters proceed to extremities, he could bid defiance to the French king, and, raising the standard of rebellion, procure aid from England. Fouquet sold one office he held for the sum of 1,400,000 livres, and, to soothe the king, placed that enormous sum in the royal treasury. Whether or not there was a latent fear of disturbances being created by the party which the almost boundless resources

of this nefarious minister had drawn around him, his arrest was postponed from time to time, until the king, with a small camp, visited Bretagne to select a spot on which to erect a naval depôt. On this occasion, in the memoirs of Artagnan, we are informed that he went to the levée; and the king, who thus early in life was "*prudence*" itself, began a conversation of a general nature. Being anxious (my reader must bear in mind this was in public) to mislead the bystanders, Louis enquired after several whom Artagnan was acquainted with. Watching an opportunity, he beckoned that officer aside, and in a hurried, but low, tone, asked if Colbert had spoken with him? The king was answered that he had told him to arrest Fouquet, and first to go to his majesty for orders. On this Louis remarked it was unnecessary to say more than to corroborate this and to urge upon them to be very particular in preventing Fouquet's speaking to anybody afterwards. Fouquet attended the council as usual; some say perfectly collected, others, that he trembled.

The king preserved his dissimulation, but was noticed as being more pertinacious in his questions, owing to the number of which the sitting was unusually long. Fouquet at last retired, attended by a swarm of courtiers: Artagnan was waiting for him with 30 musqueteers of the guard, and informed the minister he was under arrest—when the whole group of his *friends* immediately left him. Gourville showed him kindness, however, and ran to his wife; who was so instantly straitened that, from nearly incalculable wealth, as the officers of the king had gone straightway to Fouquet's house and sealed up the doors, she could now command only fifteen louis-d'ors. He took her to his home, and to the praise of Gourville's gratitude and right feeling now, he felt honoured by providing every necessary for the wife of his former benefactor in her misfortunes. Had the scheme of the brother of the fallen minister, the Abbé Fouquet, been carried into effect—to set fire to his house, so as to insure the destruction of many dangerous documents, the secrets of many families would have been lost; but the friends of Fouquet hesitated too long, and the opportunity was gone. Gourville was not dis-esteemed for his attachment to Fouquet, and remained on good terms with the court—in fact, he was a personal companion of Louis, and frequently gambled with the king. Fouquet was taken to the Bastille, his influence was gone—but, Pelisson and Mademoiselle Scudery shared with Gourville the honour of befriending the unfortunate; though the former and another chief clerk soon shared his disgrace. Colbert had committed to him the management of Fouquet's trial, which led to the formation of a board of commissioners, who would doubtless have shown the fallen financier little or no mercy.

Mazarin had left the king a council composed of the chan-

cellor Séguier; Le Tellier, minister of war, father of the famous Louvois, who succeeded him; De Lionne, minister of foreign affairs. On his death-bed he had emphatically recommended Colbert, whom he could conscientiously advise Louis to adopt, instead of Fouquet: but it seems Fouquet knew too much of the cardinal's peculation to render it safe for him to be displaced during Mazarin's life. In speaking of the various passions of the commissioners to try Fouquet, Turenne said, "I can very well believe that Monsieur Colbert is more anxious that Fouquet should be hanged, and that Monsieur le Tellier is more afraid that he should not." There can be no doubt that the king dropped into the angry partisan, and lost sight of those principles of fairness which peculiarly become the regal function.

Fouquet was arrested in 1661, and was dragged about from prison to prison; justice was denied him, even the protection of the forms of law was refused; nor was it till November 14, 1663, he was brought before the Chamber of Justice. This mockery was cruelly protracted till December 20, 1664, when he was found guilty of peculation—not of high treason. Sentence of perpetual banishment was immediately pronounced: of 22 judges who gave their suffrages, 9 were for death, and 13 for the milder course. Louis XIV. took upon him to *commute* this sentence for a far more severe condition, by confining him within the castle of Pignerol; where, by the command of the king, he was prohibited from holding any communication, written or personal, with any human being but his goalers! D'Anquetil says he knew far too much for Louis to trust him out of France, or to allow of his communicating his observations to others. But Fouquet was allowed a confessor, for whom he often sent; and then they feared he would find some mode of communication with his friends, so that his visits were limited to four in a year. The *liberality* of the court consisted in allowing him, very sparsely, the use of books.

Louvois, in an extant letter to St. Mars, the governor, explains the grand object of government to be the complete prevention of his communicating with any one. The castle being struck by lightning, the part where the disgraced minister and his servant lodged was destroyed, and their escape was little short of miraculous. His hardships were increased on the discovery of several natural and ingenious attempts to correspond with his friends—he wrote upon his linen, ribbons, &c.; he had made ink with soot and water, and pens out of the bones of fowls and rabbits. His windows were now grated, and he was prevented from seeing any thing but the sky. Thus shamefully, and to the everlasting dishonour of the king, was the sentence of this peculator perverted. As time passed on, the rigours of his confinement were somewhat relaxed—he was per-

mitted to write to his wife. In 1678 a letter from Louvois was delivered to Fouquet with the seal unbroken, he read it, and was accommodated with materials to reply—the two letters were immediately destroyed, therefore their contents are unknown. But he was still farther favoured, and permitted *ad libitum* to write to his family, and to join in sports, with the officers on duty at the castle. Fouquet was allowed to speak with a brother prisoner, the Count de Laugun; the journals of the day and plenty of books were now granted him; many letters passed to Louvois, each productive of some advantage to the prisoner. In 1679 his wife and family were allowed to see him at all times without witnesses: it was granted to his wife to live with him, and his daughter had a room adjoining. But the changes he had passed through—hope deferred indeed maketh the heart sick; the falling from such high estate—the loss of all the social ties of life—the injustice and cruelty with which confessed crimes had been treated—preyed upon his spirits and undermined his health, that had long been failing, and under his accumulated sufferings he sunk in 1680. Gourville says he was released from his prison several months before his death; but this ill agrees with a reprimand Louvois wrote to St. Mars for having allowed Fouquet's son to take away his papers after his death.

As a discussion will soon come on the tapis relative to this event, I beg my reader's attention here to the following words of Voltaire: "The Countess de Vaux, his daughter-in-law, had confirmed to me this fact (his release from prison) before: however the contrary is believed in his family: *so that it is not certainly known where this unfortunate person died.*" His remains were said to have been laid in a chapel founded by his father; but Mr. James, who is strenuous for the fact of his death in 1680, acknowledges that it is remarkable the coffin could never be found there. We go back to events which transpired at the time, in consequence of the arrest of Fouquet. The Chamber of Justice caused those peculators who had perpetrated similar crimes—in character, if not in degree—to those of the finance minister, to disgorge, so far as was practicable, their ill-gotten wealth. Colbert would have dealt tenderly with them, but, finding it injudicious, he was compelled to put on the screw, and many fled to foreign countries; and, as Mr. James says, "had the pleasure of finding themselves and their mammon safe, while the Chamber of Justice amused the boys of Paris by hanging them in effigy." Some, however, were caught, and stripped.

Colbert was prime minister. Louis could have governed without one; as it was his glory that in France there should only be a king and subjects. He claimed precedency as "most christian" king; Spain opposed the honour of "catholic," and proudly made

frequent allusions to the inferiority which unavoidably ensued to France from Francis I. having been a prisoner at Madrid. Many times these and similar pretensions had been debated at Rome, which solemn conclave was supposed to be very suitable to arrange these vanities of greatness. While their pretensions remained undecided, a step more or less in a procession, the placing of a chair or some such trifle, caused high gratification, as giving a triumph. The chimerical place of honour on these points, and with regard to personal honour, leading to duels—was carried to a most pernicious length in that age. D'Estrades, celebrated in French history, was now ambassador to England; a new Swedish ambassador had been sent over; and Watteville, the Spanish ambassador—all disputed precedence.

A tumult took place in the street on one occasion, and the coach horses of the French ambassador were killed; and, D'Est-trade's retinue being wounded and dispersed, the Spaniards drew their swords, and took by this violence that precedence which the circumstances then permitted them. On hearing of this, Louis XIV. ordered the Spanish ambassador to quit France; broke off the existing conferences relative to the boundaries of the Low Countries; stopped a new ambassador from France to Spain, who was then on his road; and directed his father-in-law, Philip IV., to be told that if he did not apologise and acknowledge the superiority of France, the war should be renewed. Spain could not go to war, being poor and proud, they hit upon the expedient of sending a formal message to declare to the king at Fontainebleau, in presence of the *corps diplomatique*, that the Spanish ministers should never, for the future, have any disputes with those of France! If in this jesuitical message there was no direct recognition of the superiority of France, at least the weakness of Spain must be inferred.

France was feared no where more than at Rome. Crequi, the French ambassador, carried himself very loftily, and disgusted the Italians. As servants generally imitate such foibles of their masters, they aped the manners of the youth of quality in Paris, in attacks upon the night-watches of Rome, and similar reprehensible exploits. On one occasion some of Crequi's followers having taken it into their heads to attack a small company of Corsicans (who were the guards of the city), the valiant night-brawlers were put to flight. The whole body of Corsicans, enraged at the insult, and secretly animated by Don Mario Chigi (brother of Pope Alexander VII., who hated the Duke de Crequi), in a body attacked the French ambassador's house, fired upon the carriage of the Duchess, who was just then entering the palace, killed one of her pages, and wounded several of the servants. This occurred August 20, 1662. The duke quitted Rome, accusing the pope and his relatives of having favoured

this assassination. Under a delusive idea that the affair would soon blow over, the pope delayed any satisfaction, except, four months afterwards, to cause one of the Corsicans and one of the sbirri to be hanged, directing the leader to retire from Rome. To his dismay, however, he learnt that the French king had directed his troops to march into Italy, under the command of Du Plessis Praslin, with a view of besieging Rome. His holiness sought aid from all catholic princes, endeavouring to stir them up against Louis; circumstances made against the pope.

Spain was engaged with Portugal in an embarrassing war, and the Turks had made an inroad into Europe, so that Rome could only irritate, and not damage, France. The parliament of Provence cited his holiness to appear before them, and caused Avignon to be seized. Anathemas from the Vatican were now about as important as the cry of the nursery-maids in England 40 years ago to naughty children, *Bony is coming!* All that being changed, the pope—alternately tyrant and slave—was obliged to submit, upon the humiliating condition of banishing his brother, and sending his nephew, Cardinal Chigi, to apologise personally to the king of France; to disband the Corsican guard; and to erect a monument at Rome, explaining the insult and the reparation. Farther, as Louis would trample still more on the tiara, he forced the court of Rome to relinquish Castro and Ronciglione to the Duke of Parma; and obliged the pope to make the Duke of Modena satisfaction, relative to his right to Comaccio; gaining, through this insult, the honour of being the protector of the Italian states.

At a grand entertainment at Paris, an emblem had been devised for the king—a sun darting its rays upon a globe; the motto “*Nec pluribus impar,*” which was highly approved: the king’s chests of drawers, the furniture of the crown, the tapestry and sculpture were all adorned with it. Voltaire defends him from the charges brought against his vanity in this matter, as if it had been his own invention. As to the device itself, he thinks that more open to criticism, because it did not plainly represent what the motto signified, which was also wanting in clearness, as it is capable of different renderings. Devices are liked when just and striking, but better have none than such as are low and poor. Louis XII. adopted a hedge-hog, with the words, “*Qui s’y frotte, s’y pique,*” he who touches me pricks himself—like the old Latin motto, “*Nemo me impunè læcessit.*”

In the year 1664, at Versailles, a carousal was given of the utmost magnificence; the king with 600 of his court attended. The first day, those who were to run appeared in a review, preceded by a herald at arms, pages and squires, carrying devices and bucklers, on which were verses written in gold letters. The king exhibited all the diamonds of the crown upon his own dress and the trappings of the horse he rode; the queen, with 300

ladies seated under triumphal arches beheld his entry. He chiefly noticed La Valière: this entertainment was made for her alone, though she was not distinguished from the crowd—but she secretly enjoyed the honour. A gilded chariot was drawn along, 18 feet in height, 15 wide, and 24 long, representing the chariot of the sun. The golden, the silver, the brazen, and the iron ages; the celestial signs, with the seasons and hours, followed the chariot on foot. Every thing was in character; shepherds brought in their hands pieces of the pallisades, which they placed regularly to the sound of trumpets, to which at intervals succeeded the violins and other instruments. One came forward from the chariot of Apollo, and repeated to the queen verses alluding to the place, the persons, and the time.

The races being finished, and the day ended, 4,000 large flambeaux illuminated the space in which the feast was prepared; the tables were served by 200 persons, representing the seasons, the fauns, the sylvans and dryads, with shepherds, reapers, and grape-gatherers. Pan and Diana appeared upon a moving mountain, and descended to place upon the tables the greatest rarities the fields and forest produced. In a semicircle behind these tables, was raised all at once a theatre covered with musicians: the arcades which encompassed the tables and the theatre were adorned with 500 branches of green and silver, filled with wax candles, and the vast enclosure was encompassed with a gilt balustrade. These feasts, superior even to those of romance, lasted seven days. The king gained the prizes in the games four times, and afterwards relinquished them, to be disputed by the other knights. As astrology yet had its believers, a piece of Molière's, intended to expose the absurdities of that science, was performed; a court fool was also introduced. Voltaire says the existence of these fools was attributable to the want of amusements, and the impossibility of procuring those which were polite and agreeable, in times of ignorance; and bad taste alone made them use these *wretches*. The fool kept by Louis was called l'Angeli, and he had formerly belonged to Condé; it was he who said he never went to hear sermons, because he hated noisy discourse. Tartuffe was likewise exhibited on this occasion; it is reported to his credit, that, though the king followed these amusements with avidity, he let nothing interfere with his regal duties.

If the expenses of these entertainments had been wrung from the wretched millions, they must have been odious; but the same hand which directed the taste of France supplied the people with bread. In 1662 Louis (no enemy to *free trade*) had procured the importation of corn, which was sold to all at a very low price, and given to the poor for nothing at the gate of the Louvre: he also remitted the payment of 3,000,000 of taxes. He was enabled, by the excellent management of



Colbert, to purchase Dunkirk and Mardyke of the King of England for the sum of 5,000,000 of livres, to the disgrace of that profligate prince, who thought it no shame to sell that for money which had cost his people's blood. In pursuance of his splendid plans for the exaltation of his country, Louis set 30,000 men to work upon the fortifications of Dunkirk, both on the land and sea sides; and between the town and the citadel a large bason was formed capable of containing 30 ships of war; so that this place almost at once became formidable. The French king soon compelled the Duke of Lorraine to give up to him the strong town of Marsal; and that weak and inconstant prince entered into a treaty whereby Lorraine, after his death, was given up to the crown of France, upon some inconsiderable pecuniary recompense, and that the princes of the house of Lorraine should become princes of the blood of France.

Louis thus augmented his dominions even in peace. By disciplining his troops, whom he had recovered from the irregularities of the civil wars, and by fortifying his frontiers, he kept France always ready for war. Having rendered vast benefits to his country by encouraging agriculture, that, under his fostering care, had made rapid advances, Colbert now directed his attention to the promotion of commerce; and, in the course of the years 1663 & 1664, drew up the plan of two great trading companies, the one to the East, and the other to the West, Indies. To overcome their rooted antipathy to these occupations of trade—for a French noble might sooner beg or steal than meddle with commerce—Colbert induced the king to declare that *all* might belong to these companies, without its being derogatory to their gentility; and the sovereign and his minister both joined in the undertaking. The queen, princes, and nobles followed—millions of money were clubbed together—the concerns of these two companies were conducted by directors. To their other territorial purchases, Guadaloupe, Martinique, and several other islands were added; settlers were leaving to colonize to a great extent; Lower Canada and Quebec were peopled; and an important impulse was given to trade in general from the success of these new companies.

Ship-building was in consequence encouraged by government rewards; and, in the train of speculation, followed assurance societies all over France, governed by a central chamber at Paris. France embraced all facilities for manufactures of almost every description; she had during the long wars, and the intestine commotions, sunk into a wretched state of decay—in short, scarcely anything was produced but the coarsest cloth for the peasantry. Colbert encouraged the manufacturers to vigorous efforts by a large loan without interest; tapestry and carpets at Beauvais, Aubusson, and other places, soon were produced, and the most splendid fabrics employed thousands of work people.

The making of looking-glasses, mirrors, &c., larger and finer than those from Venice, was promoted in Paris; the working of steel and tin; the tanning of the finer kinds of leather; and the only stocking-loom then known; were extensively patronised. Roads were improved; canals dug or repaired; and that most celebrated work of this kind, extending from Toulouse to Thau on the Mediterranean, which called into exercise all the known resources of civil engineering, and required the creation of 62 sluices, 72 bridges, and 55 aqueducts, was executed with such skill by Pierre Paul Riquet, and so economically, as scarcely to have been felt by the people.

Splendid buildings were erected in Paris, nests of filth were removed to make new and noble streets, the city was re-paved and lighted, the police was re-constructed with a view to diminish the nightly robberies and assassinations which always disgraced that capital; eminent literary and other useful institutions were founded; and the criminal and civil law reformed by a great and beneficial change in the whole body thereof. In addition to these national benefits Louis XIV. threw an air of grandeur around his court, eclipsing all the pomp of Europe—acting upon the principle that the greatest persons around him should receive honour, but not power. So that he settled the ancient dispute between the peers and presidents of the parliament, in an extraordinary council, that the former should give their opinion before the presidents, in the royal presence, as if they received this privilege merely from his being there, and left the old custom still subsisting in the assemblies where the king is not present. Great blue coats, embroidered with gold and silver, distinguished the courtiers, so that permission to wear such was an enviable honour. The fashion of the day was a great coat, with a doublet under it adorned with ribbons; over this great coat, was a belt, at which the sword hung. They wore a kind of laced band, and a hat with two rows of feathers; this became the common dress of Europe till 1684, it being, in matters of taste, the usual way every where, except in Spain and Poland, to copy the court of Louis XIV. He created new posts about his person, such as Grand Master of the Wardrobe, and he revived the *tables* instituted by Francis I.; having 12 for the officers which ate at court, served with splendid profusion, and to which all strangers were invited. The presents bestowed on foreigners were so considerable that Viviani built a house at Florence with the bounty received from Louis, in front of which he had these words put up—“*Ædes à Deo datæ,*” in allusion to the surname of *Dieu-donné*, by which the public had called the king, on account of his unexpected appearance so many years after the marriage of his parents.

To restrain the power of the house of Austria had ever been the policy of France since the days of the Emperor Charles V.

Still they considered that, though the Turk should be allowed so far to worry the Austrians as to give them occupation enough, it would not altogether look well for the most christian king, who, by the bye, maintained the standing alliance with the barbarians, to let the crescent lord it over the cross. They never therefore objected to the occasional invasions of "Mahound and Termagent," but would not allow him to subdue Hungary. "Our ancient ally," as the Duke of Wellington calls the Turk, just now became very troublesome, and had attacked the emperor, and sent that able vizier, Kiuperli, to the banks of the Raab. Louis sent 6,000 men, as indeed he was bound by treaty, under Coligni, a worthy descendant of the admiral, the friend and companion of Condé. A famous battle was fought at St. Gothard, where the French army greatly distinguished itself, in conjunction with the Germans, who also fought bravely; so that subsequent disputes arose as to which nation had done most to ensure this splendid victory. Secretly Louis abetted Portugal in her quarrel with Spain. Marshal Schomberg, a Huguenot, went with 4,000 French into Portugal, whom he paid with money from the French king,—though he pretended to maintain them in the name of the King of Portugal. This augmentation of the Portuguese forces caused a complete victory to be obtained at Villa Viciosa, that settled the crown in the house of Braganza. Louis had entered into an alliance with the Dutch in 1662, by which he was in strictness bound to join his few ships to those of Holland, who had now renewed the war with England, on the score of their respective rights to the commerce of the Indies. Voltaire says he declined to fulfil his engagements, because he loved to see two dangerous powers so nearly equipoised; this may be an adroit retreat for French vanity.

I suspect there are two conjectures which come much nearer the truth—either that he had few or no ships to send, or that he knew too well the supremacy which England must attain and maintain on the seas, and that to have interfered would insure the destruction of his own navy, which that eminent French historian allows "was, as yet, of no consequence." And he elsewhere confesses that at this time the French "were in want of sailors, officers, and, in short, of every thing necessary to the construction and equipment of shipping." And, I will add, and if they had had all they could require, they would have cut no better figure than has generally been the case with those lively Gauls on *our* element. In a parenthesis, I may mention a nice little piece of gasconade I met with the other day in a French obituary of an old naval officer. The writer quotes a despatch of the deceased, written at the time our immortal Nelson was in the Mediterranean, in which he informs the government that, being in his frigate of about 50 guns, he

caught sight of an English *fleet of several ships of war*, and immediately set his sails to chase them; which perceiving, the English *ran for it to the nearest friendly ports*. Such was their haste that they parted company, on the principle of devil take the hindermost—so that, as the Frenchman could not, of course, fight all at once, he tried to engage with two, which he followed and insulted in every imaginable manner *for six days*, they each carrying many more guns than the French frigate.—Spite of all his efforts, they at length sheered off, and “left him alone with his glory!” *Toujours Mazagran!*

In 1664, 130 Dutch merchantmen had been captured by the English, and acts of hostility had taken place in Guinea, at the Cape de Verd, and in the West Indies. The noted De Witt, who led the Dutch, looked to France as the ally and protector of Holland. And Louis at length felt compelled to act upon the treaties subsisting, in consequence of the great naval battle between the Dutch fleet, under Opdam and Van Tromp, and that of England, under the Duke of York and Prince Rupert, on which occasion Opdam was killed, and Tromp with great difficulty saved the remains of his disabled ships. At the very time an agreement between England and the Bishop of Munster called upon that warlike prelate to invade Flanders with 20,000 men. Louis XIV. now informed the bishop that French troops were prepared to contest any hostile movement he should venture to make against Holland. The States took a little hope from this, for they had been almost reduced to despair by the damage to their fleet, the decay of their naval power, the fears from the irruption of the Bishop of Munster, and the hitherto suspicious quiet of France, all which had tended to lower the party of De Witt, while the faction in favour of England proportionably rose. Nor was Spain inactive in fermenting disunion between the Dutch and her standing enemy, France; so that (as usual) the mob were in Holland excited to violence and adopted the *arguments* common with that class—attempts to assassinate De Witt.

In the meantime France negociated with the cabinet of St. James's, and the English craftily lengthened the discussions—suggesting hopes of peace, and avoiding a course sufficiently strong to drive Louis XIV. to a declaration of war. The latter appeared almost unavoidable, and France drew up, for the use of the Dutch, a scheme against England, the basis being an effort to destroy English commerce by an union of the fleets of France and Holland; and to harass England at home by exciting alike the papists and the puritans to renewed endeavours against the throne. Sir William Temple, our minister, able as he was, suffered himself to be cajoled by the Bishop of Munster, who was to have received a large sum of money, as payment for his contingent of 20,000 troops. It ended in a miserable short-

coming, soon repulsed by De Witt's brother with none but Dutch troops to repel the invaders. The bishop, however, got a large portion of this sum (that proved a vain and injurious outlay to England), and then made a separate peace with France and Holland.—Before this occurrence became known in Britain, the godly bishop had nearly succeeded, under a fresh pretence, in procuring another large instalment from John Bull, even *after* he had signed the treaties with our enemies! His villany was detected in time—and only just in time.

France had been gradually improving her yet inconsiderable navy, which, according to Voltaire, in 1664 and 1665, while England proudly sailed all over the ocean with 300 large ships of war, and Holland had at one time as many, could only call her own 15 or 16 third-rate vessels. Under the vigilant care of the French government, her ships were now more numerous and well equipped; and they joined the fleet of Holland, in endeavours to dispute with England the dominion of the sea. In June, 1666, Van Tromp and De Ruyter again fought the English fleet under Monk and Rupert. This formidable engagement lasted four days—success or disaster was nearly equal. They very shortly again met, and a tremendous conflict took place, that completely defeated the Dutch, who had 20 first-rate ships taken or sunk, and three admirals and 4,000 men killed. The French fleet, under the Duke of Beaufort, could not come up time enough to take part. So that Louis could only help forward the unheard-of exertions of De Witt, to repair the losses of his country, which he warily covered by an affectation of anxiety for peace with England. We seem to have been short of our wonted shrewdness on this occasion; for, little suspecting our enemy of preparation or audacity, the Dutch suddenly dared to sail up the Thames, taking Sheerness, and destroying several ships of the line. Many smaller vessels were burnt, and so alarmed were the government, as well as the people, that many vessels and stores were destroyed by ourselves, while the bold Dutch admiral bearded England, from the Thames to the Land's-end!

A general peace followed, for the drain upon England and Holland had made them alike tired of war. Louis made the Dutch pay smartly for the assistance he had rendered them, charging them for the 6,000 troops he had prepared to check the Bishop of Munster, and debited them with the expenses of an embassy to England, to negotiate their peace with Charles II.! A French writer well observes that succours were never given with so ill a grace, nor received less gratefully.

France now lay upon her oars—a position ill suited to our fiery neighbours. It is not a little remarkable that it was then, as now, deemed necessary to take out the vent-peg (if, without offence, such an allusion to the every day vulgarities of life may

be permitted), that by letting the froth escape, the risk of the vessel being burst to pieces might be warded off. Algiers was the sponge *then* appointed to suck up the "braves," who had no other occupation under Louis XIV., as again Algiers has effectually and to a fearful extent served for the issue to the French constitution under Louis-Philippe. The Duke of Beaufort commanded the French ships against these corsairs, took the fort of Gigeri in Africa, and dispersed their piratical forces.

The troops of Louis had by this time become veterans; generals, formed by actual service, had sprung up in Hungary, Holland and Portugal. Louis had now received the assurance of superiority recorded relative to Spain; and obtained the satisfaction of humbling Rome. Cardinal Chigi had been sent to him as legate, when, to render the triumph the greater to France, Chigi under a canopy received the compliments of all the superior courts and bodies of the city and clergy, entering Paris amidst the roar of cannon, having the great Condé on his right hand and his son the Duke d'Enghein on his left. He went on purpose to humble himself, as the representative of the pope, before the French had drawn a sword. France had lowered the crest of the Doge of Genoa, who ever afterwards received fewer honours.

Louis XIV. no longer beheld a potentate whom he feared: he was relieved of all anxieties from England, lately devastated by the plague. That had been followed by the fire of London (the perpetration of which, it was then the fashion to debit to the running account with the Roman Catholics). These calamities, with the shameful prodigality of that most infamous monarch Charles II., had so completely distracted our country as to leave Louis in security as regarded us. The emperor had not yet recovered himself since the last formidable attacks of the Turks; and Philip IV. of Spain was in a languishing state of body—his monarchy as feeble as himself. Thus we behold this young monarch on the pinnacle of human pride: of a personal character remarkably mixed up of virtues and vices—the latter sadly predominating. His love of glory, fatal as that principle is in general found, now instrumental even to the security and welfare of that active people, who have ever thought more of glory than solid welfare. Would that Louis had known the practise of virtue for its own sake, and instead of that vicious hankering after applause that seems to have been his sole bias to follow that which is good—he might have known the real enjoyment resulting from the praise attendant on good actions. His character might have been modest, in no sense incompatible with real greatness; and he might have delighted in the highest motives which can be inspired by virtue and religion.

## SECTION III.

Death of Philip IV.—Louis' pretensions—Louvois promoted—Several towns in Flanders besieged—Rapid conquests—Condé recalled to public life—Consultations of De Witt, Temple, and De Dhona—Peace dictated by the Dutch—Also between Spain and Portugal—Cassimir, King of Poland, descends voluntarily from the throne—Death of Beaufort—Baseness of Charles II.—A new harlot presented to the king of England—Awful death of Henrietta—Continental supineness—Respect due to Holland—Splendid condition of the French army—Mercantile spirit of the Dutch—Passage of the Rhine—The sons of Abraham offer bribes for protection—Determination of the Dutch—Solbay—Vile and cruel ingratitude of the people to the De Witts—Little credit therein to the Prince of Orange—Errors of Louis—Europe begins to rouse up—Perils of the French—Weakness of Leopold—The eminent engineer Vauban—Young Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough)—Lorraine overrun—Luxembourg driven out of Flanders—The English murmur at the perfidy of Charles II.—Sufferings in Franche-Comté—Battle of Seneff—France in danger for want of soldiers—Turenne and Montecuculi—Death of Turenne—Of Condé—And of Montecuculi—Monsieur succeeds in a battle, to the chagrin of Louis XIV.—De Ruyter's mortal wound—Treaties of peace—Designs of France—Strasbourg—Casal given up to the French—The Genoese—Colbert's success—John Sobieski, King of Poland—Fresh seizures on the part of Louis—Death of Charles II. of England—Accession of James II.—Disgusting conduct of the Church of England—Remonstrances of Rouvigny to Louis XIV. Description and History of the Edict of Nantes—Infamous cruelty of Louis, the ministers and clergy—Revocation of the Edict—Christian liberality of a late archbishop of Canterbury—Louis' increasing "glory"—Persecution of the Vaudois—Religious differences.

If yet wanted, to the satisfaction of Louis' ambition to signalise himself as a conqueror, opportunity soon arose. Philip IV., his father-in-law, at the age of 60, died September 17, 1665. As my reader has seen, Louis had married Philip's daughter by his first wife, sister of Louis XIII., by which marriage Maria-Theresa conveyed the Spanish monarchy into the house of Bourbon, so long its enemy. At the close of the inglorious career of this weak and effeminate monarch, he left a son, Charles II., the heir to his throne. One would have thought that no claims whatsoever could be put forth by the French king to any part of the territory held by Philip; especially as the young queen of France had formally renounced all contingent rights to the territories of her father, and male succession alone had been recog-

nized since the reign of Charles V. But Louis pretended that, maugre her renunciation, Flanders and Franche-Comté ought to revert to his wife. He directed his pretensions to be examined by his council, and by some *divines*—who, of course, found them incontestable. But they were found quite the contrary by the council and confessor of Philip the Fourth's widow, who produced on her own behalf an express law of Charles V. in favour of the other side. It should also in fairness be stated that Maria-Theresa made the renunciation expressly in consideration of a dowry not yet paid, the periods of the instalments having long passed away. And there does certainly appear to be something farther in the argument that the children of a second marriage (she had neither brother nor sister by her mother) could not inherit fiefs, as, whether male or female, those of the first marriage shut them out. The Spaniards had recourse to a very odd answer, as to the charge that the dowry had not been paid, and said that that of Maria-Theresa's mother, Elizabeth of Bourbon, had never been paid by France. But all amounted to the case of the wolf and the lamb: a decision by argument of what ought to be was not what France wanted,—she desired possession of the disputed territories, and that with the *éclat* of conquest, rather than through signatures upon parchment. Depending more upon his *troops* than his *tropes*, Louis marched into Flanders at the head of 35,000 men, with Turenne acting as general under his own eye. Colbert had multiplied the resources; Louvois, the new minister, having made immense preparations for the campaign.

François le Tellier, Marquis of Louvois, was son of the famous Michael le Tellier, who had early introduced him into public life. At first he was a profligate, neglecting his business, and pursuing all kinds of debauchery; this at length being noticed by the king, he endeavoured to hide his iniquities, and applied himself with greater attention to his duties. In 1666, the father became chancellor, and Louvois was made secretary of state. He now assiduously followed official employments, as before he had shrunk from their discharge; and, addicted to look with jealousy on all who stood in his way, he formed to himself an enemy in Colbert, whose love of peace opposed his own purposes, and whose estimation, by king and people, was wormwood and gall both to father and son. Thus, while Colbert opposed the injustice of Louis, relative to invading Flanders, in which he was joined by Turenne; Louvois and his father urged forward that move, and were aided by the impetuosity of the young king, who disregarded the dangers the more prudent advisers suggested—principally based on the jealousy of the European powers—the risks of so wild a course, and the checking of that remarkable prosperity which was now crowning all their efforts



at the internal regeneration of France. These and many other sensible objections, on the part of the first general and the ablest minister, were overruled by the craft of Louvois working on the martial penchant of the king. Seeing the evil, Colbert and Turenne joined in endeavours to obviate the mischiefs of protracted war, by hastening as much as possible the expected conquest. To the praise of Louvois it must be accorded that he made wonderful preparations for the campaign; and, unlike former cases, wherever the king turned, he found succours and subsistence ready, the quarters for the troops marked out, and their marches regulated. Discipline was strictly enforced; military preferment began to be looked upon as more important than birth; and services, not families, to be regarded.

Louis had now the best troops of Europe. With all these advantages, he had his mother-in-law to oppose, who was ruled by her confessor, a German priest, father Nitard, whom she had made prime minister. Equally unfit for each office, and bringing to the priesthood only a large accession of the common qualities, pride and ambition—he told the Duke of Lerma one day that he ought to respect him, for he had his God in his hands, and his queen at his feet, every day! Nitard had no genius for command, and had adopted no measures of national protection. Fortifications fallen into ruin, a treasury without money, ports without ships, troops without discipline, officers ill-paid—and those incompetent—was all he had prepared to oppose an enemy who as much excelled in these particulars as Spain was deficient. Fortifications were then not so well understood and made use of in Flanders as in after days; so that Louis had but to present himself before Charleroi, Ath, Tournay, Furnes, Armentiers, Courtrai, Donai, Lisle. This town stood a short siege, and a characteristic trait of the politeness of the olden time may be mentioned. The governor after the proper steps for defence, sent to compliment Louis on his arrival, and to request to be informed where the royal quarters were, that he might take care the guns were not pointed in that direction! It gave Louis a good opportunity of acknowledging the courtesy, and of making a reply which answered well his purpose—that in the French camp the king's quarters were every where. The Spaniards had but 8,000 men to oppose to the victorious French army.

Their rear was attacked and soon cut to pieces by Crequi; the remainder flying to Mons and Brussels; as Voltaire remarks, leaving the king of France a conqueror without fighting. So that it looked as if the court were making a tour for diversion: pleasures of every kind going along with the camp, even while discipline was on the increase. Turenne for a long time had taken his food off iron plates; Marshal d'Humières was the first who, at Arras, in 1658, had been served in silver, having

ragouts and entremets served up to his table. Of course on this occasion the splendour-loving king caused numerous fresh conveniences and comforts to go along with the army.

The rapidity of their conquests filled Brussels with alarm; the citizens began to move their effects to Antwerp; and had Louis had troops enough to garrison the towns he took, which surrendered in all directions, the conquest of Flanders had been the work of but a single campaign. Louis treated his movements as merely taking possession of the territories of his queen, who, though she had been left as regent, now followed him with her court, to be received as sovereign by the various places Louis had taken. Maria-Theresa assured the authorities there of a continuation of such privileges as they had ever enjoyed under the house of Burgundy. The noted Vauban was directed to construct fortifications, according to his own plans, which have become the models for all following eminent engineers: he himself was made governor of Lisle. And now the king, leaving Turenne to proceed as he best might, hastened to return and receive the acclamations of his people, the adulation of his courtiers and mistresses, and to enjoy the pleasures of the court. When Louis was setting out on this campaign, he ordered Racine and Boileau to follow him. They, however, preferring the society of Paris, and their literary pursuits, to the tumults of war, remained at home. At his return the king upbraided the two poets for having neglected to proceed according to his instructions. "Sire," said one of them (probably Boileau), with the flattery which all of his age and profession were accustomed to use to *le Grand Monarque*, "We had no clothes fit for the journey; we ordered some, but your majesty took the towns so much faster than the tailor made our clothes that the campaign was finished before we could arrive!"

In the midst of the severity of January 1668, it burst like a thunder-clap upon the world that troops were marching on all sides, and in all directions through Champagne; trains of artillery and ammunition-wagons appeared, under various pretences, moving towards Burgundy, which part was all in a ferment, and yet the reason not known. Neighbouring nations looked uneasily on; and suspicions agitated Germany.

On February 2, Louis, with the son of Condé, left Paris; also some courtiers and officers of his army: they soon arrived at Dijon. And 20,000 men appeared simultaneously in Franche-Comté, not far from Besançon, headed by Condé, having Bouteville for lieutenant-general, who, through evil and through good report, maintained his attachment to the great general. Bouteville was now Duke of Luxembourg, and employed by the king for his merits in the science of war rather than from personal attachment. To understand the appearance of Condé again it should be

told that, during the progress of the march through Flanders, the insufferable egotism of Louvois the younger had so annoyed Turenne that, though he long treated him with silent contempt, at length the general's temper gave way, and he sharply rebuked the young minister. Louvois' habit of interfering with the military arrangements of every French general is well known. On one occasion, Turenne had just returned to Versailles, and was about shortly to set out again for the army in Alsace, to recommence hostilities. Louvois was urging him, in the presence of Louis, to cross the Rhine at a place pointed out on a map he spread out before him. Turenne said that Louvois' scheme was impracticable. "How so?" said the haughty minister; "*why* cannot you cross the Rhine there?" "I could do so, M. de Louvois," said the veteran calmly, "*if your finger were a bridge.*"

Louvois in anger determined to bring back the Prince of Condé to public life, who ever since his shameful rebellion, though so far forgiven by the king as to have been well received at court, yet had not been so far forgotten as to be trusted with the command of armies again. It is thought Condé was jealous of the reputation of Turenne, and had suggested to Louvois the scheme of taking Franche-Comté during this winter, in quicker time than it had taken Turenne to overrun Flanders, that thereby Louis might be the more detached from that wise general; and, flattered by the success of Condé and the talents of Louvois, might the more forward their ambition. Franche-Comté was exceedingly fruitful and populous, being 40 leagues long and 20 broad. It was more under Spain in the way of looking to that monarchy for protection, than oppressed by the Spaniards as masters; the rights of the people were greatly respected at Madrid, so that they were under a gentle dominion, and in consequence greatly attached to their sovereigns. Though in money poor, the people were prosperous and happy; and, as there was much of the freedom of a republic about them, there were parties even among those who had so little cause for dissatisfaction. The gold of France soon was employed to gain many of the inhabitants, particularly an abbé, John de Batteville, brother of that Spanish ambassador, at London, who had insulted D'Estrades in the street. He had formerly been an officer, then a Carthusian, afterwards a Turk, and at last an ecclesiastic. He was promised to be made grand-dean, and other good things in that mother with many teats, the church. The governor's nephew was also corrupted, and the governor himself was not inflexible; and several counsellors of parliament (like our M.P.s) were bought cheap. So soon as matters were ripe, Besançon, the capital, was invested by Condé, while Luxembourg appeared before Salins. The next day both places capitulated, when all that the degraded authorities stipulated for

was preservation of a *holy shroud*, thus highly revered by these besotted creatures. The French, I need scarcely say, were wise enough to make no difficulty on this head.

On the king's arrival at Dijon he was agreeably informed of the capture of these two places. He personally advanced to Dole; the town readily surrendered, at least after a four days' siege, during which the king rather exhibited the dignity of a monarch in his court than the ardour of a general. Instead of showing the impetuosity of Francis I. or Henry IV., he prudently remained at his own quarters, leaving others, to whom it more properly belonged, to precipitate themselves into danger. Dole witnessed his public entry twelve days after his departure from St. Germain's, and, within three weeks, all Franche-Comté was subject to Louis. So astonished and incensed were the council of Spain at the little resistance which was made, that they wrote to the governor, "that the King of France, instead of going in person, might as well have sent his lacqueys to take possession of the province." The success of these schemes startled all Europe; the empire was in motion from the raising of troops; the Switz "trembled for their liberty." This nation who in all ages has held itself ready to be hired to do the work of blood, and whether for good or evil, so long as well paid, has been the vile tool of indiscriminate tyrants—indifferent as to the destruction or the establishment of that liberty for which these mercenary hirelings profess so much reverence——faugh! The remainder of Flanders was to be invaded in the spring; the Dutch, having been so anxious to have the French as friends, now dreaded them as neighbours.

Spain, who in ancient pride had sneered at this mercantile republic, now gladly sought protection from this little nation. John de Witt, the able grand pensionary, thought more of the liberties of his country than his own grandeur, and although numbered with the most powerful monarchs, in accordance with republican simplicity, he had only one maid and one man servant, and upon all occasions walked on foot through the streets of the Hague. He contracted a real friendship (not common among ministers of state) for our ambassador, Sir William Temple; who, on his part a philosopher and patron of literature, loved Holland because it was free; and although reproached as an atheist, was a good citizen and wise republican. The Swedish ambassador, De Dhona, consulted with these to stop the alarming progress of the king of France, and in the short space of five days a treaty was concocted to put a stop to the ambition of Louis XIV. On his part, Louis affected contempt at the daring of a little state like Holland to think of checking a great monarch; but, at length, finding that this coalition was likely to attain its object, he himself proposed to open conferences at

Aix-la-Chapelle. Clement IX. was appointed mediator, he therefore sent a nuncio to the congress. The despised Dutch refused to follow this course, and insisted on their ambassador Van Beunning treating personally with Louis and that which was then agreed on was forwarded to Aix-la-Chapelle to be formally signed. The determined tone of Van Beunning greatly chafed the mighty monarch, whose imperious grandeur, Voltaire informs us, was shocked at every turn. Nor would Beunning's republican inflexibility submit to the tone of superiority assumed by France and Spain. In short, continues that celebrated writer, a peace was concluded in an authoritative manner by a burgomaster at the court of the most superb of monarchs, by which the king of France was obliged to restore Franche-Comté. This pacified the mass of complainants, although the Dutch would gladly have torn the Low Countries from his grasp. Louis was aware he did better by keeping Flanders, whence he conceived plans to destroy Holland at the very time he appeared to comply with all its demands.

Great praise is generally awarded to the dexterity of Lionne, Louvois, and d'Estrades, who, steering between the influence of Holland and Spain, brought about an arrangement so palpably advantageous for France. However, in the teeth of French influence, a treaty of peace was signed Feb. 13, 1668, between Portugal and Spain, by which the former was at length declared a free nation. Europe was scandalised by an extraordinary and shameful scene, in connexion with the youthful queen of Don Alphonso: she was daughter of that Duke of Nemours whose tragical death in a barbarous duel I have recorded at p. 55. Her husband, a miserable specimen of royalty, was furious in disposition, and brutal in his practises. So that his consort felt it necessary to employ sufficient tact to maintain that power which descended to him from the happy Don John of Braganza; until she fell in love with Don Pedro his brother, when she formed the design to dethrone her husband and espouse her lover. Her plea was his incompetence, which in correspondence between Mde. de Montpensier and the queen, is handled in too naked a manner to sully these pages. But it was notoriously a false plea, for the wretched man kept a mistress by whom he had had a child, which was publicly acknowledged; and had long cohabited with the queen, according to her own contradictory confessions at another time. But, to the disgrace of the pope, he listened readily to her request for a dispensation for the shameless act, the detail of which infamy is attributed to the Cardinal d'Estrées. This abominable and somewhat singular case produced, however, no effect on the condition of Europe.

The example given by Queen Christina of descending from a throne was now followed by John Cassimir, King of Poland,

who having been wearied and disgusted by the annoyances of governing, and anxious to enjoy a little peace at last, chose the abbey of St. Germain's as a retreat. He had been a jesuit and a cardinal before he was taken up to a throne: viewing each position as alike hollow, he only desired to remain in philosophical retirement: so that he repudiated the title of majesty.

A matter of weightier concern now occupied public attention. The Turks, if they were less formidable than in the days of Francis I., were still strong enough to give considerable uneasiness to Christian princes, and they had now in great force been besieging Candia for two years. The day had passed when enthusiasm could be so worked up as to incite hundreds of thousands to run wild after the wretched conquests in "the holy land." This pretty clearly was proved by the indifference with which Christians suffered the reputed bulwark of Christendom, Candia, to be overpowered by 60,000 Turks; for, except a few Roman galleys, and those of Malta, this minute republic had little but the cross to hold up against the crescent. Venice was no match for the brave and clever grand vizier Kiuperli, who, heading formidable forces, at the same time had excellent engineers. Louis sent 7,000 men by the new vessels he had been building at Toulon, under Beaufort, to Candia. To the praise of a private gentleman's gallantry, I must tell my reader that La Feuillade brought 300 gentlemen to the relief of Candia at his own expense. Had this honourable example been followed, Candia might have been saved—as it turned out, it only produced the shedding of unnecessary blood. In a sally, the Duke of Beaufort was killed; and Candia, now almost a heap of ruins, was entered through a capitulation by Kiuperli. The Turks in this siege equalled the Christians in military art: the largest cannon Europe had ever seen were cast in their camp; they now drew parallel lines in the trenches; and, while an Italian engineer supplied this knowledge, Europe acquired it there. Voltaire shows they were capable of conquering the whole of Italy, and in time would have done so, but that, under bad generals, weak monarchs, and a vicious system of government, they fell from the formidable position they once held. And we, living a century later, have witnessed the paralyzing effects of despotism in reducing the once powerful monarchies of Spain, and other old countries, till they have sunk beneath contempt.

By all or any means, it was imperative on Louis to detach Holland from England, as Flanders would drop completely into the hands of France deprived of that support. Charles was lost to all sense of honour—indeed in all probability he never knew the feeling. Neither indignation, nor a desire to prevent similar calamities, seem to have troubled him relative to the national insult, as well as damage, resulting from the burning of the British

ships by the Dutch. Pleasure was his sole pursuit, and to make any use of such an unprincipled king it was only necessary to minister to his profligacy. Being restrained in some measure by his parliament in the securing of funds, Louis well knew the golden key which would open the *heart* of this disgrace to his country, albeit he could not easily disgrace his family.

Therefore Louis promised him a large sum of money, which he could now raise at command (oh! to be in this respect like him), and it was arranged that Henrietta, the wife of Monsieur, and sister of Charles II., should be the bearer of a secret treaty, whereby the English king became a pensioner on France, and engaged to make war with the Dutch. Only a few days before, he had signed other treaties directly in the teeth of this—well knowing of the purport of the visit of his sister! Amidst the rejoicings and festivity which took place at Dovor, in consequence of the arrival of Charles to meet his sister, now become Duchess of Orleans, little did this “most thinking people” (*risum teneatis?*) think of their degradation in submitting to such a king, who was there for the purpose of putting the finishing stroke to the most disgraceful proceeding in the English annals. However, the sister—almost as profligate as that brother who ought never to be mentioned without a hiss of hatred—spent a few days with Charles, and presented him with Madame Querouailles, another royal harlot for the seraglio of our monarch. If our king was sold to work all uncleanness with greediness, and the national honour tarnished by his perfidy, and her interests endangered by the severance of those treaties with Holland which manifestly tended to the good of the country, we could solace ourselves that, with the importation of every ancient vice, our sovereign could teach us to practise in “the newest kind of ways.” We had got rid of an *usurper*, of moral worth, it is true, and undaunted courage, who well understood England’s interests, and nobly maintained her honour; under whom the country passed on to a degree of freedom and prosperity she had never before known—but then he was not the *legitimate* monarch! I forgot—I am answered. But, as history does justice to most public characters, and relative to these two has not neglected her function, I could not help calling my reader’s attention to the heavy cost of this said fine-spun article—legitimacy. The lady whom Louis made Charles a present of—as in modern days we hear of a splendid steed, or remarkable animal, sent over for our queen’s acceptance by a foreign potentate—reached the dignity of duchess, in the unsullied ermine of the British peerage, under the name of our most important sea-port town, Portsmouth.

It is an awful contemplation that sudden death shortly followed that transaction, which must so gall and fret every reflect-

ing Englishman. Madame, at the age of 26, herself "the life, the grace, and the ornament of society," either was taken off in the most appalling manner by an imposthume in her liver, or fell a victim to poison. The Chevalier de Lorraine, her great favourite, was also beloved by Madame de Coatquen, a beautiful lady of the household of the Duchess of Orleans, who was beset by Turenne, an enamoured youth of 60! Honourable as was his character—true as steel, except on this one weak point—he suffered the lady to extract from him this great state secret, which had been entrusted to none but Louvois and himself. Madame de Coatquen told Lorraine; he let it all out to the husband of Madame; who, vexed at not being trusted by his royal brother, and irritated at the conduct of his lady, made such a stir as eventually caused Lorraine for a time to be imprisoned, and some others to be banished. Peace was in some sort restored with her consort, and it was agreed they should be together at St. Cloud: to this end they proceeded thither on the 24th June: for two days she appeared rather unwell. On the 29th she was better, and it became known that she had had an interview with the duke, her husband, which occasioned great irritation and mutual bitterness. Gulping down her vexation, she dined, and afterwards reposed on some cushions, till, during her sleep, her countenance suddenly changed. She awoke, drank a glass of succory water, was seized with instantaneous pains, and put to bed, where her agonies rapidly encreased; and, requesting her confessor might be sent for, Henrietta avowed she was dying. The king and the royal family repaired to her bedside, but, alas! by then, she lay almost in the pangs of death, pale as a corpse—her hair dishevelled. Yet, such was the suspicious brutality of many of those around her that they moved with heartless noise and bustle about her very bed-room; the family physician seemed inert, and the king himself was the sole person who made any effort. A little before her death, she reproached the Marchioness de Coatquen with the miseries she had caused—when that truly *French* lady could only reply with a flood of tears, and a quotation from Venceslas!

J'allois——j'étois——l'amour a sur moi tant d'empire,  
Je m'égaré, madame, et ne puis que vous dire——

which means (if it mean any thing) a confused and stammering avowal of love having caused her to perpetrate this mischief, and now preventing her from suitable expressions. The duchess received the sacrament, and at half-past two, June 30, 1672, departed this life in inexpressible torments. Europe in general believed she was poisoned; all men shrugged their shoulders, and looked to the duke her husband, knowing how much reason he had to live on ill terms with his wife. While the unhappy lady



was declaring in his presence that she was a murdered woman, he was attentively watched, and showed no shrinking; and he caused some of the succory water to be given to a dog.

With better grounds, suspicion was attached to the Countess of Soissons. The Duke of St. Simon, in his memoirs, charges the Duke of Lorraine with the horrid deed, and mentions one of the domestics of the Orleans' family as the hand that mixed the poison. Voltaire says that one of his fellow servants told him "this man, who had not been rich, withdrew immediately afterwards into Normandy, where he bought an estate, on which he lived in splendour a long time." So far it may look like identification, but the evidence is rather weakened by the ridiculous sequel:—"the poison," he added, "was powder of diamonds mixed, instead of sugar, with strawberries!" The glass of succory water was not poisoned—as, before the duke gave some innocuously to the dog, Madame de la Fayette and another drank of it. It is true that the English ambassador believed her to have been poisoned—the French court, and in short, every body else: but Voltaire seems rather inclined to the idea that her melancholy end was attributed to frequent miscarriages, and one most dreadful delivery. He thinks the husband ought to have the benefit of his character, which neither before nor after was clouded by any very wicked action, as criminals are seldom found who have perpetrated only one great crime. Turenne's weakness was the first cause of these vexatious reports, but he nobly confessed his folly to the king, whose resentment was kindled against Louvois, the great conqueror's bitter enemy—rather than witness any injustice which he could prevent. The sad fate of the sister of the king of England caused no rupture between the two countries. A year afterwards, the Princess Palatine succeeded the unfortunate Henrietta as wife of Monsieur. To enable her to marry him, it was necessary for the princess to renounce Calvinism, for which she always preserved a secret respect. She became mother of the Duke of Orleans, regent of the kingdom.

Louis now took possession of Lorraine, under a pretext that Duke Charles was trying to form alliances which might be prejudicial to France! This district was soon subdued, and its possession was in accordance with the secret and infamous treaty between France and England, which had arranged the division of the spoils, the more readily anticipated from the dormant state of Europe in general, for the emperor had his hands full by reason of seditions in Hungary. Sweden was lulled asleep by negotiations; and Spain, always a slow coach, was now additionally heavy by her miserable government and crippled condition. So that, as the degraded monarch of Britain was bought, as we familiarly say, Louis XIV. now had it all his

own way. To add to the difficulties of the Dutch, they were distracted between the two factions with which they had long been rent; and while the lovers of liberty were ably headed by John, and his brother Cornelius, De Witt, the more moderate republicans were for re-instating the young Prince of Orange, who already exhibited considerable ability, and afterwards became so celebrated as William III.

The latter party now seemed to gain upon the other, and their own internal dissensions contributed materially to the danger which otherwise threatened this wise, industrious, and brave people. The French king had also secured the Elector of Cologne. As I have just said, Sweden, to whom the Dutch had formerly looked (nor had they looked in vain), was asleep, nor could she be roused to interpose in fresh quarrels. The Bishop of Munster viewed his crosier as a hook wherewith to catch spoils, and equally delighted in blood and gold—so he was found tractable to the *arguments* of the stronger side. Of all these unwarranted enemies, there was not one who had even a pretence for molesting Holland. Feeling this, the States-general, in great agitation, wrote to Louis XIV., respectfully enquiring whether or not all this vast preparation was designed against them—and in what they had offended? He haughtily replied (like our modern Duke of Newcastle, with his regiments of voters), that he should do what he pleased with his own troops. However, his ministers expressed displeasure at Van Beunning's having dared to cause a medal to be struck, representing the rich burgomaster himself, with a sun, and these words,—“*In conspectu meo stetit sol.*” Now, Louis' favourite device (see p. 105) being a sun, this was construed into a vaunt that, when at Paris, the plain burgomaster had humbled the proud king. But such a medal never existed. The States-general had certainly caused a rather flaunty affair to be struck, on occasion of the last peace, which really was beneath the notice of any nation, and sinned against nothing but—good taste.

The complaints of England were more rational. Being, as I trust she ever will be—Queen of the Ocean, she complained justly at their not lowering the Dutch flag before an English ship. Had we been blessed with a continuation of the spirit of Cromwell in succeeding rulers, this would never have been otherwise; nor should *we* have witnessed the disgraceful difficulties in the way of putting down that crying abomination, the slave trade, that so annoy and distress the philanthropist.—The Dutch, too, had offended England by what may really be allowed reasonable self-gratulations on the success of some of their conflicts with us. The greatest naval power the world ever saw, we could have afforded them that mite; though, after the question of naval dominion, or supremacy, was for ever settled,

we were justified in requiring them, or any other nation, to touch their hats to us *en passant*. If the Dutch, reminiscent of their long and well maintained glory, could hardly bring themselves at once to pay this tribute to us, on the other hand, no one can imagine that the wretched pensioner on the bounty of France, now sullyng the British throne, cared one straw for these matters. All he wanted was something of an excuse for his wanton and barefaced treachery, and therefore thought any stick was good enough to beat a dog with.

These formidable preparations to destroy this little nation—to break this fly upon a wheel—these surpassing efforts made by Louis—find no parallel in history, at least when the means and the end are compared. *Enormous* sums of money were provided by Colbert; the French sent 30 ships of 50 guns each (we thus incidentally see how busy they had been in ship building) to join the English fleet of 100 sail. Louis and his brother appeared on the frontiers of Spanish Flanders, near Maestricht, at the head of 112,000 men; the pious *Bishop* of Munster and the Elector of Cologne commanded 20,000. Vauban attended to manage the sieges; Turenne and Condé were the generals, under them the Duke of Luxembourg commanded. Louvois hovered about every where; and, whether we look at the assemblage of military talent, the general discipline of the army, the judicious preparations made; or the gallant appearance of the household troops; they formed at once an object of admiration to the beholder, and a source of terror to that noble little republic against whom they were so wantonly marching. Of these household troops, there were four, each containing 300 gentlemen, 200 light horse, 200 gendarmes, 500 musqueteers—all picked *gentlemen*, in the flower of their youth, covered with gold and silver. The French troops had been reduced to great discipline under Martinet, who had introduced the bayonet, and had adopted copper boats to go with an army. So celebrated was he that his name will go down to all generations as symbolical of formality: and to him we allude when, hearing a formal clergyman, pedantic scholar, solemn physician, or other tiresome disciplinarian, we peevishly exclaim, "He is a regular Martinet!" Imitating the vain glory of Charles V., the king carried Pelisson with him as historian of his *victories*, nor were his allowed abilities the less esteemed because he knew how to mix flattery with his records.

On this occasion the mercantile spirit of the Dutch had previously led them to sell all sorts of commodities to their enemies; so that, taking advantage of this love of cumulation, Louvois almost on the spot found all necessaries, without the trouble of bringing them thither. Voltaire says it is little to be wondered at, as they have ever sold to their enemies, even in

the hottest campaigns. It is well known that a merchant of Holland, to a remonstrance of Prince Maurice, for carrying on such a trade, replied—"My lord, if it were possible, by sea, to drive a profitable trade with hell, I would venture to go and burn my sails there!" Alas that commerce, which might be so honourable, should almost invariably lower the standard of high feeling! It is much easier to inveigh against the distaste of a high aristocracy to trade than to wonder at its existence.

Hasty levies were now made by the Dutch, and their forces underwent repair. They pretended to levy 70,000 men, while in fact the army is understood scarcely to have amounted to 25,000. But had 70,000 been raised, in what respect could raw soldiers compete with the now disciplined veterans of France, and the fearful array of its allies? The grand pensionary was doubtless a brave spirit, and a lover of his country, the intelligent of whom will always revere his memory. But De Witt's party of course fell off, as his favourite plan of alliance with Louis had turned out so disastrously; and the Orange section became strengthened by the quick succession of adhesions gained; for six out of seven provinces may now be assigned to the interests of the young prince. On his part he offered to mediate with Charles II. (William married Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, afterwards James II.), provided the States would constitute him stadtholder. That was refused, but he was appointed captain-general of the forces, with the very reluctant consent of De Witt. Of a cold, phlegmatic temper, this prince was neither deficient in penetration, nor wanting in activity. Of a naturally feeble constitution, he was sustained by undaunted courage; and, while he was ambitious without pride, his very phlegmatic qualities led to patience under adversity; and, attached to business-like views of all matters, he never was addicted to the pleasures attending upon greatness. He made unsuccessful overtures to the King of England; and, as the peril increased, the States conferred upon William the additional rank of Admiral. De Witt's opposition to this gained only a decree that the annexation of the rank of stadtholder should be impracticable. The republicans virtually thrown down, the defences of Holland so wretched as we have seen, and the only expected aid from Spain tardily arriving and insignificant in numbers, what a contrast with the condition of the invaders!

William could not stop the destroying torrent of his enemies, who now suddenly fell upon his devoted country. While the miserable Duke of Lorraine attempted to revenge his own affronts by an union of some forces with the sturdy republic, the whole of Lorraine was overrun by the gigantic power of France, with almost as much ease as a falcon pounces upon a sparrow. Louis ordered his troops to advance towards the

Rhine, in those provinces which border upon Holland, Cologne, and Flanders. He made the agreeable as he passed along, distributing money in the villages, as repayment of the mischief occasioned by his transit; graciously listening to every complaint of the resident gentry. On one occasion presenting a gentleman, who came to tell of some disorders committed by the troops, with his own hands, a portrait of his royal self so bestudded with diamonds as to be worth 12,000 livres;—thus securing golden opinions from all men. One division of the army, of 30,000, which Louis himself accompanied, was commanded by Turenne; the Prince of Condé led another as numerous; the rest were kept separate, to act according to necessity, being under Chamilli and Luxembourg. Orsoi, Wesel, Burick, and Rhinberg, fell without a stroke; the commander of the latter place, an Irishman, named Dossary, had been bribed by Louvois. On his retirement to Maestricht he was detected by Prince William, and paid by the punishment of death the penalty of his Irish baseness.

The towns which bordered upon the Rhine and the Issel surrendered in quick succession. So frightened were they that some of the governors sent their keys the moment they caught a distant view of the French; others fled in consternation before the enemy appeared. As the Prince of Orange could not muster sufficient troops to appear in the field, it was the general expectation that all Holland would be subdued as soon as Louis crossed the Rhine; however, the prince formed lines on the other side of the river, but, after they were finished, found they were untenable. The French had now to choose where they would pass in the little copper boats (pontons) I have spoken of as introduced by Martinet. Enquiring of the country people, they learnt that from the dryness of the season the Rhine was fordable opposite to an old tower, used by the Hollanders as a toll-house (toll-huis), near where the Issel separates from the Rhine. The intention was kept quite secret, and Louis set out late in the evening of June 7, taking with him the heavy cavalry: once across, he could easily maintain his position till the remainder of the army followed. Condé accompanied him. Pelisson has left records of this noted affair; whence we learn that the king directed the Count de Guiche to sound the river, when it was discovered that only 40 or 50 paces in the middle required swimming. As there were on the side of Holland only 400 or 500 cavalry, the passage was considered easy; and it turned out that, while the French artillery fired upon the Dutch forces in flank, to the number of 15,000, household troops and the best of the cavalry, they safely got over. The Prince of Condé was in one of the little copper boats by the side of them. The Dutch cavalry fled, having scarcely ventured any opposition, and the in-

fantry laid down their arms and begged for quarter. Except a few drunken soldiers, no lives were lost in the passage, nor would one have been killed but for the imprudence of the Duke of Longueville, who, himself having taken too much wine, fired a pistol at one of those who, on their knees were begging for mercy, exclaiming—"No quarters to such scoundrels!" The shot killed one of the officers, the Dutch infantry flew to their arms, and fired a round, whereby the duke was killed. A captain of horse, named Ossebronk, who had not fled, ran up to the Prince de Condé, then in the act of mounting his horse, and clapped his pistol to Condé's head; but the prince, by a sudden and timely movement, diverted the direction of the shot, so that he was only wounded in the wrist. Strange to tell, *this was the only wound the Prince of Condé ever received in all his campaigns.* The French became enraged, and, pursuing the infantry, killed several: enough had been seen to show that, with but ordinary spirit and management, the enemy might have caused the passage of the Rhine to cost Louis dear. While some writers are found to praise the prudence of the king in not exposing himself more than necessary, as the ardour of his troops required no encouragement, others give a harsher and more offensive turn to his being almost the last to go over; and one eminent writer says that his "understanding and his courage were equally defective." Voltaire, whom I must consider as one of the best historians of the period, and from his natural bias little likely to underrate the achievements of his countrymen, says, that the air of grandeur with which the king dignified all his actions, and the natural tendency of the Parisians to exaggerate, caused this passage of the Rhine to be regarded as a prodigy, whereas in point of fact it is evident he considered it as a very common-place affair.

As soon as the army had passed the Rhine, which called forth the pompous verses of Boileau, they took Doesbourg, Skeck, Bommel and Crevecoeur; and so rapidly did the minor places fall into their hands that every few hours fresh tidings were brought to Louis of some new conquest. So that one of his officers requested only 50 soldiers, with which he would engage to take two or three towns. Turenne was posted farther up the Issel, to be ready to fall upon the rear of the Prince of Orange; and as the Bishop of Munster, aided by the Duke of Luxembourg, was advancing thither too, Utrecht sent its keys, and capitulated for itself and the whole province which bears its name. Louis, attended by his grand almoner, his confessor, and the titular Bishop of Utrecht, made his triumphal entry into that city; the great church was given up to the catholics with much solemnity, and the bishop, who had possessed but the vain and empty title, was for some time established in real dignity. The

religion of Louis, says Voltaire, made conquests as well as his arms, by which, in the opinion of the catholics, he gained a right to Holland. Burnet considers this as a crisis in reformation principles, and that the whole was a design, first laid against the States, which, if they had been completely crushed, would soon have gone on to the re-construction of popery all over Europe. It is thought that Turenne's prudence in clearing as he proceeded—taking towns and leaving friendly garrisons in them, so as not to have enemies behind them (while it reflects credit on his generalship) in this particular instance was injurious to the French scheme. The wound of Condé was sufficient to disable him, and he appears not to have been present for some time, to which great evil to the king's projects is attributed. Because, it was argued, his genius and impetuosity, although much sobered by age, were sufficient to have prevailed on the king to push on at once to Amsterdam. That city was so prostrate, expecting nothing less than speedy destruction, that the rich Jews established there had agreed to club together 2,000,000 of florins as a bribe to Gourville (who, it would thus appear, had become reconciled to his old patron), to secure the influence of Condé for their protection.

Naerden, in the immediate neighbourhood, was already taken. Four only of the French cavalry, foraging, had advanced to the gates of Muiden; the magistrates, panic-struck, presented them their keys. But, gathering spirit, as no more troops came up, they took back their keys and shut their gates. A moment's diligence would, to all appearance, have put Louis in possession of Amsterdam, when the republic would not only have perished, but the nation of Holland, and even the land itself, says Voltaire, would have disappeared. The richest families, and those most loving liberty, prepared to embark for Batavia, and fly even to the extremities of the world. It was ascertained that their shipping was adequate to convey 150,000 (some accounts say 200,000) families to the country of their choice. Amsterdam would have become one vast lake, leaving to Louis XIV. the barren glory of having destroyed one of the most extraordinary monuments of human industry. The rage of party only increased with the peril, one wishing peace upon any terms, the other resolute to defend themselves to the last gasp: the friends of peace prevailed, and a deputation was prepared to go to Louis with a view of ascertaining his terms. At this particular time, it seems, neither Turenne nor Condé were with the king; he had only Pomponne and Louvois. The former proposed that Louis should restore all that belonged to the Seven Provinces, and require of them only the places they had without them, such as Maestricht, Bois-le-duc, Breda and Bergen-op-Zoom; that there might remain the *appearance* of preserving the Seven Provinces, which France

had always protected. This would have been granted at once by Holland: there would have been an appearance of moderation, and in fact Pomponne's advice would have secured great advantages to France, and was substantially wise counsel. But Louvois treated the Dutch envoys with insolence, and urged Louis to insist on all Pomponne had suggested, and farther make them pay the expenses of the campaign; to give the chief church in every town to the papists; to revoke the commercial edicts; and to demolish the fortresses. In short, with such other mulcts and degradations as would make Holland little more than a French province: for it was added that they should every year send an ambassador *to thank the King of France*, and to present him with a gold medal of the weight of five or six pistoles. In addition, having demanded the lion's share, he proposed very great things for the Elector of Cologne, and the Bishop of Munster—leaving “perfidious Albion” to look after her share. When the unfortunate ambassadors heard the ultimatum of the *Grand Monarque*, they were almost petrified, and one of them, seeing neither how they could refuse, nor yield, swooned away!

In Solbay, De Ruyter had surprised the English fleet on May 28, when the officers were intent on preparing the usual orgies (“Pious orgies, pious strains!”) for the 29th, the commemoration of “the happy restoration of our most religious and gracious king.” On this occasion the Duke of York's personal courage was first disputed; and the French ships “took more care of themselves than became gallant men,” says Burnet. Admiral Sandwich perished in a fire-ship by his obstinate courage in not leaving his ship when it was madness to remain; the Dutch ships were dreadfully cut up—nor, in truth, did ours fare much better: in truth, each claimed the victory, but neither obtained it. The States were now in the extremity of despair, their towns were almost all taken, and hour after hour brought such fresh disasters that they had no more spirit left. Unhappily just now the ferment was added of a general belief that they were betrayed by the government, and that De Witt would rather all perished than that the Prince of Orange should be set up. One of their generals, Mombas, having basely abandoned his post, and, without any effort to stop them, suffered the enemy to cross the Rhine, was placed under arrest, but escaped, and took shelter with the French. The people became more and more enraged: at the assemblies of the States they were so confounded that the senators could hardly speak, and sometimes were almost all in tears. The mass of the people, seeing the distress of their leaders, became more disheartened, till the Spanish ambassador suggested to the house to put a better face on matters, and assume a confidence they could not feel. His advice was followed; they invented good news, and now plucked



up spirit sufficient to see what could be done with England; to which end they sent off two ambassadors, to whom were given secret powers to treat relative to the Prince of Orange. Borel was still the ambassador in England—at least, if not recognized in that character, he had not yet left; and the two new envoys, Dycvelt and Halewyn, on their arrival, delighted Borel with the news of their private instructions. They hurried to Lord Arlington, who, in all his letters, had urged the interests of Prince William, and came back amazed at hearing no regard would be paid to their proposals; when they were, for form's sake, put under a guard at Hampton Court.

Charles said he would not treat separately, but would send ambassadors to Utrecht. The Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington were appointed, and as the English people were in a great ferment, to quiet public effervescence, Lord Halifax was also ordered to go afterwards. The Dutch, hearing that their ambassadors were coming back without having made a peace, assembled in great numbers, vowing they would cut them to pieces. The envoys were instrumentally saved by some who went in a little boat to warn them to land at another place, where carriages had been prepared to take them to the Hague. The next day, or rather night, as De Witt was returning from the assembly, four persons set on him to assassinate him. He was wounded, but escaped their hands, showing great courage and presence of mind. One of his assailants was taken, tried and condemned; protesting he had no private motive, but was consulting the good of his country; and in raptures of devotion he underwent the last penalty of the law. A barber came forward, and accused Cornelius de Witt of having concocted this scheme to murder his brother. This was so improbable that it would not have been listened to but for some circumstances. Cornelius was cruelly put to the torture, but persisted in his innocence. He was however banished, to get him out of the way; and, as De Witt had resigned the office of grand-pensionary, and been made one of the judges of the high court, his taking his sentenced brother in his own carriage out of the town, although in all likelihood it was done with the kindest of motives, was interpreted by that just and impartial judge, the mob, to indicate a triumph. Some furious agitators on the Prince of Orange's side gathered a rabble together, accusing the elder with the intention to defeat the ends of justice by rescuing his brother; while another section of these savages howled out their indignation, as I have just mentioned. With conflicting cries, an immense multitude assembled; the burgher guard turned out, but did not quell the ferment; some sent for aid to the Prince of Orange, who said he could not leave the camp, nor could any soldiers be spared. Matters stood thus, when

the late grand-pensionary, expecting the catastrophe, took his brother by the hand, threw his cloak over his head, recommended his soul to the mercy of God, and was instantly knocked down by a musket; in his melancholy death manifesting the same real courage which had actuated him in life.

Sir William Temple says, "they were both presently laid dead upon the place, then dragged about the town by the people, and torn in pieces. Thus ended one of the greatest lives of any subject in our age, about the 47th of his own, after having served that state as pensioner of Holland for 18 years, with great honour to his country and himself." In another place, the same able and faithful writer speaks of him as "a minister of the greatest authority and sufficiency, the greatest application and industry that was ever known in the Dutch state." Without one extravagant habit, he died poor—thus demonstrating his disinterested integrity. His "Maxims of Government" record his honour, moderation, and justice as a statesman. Other accounts state that Cornelius received a hundred wounds, and that this dignified assemblage dragged their bodies to the gallows, offering to the mangled remains of the patriotic and heroic brothers all the indignities which their brutal minds could suggest. Pieces of their flesh were cut off, and eaten by the people, their hearts were plucked from their bodies, and exposed for several days to the public gaze! Bishop Burnet tries to obliterate the odium that can scarcely fail to attach to the character of William III., for his share of this sad affair, which he says that prince always spoke to him of with the greatest horror. After his rival was gone, he could afford that. How much better would it have been could he have spared the troops, and himself attended to prevent this brutal massacre, which the irritation of the lower orders, and the former recent attempt upon De Witt's life, rendered but too probable! With the horrible removal of these truly great men, the energy of the republican party died away; the last flickering flame of liberty went out; and, as usual, the foremost in the crusade against national freedom were the clergy, who, regretting that punishment could no farther go, in pulpit oratory, compared the fate of the illustrious brothers to that of Haman!

On the other hand, the Prince of Orange, though more of an ambitious spirit, was devotedly attached to his country; and had perhaps one quality in which he was superior to the martyred defenders of liberty—patience, that yet kept up his spirit. As the hopes of the people now turned undividedly towards him, those *perpetual* edicts lately passed, which stood in the way of appointing William to be stadtholder, were abrogated. Amsterdam offered to make him sovereign of the town; the States gave him full power for war or peace; and the prince's advancement gave

new life to the whole country. In the midst of these disorders the holders of bank notes ran in crowds to the Amsterdam bank. Sixty years before, at the great conflagration, the silver was preserved, and the magistrates now brought it out, still black from the effects of the fire. The treasure had never been touched. And now, if I found it necessary before to inveigh against the lucre-loving traits of the Dutch character, let it be told to the credit of their distinguished good faith that they were, even amidst their disasters, in a condition to pay in full all demands—which was done to all those who insisted on it.

In the deliberations that constantly occupied the senate, one bold plan was suggested—to cut the dykes in several places, to open the sluices, and thus inundate the country between themselves and their invaders. It was done—the water rushed in, as it were, to claim its old territory, and thus formed an impassable barrier to their enemies by land. On sea an English fleet appeared in sight of Scheveling, making up to the shore: the tide turned; but they reckoned that, with the next flood, they would certainly land the forces that were on board at a spot where they could meet with no resistance. The Dutch requested the prince to send some troops to stop them, but he could spare none. An unexpected ebb of many hours came on, that carried the English fleet out to sea; and, before that was spent, De Ruyter came up with his fleet, which was considered as a remarkable interposition of providence on their behalf. I should have said that, although the three English envoys had used their utmost efforts with Louis, they had found him inexorable; so that the unhappy Dutch were yet exposed to the fury of the English navy. So great and unremitting was the watchfulness of the Duchess of Portsmouth over French interests that the ministry could not overcome her influence to perpetuate the alliance with France. She was that new mistress of Charles, whom I have stated (at p. 121,) Louis had sent to him as the most agreeable present imaginable.

Condé is all along understood to have been adverse to the plan of this enterprise, as falsifying the repeated assertions of Louis, to the European powers, of his being actuated only by a desire to chastise an insolent people. Therefore that great general argued against his taking and placing garrisons in the various fortresses, which his military tact clearly saw would materially weaken the French army. Turenne urgently pressed Louis at once to evacuate them. It is said the king now saw the error of having suffered Louvois to lead him astray: and farther that he regretted having neglected the advice of Pomponne (see p. 130). Errors in detail now became manifest. Turenne had been sent against the Elector of Brandenburg with great force, thus weakening the royal army still more: the

mighty city of Amsterdam appeared like a vast fortress in the midst of the sea, with her ships of war stationed round it. Although there was great scarcity, (particularly of fresh water, which was sold for a shilling a pint) they considered these sufferings as more tolerable than slavery. And it is to be noted that this extraordinary people yet transacted a vast business in commerce; for, amidst all these disorders, De Ruyter convoyed the Indian merchantmen into the Texel. Thus, on one side, defending and enriching his country, while the calamities of this unjust invasion were destroying it on the other.

The Prince of Orange now abandoned all remuneration; and, notwithstanding his phlegmatic temperament, at the frequent debates for the welfare of their beloved country, he encouraged them by his fervid eloquence, clearly showing that France could not hold out much longer; that England at last must help them when parliament assembled; and that aid would certainly come from Germany. He said, if they laid down as a basis that religion and liberty could not be purchased at too dear a rate, the people might take heart, the confidence of the enemy would abate, and Holland yet arise like a phoenix out of its ashes! The knowledge and spirit of this young prince encouraged the people, who, also began to see that the King of France was brought to a stand still. Indeed, it had now become painfully obvious to that proud oppressor that the ocean could neither be bribed nor coerced; and though the Prince of Orange had not more than 8,000 men with him, employed in keeping a pass near Woerden, yet no attempt was made to force him from it. Rumours were spread of there being vaults under the streets of Utrecht, which the Dutch had covertly supplied with quantities of gunpowder, so that Louis would never lodge in the town. He was farther disquieted by accounts of quarrels in his Parisian harem; and, it is recorded by Burnet that Condé was known to have remarked, Louis had not the soul of a conqueror in him. Thus finding he could not make way, the European powers began to rouse, the anticipations of the Prince of Orange turned out correct; the Emperor was up and doing; Spain was making exertions; and England was becoming disposed for peace. In short, he who had entered the country triumphant in May, finding in July all Europe rustling against his aggressive schemes, left his army to take care of itself—and, as it would be said of any ordinary person, he sneaked off to the consolations of his mistresses; but of this mighty monarch we must phrase it, quitting the army, he retired to Paris.

Voltaire, while the reader can trace his hatred of oppression, still was a Frenchman, and could not part with "glory." He puts it that, "satisfied with having taken so many towns in two months, Louis returned to St. Germain in the midst of summer;

and, leaving Turenne and Luxembourg to complete the war, he enjoyed the *glory* of his triumph. Monuments of his conquests were erected, while the powers of Europe were labouring to deprive him of them." In his infamous march through the provinces of this unoffending people, when Louis' base courtiers pointed out the ensigns at the various towns he *conquered*, he replied triumphantly, "Notre Dame will be graced with so many the more." He was received with adulation enough to surfeit a mind less fond of "glory." Except the ceremony of adoration, which the French confine to their last new mistresses, he was flattered with more speeches, verses, inscriptions, triumphal arches and medals, than had ever been offered to the worst of the Roman emperors. His vanity was fed with little short of blasphemy. It was the one subject of debate what should be added as a distinguishing epithet to his name. "Le grand" was too common; "invincible" was advocated by many; others were for "le conquerant;" to imitate Charlemagne, "le magne" was suggested by others; then again "maximus" was proposed; "tres grand" was thought not euphonous, neither was "maximé." After this vital point was turned over with all imaginable solemnity, they came back to the first and simplest, and "le grand" was ever after appended to the name of this "man that should die, and this son of man which should be made as the grass."

The real fault of Louis was to have interfered at all with Holland; but the baseness of Charles in lending himself to the shameful ambition of the King of France was more conspicuous, for it is palpably the interest of England to see the Dutch an important nation. Therefore to have endeavoured to crush that gallant republic, and to raise still higher the vast power of France, was a serious error in politics—(I say nothing of *morals*, then alike indifferent to both monarchs, but they *now* appreciate the matter). In fact, most parties seem to have incurred blame. The Emperor Leopold appears to have been inert, and, wrapping himself up in German indolence, never to have gone with his armies. Charles II., King of Spain, was yet in childhood, and we have seen how the besotted queen gave up herself and the interests of that once important country to the keeping of her wretched confessor. Sweden took the benefit of her locality, and would neither mix nor meddle. So this torrent had been suffered almost uninterruptedly to rush through the north of Europe. I have shown the fatal errors the French king had committed in leaving garrisons, instead of destroying the fortifications behind him, and in pausing when, at any cost, he should have pushed on and taken possession of Amsterdam. Mortified, if not humbled, Louis had ingloriously returned to the headquarters of frivolity; and matters had now begun to assume a different aspect. The Spanish governor of Flanders acted with

a vigour little practised by his court, without whose authority he raised several thousands of men to aid the prince's army, declaring that, if opposed at Madrid, he would abandon the government. The tardy emperor at length made preparations to arms. At Egra, Montecuculi with 20,000 was directed to join the Elector of Brandenburg, several of the other German powers were forming leagues to check the French; and on Sept. 12, 1672, Montecuculi and the elector combined their forces at Hildesheim.

Winter arrived, and the inundations of Holland were frozen; so that Marshal Luxembourg, from Utrecht, endangered Amsterdam. The army had been provided with pattens, or clogs; he assembled from the adjoining garrisons about 12,000, with whom he marched towards Leyden and the Hague. But a thaw coming on, it preserved the Hague, as the French, unable to get off the ice, and destitute of provisions, were ready to perish. To get back to Utrecht, they were forced to march upon a miry bank, so narrow that four could scarcely walk abreast; neither could they get at this bank but by attacking a fort that, without artillery, seemed impregnable. Had this fort only stayed the French army a single day, it would have been almost destroyed with hunger and fatigue, as they were destitute of resources. They were saved through the cowardice of the commander of this place, who abandoned his post unnecessarily. All that resulted from this enterprize was the additional odium to the French; and the infamous giving up of Bodegrave and Suvamerdam, two rich and populous towns, to be plundered by the French, as compensation for their disappointment and fatigue. They set these two towns on fire, and by the light committed the most horrible depravities. Voltaire says that, forty years afterwards, he saw Dutch books for teaching the children to read, recording this in such a manner as to inspire succeeding generations with hatred and detestation of the French—and very accountably. It would not cause much wonder if the States had passed a law that every Frenchman who should hereafter pollute their soil should at once be thrown into the sea.

We are now arrived at 1673. England, disgusted with the profligate who unworthily occupied the throne, was filled with indignation at being made a tool of Louis. Spain, however, had more sense of right; she joined openly, if not very energetically, to help the Dutch. The emperor showed more anger than useful opposition, for Louis' gold had fermented troubles to employ this feeble prince in Hungary, which distracted his attention. However he went to inspect his troops at Hildesheim, when he solemnly took the sacrament on the road, and, holding a crucifix in his hand, called upon God to attest the justice of his cause! This puerile imitation of the fanaticism of the crusades proved no check to the arms of the King of France. So unremitting

had been the attention shown by Colbert to the state of the navy that they now joined the English ships with 40, without reckoning the fire ships, whereas 30 was the extreme number they could provide the year before. The French sailors were becoming greatly improved, and they grew emulous of the celebrity of the Dutch and the English. Louis went in person to Maestricht to besiege it; this place was the key of the Low Countries, being very strong. It was defended by an intrepid governor, one Farjaux, a Frenchman, who had entered the service of Spain, and afterwards that of Holland: he had 5,000 men.

It was here Vauban first used those parallels that the Italian engineers introduced at the siege of Candia. Louis is said here to have shown a better example to his soldiers, by a more laborious attention than he had hitherto manifested. Young Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, then only 23 years old, signalized himself at this siege. He had passed the last campaign under his commanding officer the Duke of Monmouth, who had been entrusted with the English troops sent to aid Louis, and witnessed the capture of most of the Dutch towns. He volunteered his services on every perilous occasion, and so attracted the notice of Turenne that, when a French officer, during the siege of Nimeguen, had failed to retain some post of consequence, Turenne instantly exclaimed, "I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer who commanded lost it." Turenne was right—it was regained, after a desperate struggle, the marshal won his wager, and the young ensign secured universal admiration.

He now, amidst a thousand intrepid actions, performed one which was remarkable. A lodgment having been made in what was called the half-moon, he accompanied a party commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, and at the head of his own company Churchill planted the banner of France on the summit of the rampart. Louis XIV. gave him thanks at the head of the army, recommending him in an especial manner to his own sovereign; and then made him lieutenant-colonel in the French service. On the 8th day from the commencement of the siege, Maestricht surrendered, June 24, 1673, according to Voltaire; other writers say on the 13th day. Louis exhibited severities for the purpose of strengthening discipline. One of his officers, Dupas, had surrendered Naerden somewhat hastily to the Prince of Orange; the king, considering it derogatory to the "grande nation," condemned Dupas to be led through Utrecht with a shovel in his hand, and his sword to be broken. This poor fellow, hoping to recover his reputation, or to perish in his shame, volunteered on a desperate assault at Grave, and there he was killed.

But neither the combination of talent, nor the mighty means Louis had at command, could overcome the fatal error of spreading his army in so many garrisons. Condé in vain assaulted the waters of Holland; Turenne could neither stay the junction of Montecuculi with the Prince of Orange, nor prevent his taking Bonne. In November the worthless Bishop of Munster was attacked by the Dutch. They had by this time still farther cut the dykes, and laid the whole country under water, from Bergen-op-Zoom to Bois-le-duc. So that Louis, after dividing his army, and sending 20,000 of them to join Condé, who was keeping the Prince of Orange in check, himself took the rest to meet the troops of the emperor; and, after a very short time, left them, to return to Paris. Condé suggested a fearful scheme to bring the war to an end, and completely to subjugate Holland. Demolishing many of the fortified places, to withdraw the garrisons, and only keep up the most important; then, by suddenly seizing Muyden, and another place in the immediate neighbourhood of Amsterdam, to surprise that capital. The English and French fleets were to combine, to make a descent in Zealand. The Prince of Orange, however, proved a match for the noted Condé, while the famous Dutch admiral prevented the proposed junction of the fleets. The English parliament now forced its pensioned king to enter upon negotiations for peace, and cease to be the mercenary tool of France.

Louis XIV. was daily disturbed in his seraglio with tidings of disasters in Holland, and it was now apparent that the enterprise must be abandoned. Voltaire, in the self-same paragraph which contains the words "grandeur of France," "conquerors," and other fine *sayings*, admits that their *doings* were to make the cruelly-treated, but undaunted, Dutch pay 1,668,000 florins in the single province of Utrecht, and then to release 28,000 prisoners at one or two crowns a man. Dismantling the fortresses, Luxembourg made an orderly retreat out of Holland, according to some. But Voltaire, who is much more likely to be well informed, and very little likely to say anything to diminish the "glory" of France, describes their retreat as a hurried one; and sneers at their not having finished the triumphal arch of St. Denis, and other monuments of their "conquests," when the "conquests" themselves were abandoned! Thus, in the first instance, all that Louis had achieved was a blot upon his own reputation for political wisdom; an immense amount of injustice and suffering; the derision of Europe; frightful drains upon his own people; fearful destruction upon his enemies; and the foundation of a superstructure of misery in lengthened and wasting wars with Spain, Holland, England, and Germany. So that, being abandoned by his allies, and becoming himself an



object of hatred and scorn, he had almost single handed to sustain the indignation of those enemies whom his own ambition had brought upon France.

A considerable number of troops was assembled upon the frontiers of Rousillon, and a fleet, filled with French soldiers, was sent to Messina, to harass the Spaniards. The fortresses of Franche-Comté were certainly put in an improved condition, though yet greatly deficient. Feeling here their inability to compete with France, the Duke of Lorraine prudently suggested to the emperor to anticipate the designs of Louis, by pouring in a considerable body of troops to take possession of Lorraine. The slow Germans were no match for their more active neighbours, who indeed exhibited their superior tact in immediately gaining the Switz. The emperor and the King of Spain earnestly solicited the 13 Cantons to grant at least a free passage to their troops for the relief of Franche-Comté; hoping, thus tardily, to repair in some degree their long neglect. They used every argument, with that formidable people, so celebrated for their jealousy of *liberty*, and who had begun to grow uneasy at the battalions of Louis being again in their neighbourhood. The emperor and Spain used only *arguments*; the King of France pressed the Swiss to refuse this passage, and added such substantial *reasons* as were sure to be effectual with those hypocrites, whose clamour for *liberty* was little less than their love of *money*. Louis paid them down 1,000,000 livres, and engaged for 600,000 more, which soon settled that *free* people. O Liberty, what enormities have not been perpetrated in thy blessed name—and by no people, in any age, so disgustingly as by these mercenaries! They refused the Germans, and pandered to the iniquity of France. Louis therefore besieged Besançon, in company with the son of Condé. It yielded May 15, 1674, after only a nine days' resistance. Navailles took Gray and Vesoul, Dole and Salins, and within a few weeks the whole of Franche-Comté was again subjected by the French; to which country it has ever since been annexed, remaining a monument of the weakness of the governments of Austria and Spain; the standing cupidity of that vile and vaunted race, the Switz; and the energy and strength of France under Louis XIV.

Meanwhile Turenne had covered the king's operations, and repressed every effort of the Duke of Lorraine to make an inroad on his former territories. Condé, leading the army of Flanders, had not been able to accomplish a great object he had—the taking of Mons. He ought to have been joined by Bellefonds, who unaccountably delayed; so that the Germans advanced far enough to render a junction nearly impossible, had not the superior skill of Condé succeeded in forcing the impe-

rialists to retire, and to secure a passage to Bellefonds; who at length came up, and the united army made for Hainault.

When Luxembourg retreated from Utrecht, the Prince of Orange gathered all the Dutch and Spanish troops he could get together, and, with plenty of cavalry, pursued the French towards the Meuse. Schomberg was ordered to assemble all the forces he could, and hurry to the protection of Luxembourg. The prince tried to prevent this, but herein was out-generalled by the French marshal. William therefore set about the retaking of Naarden, and he saw the necessity of joining Montecuculi so as to compel, with their united strength, the feebler powers who had been forced by France to return to their duty and interest. Turenne was on the alert, and, in a vain dependance on the engagements of the Bishop of Wurtzburg to supply his army with bread, the great commander found himself obliged to retreat towards Philipsburg, to procure supplies. Quitting his favourable position, Montecuculi availed himself of Turenne's advance towards the Rhine; and so conducted his manœuvres as to mislead that cleverest of French generals, who was unable to prevent the object so anxiously longed for by the allies, the union of the armies of Montecuculi and the Prince of Orange; now in sufficient strength to punish the Electors of Cologne and Munster for the desertion of the cause of justice. Even Turenne could not prevent the fall of Bonne, which surrendered after a few days' siege. Winter approached, and Turenne returned to Paris, after placing his army in winter quarters.

Meanwhile several naval engagements had taken place. The Duke of York being now well understood to be a coward, who would betray the honour of England rather than encounter any personal risk, Prince Rupert was sent to command the fleet; but it is said that the captains were in the duke's influence, and crossed Prince Rupert in every imaginable way. In two or three battles between the Dutch and our ships, the victory was questionable; only one French ship engaged, and the men charging the admiral with ill conduct, he was put in the Bastille on his return. The people of England began seriously to complain that we were engaged in a war merely to afford the French the pleasure of seeing the two greatest naval powers destroy each other. So strongly was this felt that Schomberg, then in the employ of France, afterwards told Bishop Burnet he had warned the French court that the English would not long submit to an alliance which cost the French nothing at sea; however, his suggestion, the marshal said, was but coldly received. The fermentation in England had brought about a change in the administration, which was now for peace; and the King of Sweden had offered his services as a mediator, Cologne to be the place

where negotiations should be carried on. Holland had constituted William stadtholder, and made that and other high offices hereditary in the heirs male of that prince, as a compensation justly due for the high services he had rendered to his country. On the part of England, the Earl of Sunderland, Sir Leolin Jenkins, and Sir Joseph Williamson went there as plenipotentiaries; but the treaty was of very short continuance, owing to a preliminary disagreement between the emperor and the French king. The former arrested Furstenberg, Dean of Cologne, who attended as representative of the elector, while Leopold maintained he was a subject of the empire, which he had betrayed. The French considered this a violation of the passports, and refused to proceed. But in the course of the year 1674, the house of commons resolved to force the King of England to a peace with the Dutch.

The French court recalled Croissy, the brother of Colbert, ambassador here, and replaced him with Rouvigny. Charles himself was all anxiety to carry on the war, but Lord Arlington pressed the Spaniards to influence the Prince of Orange to offer Charles a sum of money, to liquidate his debt to the States. On their part, they omitted to stipulate that England should enter into the league for reducing the French to the terms of the triple alliance. But the States were anxious for peace with England at almost any price, hoping to be freed from the great trouble and expense of securing their coasts, and then to be able to ruin the shipping and trade and insult the coasts of France. Peace thus concluded between Holland and England, the Prince of Orange next accomplished an alliance between the emperor and the Elector of Cologne, the Bishop of Munster, the Electors of Brandenburg, and Treves, the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Duke of Brunswick, who in the course of this year openly avowed their hostility to France. As soon as Charles II., for the gratification of receiving £300,000, had reluctantly signed the peace at Lord Arlington's, he went up into his drawing-room, where, seeing Rouvigny, he drew him aside, and told him he had been doing that which went against his heart more than losing his right hand,—having at the instance of the Spanish ambassador signed a peace with the Dutch: but that the refractory house of commons had compelled him, and that Arlington had beset him till he was weary of his life. The French ambassador answered that he was sure his master would accept of his mediation, as a most acceptable piece of service to bring the war in general to a conclusion. Indeed this appears seriously to have been contemplated, but it went off.

The abilities shewn by Turenne during the re-conquest of Franche-Comté will always rank him as one of the first of generals. Throughout the last campaign he had surmounted

considerable difficulties; and his fame is the greater from the well-known annoyance to which he was subjected by the impertinent interference of Louvois, whose orders in the king's name would have often paralyzed a less bold actor. But the determination of Turenne to pursue his own course was not his least remarkable distinction. The stern duty of the soldier impelled him to military exploits which brought down a dreadful amount of sufferings. This the humane will always deprecate, while hearing talk of the "glory" gained; and the more so when we see men who otherwise in their homes can show some feeling for the sorrows of others, when upon the sad business of war calmly ordering operations that inflict incalculable misery.

After the battle of Stintzheim, Turenne put the Palatinate, consisting of a fine and fertile country, to fire and sword. The elector-palatine, from the top of his castle at Manheim, beheld two cities and 25 towns in flames. A spectacle which excited in him both rage and despair, and led him to send Turenne a challenge to fight a duel. Turenne forwarded this letter to the king, who commanded him not to accept the challenge. With similar indifference, he destroyed the ovens, and laid waste part of the country, of Alsace, to prevent the enemy from subsisting. He permitted his cavalry to ravage Lorraine, and felt more pride at being called the father of the soldiers, than the protector of the people.

Voltaire has a characteristic remark—"all the mischief done by him appeared necessary; his 'glory' covered every thing: and, besides, the 70,000 Germans, which he had prevented from penetrating into France, *would have committed a great deal more mischief* than he had done in Alsace, Lorraine, and the Palatinate." There's an argument! It carries us back to the ever-to-be-remembered picture of that sweet singer Cowper—and the boyish discussion about robbing the orchard, which winds up by Tom's discovering there could be no harm in it—for if he did not take them, somebody else would. But, in sober sadness, what a picture! *Why* all this butchery, iniquity, rapine and plunder? Because, primarily, Louis, a personification of splendid selfishness, would enlarge his dominions, spread abroad the religion that best accommodated itself to his views, and extinguish that quiet and honest little state which dared to dispute his will as law! Truly, truly, it never can sufficiently be instilled into the breasts of the rising generation that "war is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings *could* not play at."

There exists a society—may all success attend its praiseworthy efforts!—called "the Peace Society." It encourages lectures and issues papers as dissuasives from war. Would it not be well to get together some of these pictures in detail—hearths made desolate—parents for ever reft of their peace; children—a once

happy group—for no sin of theirs, rendered miserable orphans ! In short, to show the *insanity* and *cruelty* of such doings as are handed down by history. And bring home to the feeling bosom an acute sense of the horrors of war, rather than discuss the question of its allowableness.

Painful and disgusting as is the task, the course of this history compels me to pursue these records of crime and sorrow. Towards the end of summer the battle of Seneff was fought: the Prince of Condé was keeping the field with about 45,000 men, against the Prince of Orange, with a force rather larger. Condé was very strongly situate, and as William found he could not dislodge him, he decamped from Nivelles on August 11, and directed his march by Seneff towards Quesnoy. The Prince of Orange neglected a precaution as to protecting his rear-guard, while passing a defile, of which Condé was too quick not to take advantage. Directing one of his generals by a sudden attack to disperse six squadrons of the enemy, with the impetuosity of his youth, he headed the household troops in a tremendous charge on the whole rear-guard of the enemy, who at once gave way before him. Bringing up the rest of his troops against the enemy, who had formed on the heights, a fresh combat commenced; during the *mélée*, the Prince of Orange charged in several places, with too great neglect of himself. Nor was Condé ever backward in rashness, and on the present occasion exposed his life more than he had ever done before, having had three horses killed under him. The Prince of Orange got among a body of the French mistaking them for his own men; bidding them charge, they told him they had no more powder; finding this, he rode away to his own troops, whom he brought up to those French, and quickly routed them.

The second battle (if it may be so called) restored the balance, which in the morning had gone against the Dutch; but, from sheer weariness of fighting, they left off after it had lasted sixteen hours. Each party retired, the world being possessed with great esteem of the courage and conduct of the Prince of Orange, none better appreciating him than the Prince of Condé. About 13,000 were killed of the allies, and as many of the French: it is difficult to decide to which side victory belonged. The French are said to have taken a considerable part of the baggage of the Dutch and the Spaniards, who were so far weakened as to be prevented by Condé from pursuing a great object with them, laying siege to Oudenarde. On the other hand, after Condé had been ordered to detach 15,000 men to Turenne, he was compelled to retire to Paris. Both France and Holland caused *Te Deum* to be chaunted as public thanksgiving! Nor can I think lightly of the responsibility of the clergy—who *should* shew the people that, whatsoever the god of this world may have

to do with "wars and fightings," the God whom we ought to adore may be expected to "laugh at our calamity," if we dare to mix up his holy name with deeds of darkness and blood!

The Prince of Condé suffered greatly from the gout; and, hearing of his return, Louis XIV. paid him the compliment of going to the staircase to receive him. The great general walked so slowly as to cause the king to wait for him, upon which Condé apologised, when Louis made the well-known courtly remark: "Cousin, when one is so loaded with laurels, it is of course difficult to walk." The genius of Turenne continued to be marked by judicious remonstrances to Louis on the absurdity of subjecting him, in Alsace, and therefore much better qualified to know how to conduct his retreat, to obey commands from the execrable Louvois; and that, if he had followed his instructions, Philipsburg and Brissac would undoubtedly have fallen into the hands of the imperialists. By this time Turenne, in the political changes of Europe, was opposed in a manœuvre by Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough), whose intrepidity and skill Turenne had so admired in Holland, and who was destined to outvie even the extraordinary celebrity of that eminent leader himself. A general battle took place at Ensheim, between Turenne and the allied armies of Bournonville and the Count of Caprara; the results were equally destructive to both sides, who each retired. The allies made for Strasburg, there to wait for the Elector of Brandenburg, after which junction, Turenne retreated to a strong position near Hochfelden, where, however, he was in great danger. Such was the alarm at Paris that they were driven to unusual efforts to raise fresh levies, as Turenne's army was reduced to 20,000; and he was pressed by 60,000. The supplies came in time; by a quiet and able retreat, Turenne deceived the imperial generals; and, during the severity of winter, conducted his troops to Befort, alarming the allies by the celerity and judgment of his movements. On his road he encountered the Bishop of Munster at Mulhausen, also another body at Brumstadt; both parties were entirely put to the rout. He now fought the imperialists at Durkheim, when they were once more worsted, and retreated to the Rhine, which they passed about Jan. 11, 1675. All Paris was as much elevated at these successes as before it had been depressed.

Turenne had in turn passed through the severest ordeals, had concocted the wisest schemes, had shown moderation in success and patience under disasters, sufficient to stamp him as perhaps the most important and useful commander the age had produced. He was now recalled to Paris to receive the thanks of the monarch and the adulation of the people; he was thronged at all the villages he passed through, and received every imaginable

and unimaginable honour. Louvois was so very spiteful that Turenne insisted respectfully on immediate correspondence with Louis, if his services were again wanted; to which the king listened with reason, and even went so far as to insist on Louvois making ample apology to Turenne. After the fatigues he had gone through, at the age of 64, sick of the praise and the censures of a noisy and fickle world, this remarkable general now wanted to avail himself of that retreat where many of the great men of France ended their days, and, among the good fathers of the Oratory, to make that preparation for his important change for which the turmoil of the camp was ill suited.

Fresh efforts were made for peace, but the *sine qua non* of Louis was the liberation of the Dean of Cologne (see p. 141); to this Leopold obstinately refused to consent. Louis therefore, accompanied by Condé, took the field in Flanders at the head of 60,000 men, divided into several corps: with one, Crequi took Dinant; Rocheford took Huy; Condé invested Limburg; while Louis covered the siege. The Prince of Orange manœuvred as if to relieve Limburg; the king advanced to meet him: however, just then William was seized with the small-pox, and was incapable for the remainder of the campaign. Limburg fell on June 22, and Condé took Tirlemont and many other towns: but now large reinforcements for Turenne were drawn from him, so that he could do little more. Crequi was particularly unfortunate in all his efforts. Condé is said to have declared that this tissue of disasters was alone wanting to make him one of the best of generals.

Montecuculi, always clever, had now, by the benefits of the same school, become a most skilful general—he had raised the character of the German troops to a very high point. He purposed to march to Strasburg; and it is most interesting to follow the plots and the counterplots of this extraordinary man and his noted opponent Turenne; in which every movement seems to have been so well foreseen that no period arrived to render it prudent to come to action. But at length the French general, after two or three months' mutual watching the other, thought the moment was come to attack the imperialists: their right was too strong, but he gave orders to fall upon the left wing, a cannonade on both sides being kept up. Montecuculi had become so important a general that Voltaire says he was the only man worthy to be opposed to Turenne; and now they were about to stake their reputation upon the hazard of a battle.

July 27, 1675, Turenne took the sacrament! and expressed more confidence than was usual with him. He was disturbed at his breakfast under a tree by tidings of some agitation in the enemy's camp; and, mounting his well-known piebald horse (named "La Pie"), he rode on to try to make out what was the

matter. Quitting his staff, he was proceeding, when he met an English officer, who warned him not to go on there, as the enemy's guns were pointed in that direction. Turenne, with more than his usual sprightliness, said, "I don't mean to be killed to-day!" St. Hilaire, commander-in-chief of the artillery, being at hand, said to the marshal, "Look at my battery!" Hilaire had extended his arm, which was instantly carried off by a cannon ball, that afterwards struck Turenne in the centre of his body. Falling forward, the old charger galloped back to where he had left his staff; and, extraordinary as it may seem, Turenne kept his seat till then. Dropping, he was caught by his officers—he was too far gone to speak, but, opening his eyes, in a moment he became a corpse! Poor old "Pie," without his rider, being seen, soon told the dreadful tale to the army, who rushed to see their dead "father." A panic now spread through their ranks: though burning with revenge—feeling that there was none competent to supply his place, it was by a clamour, pretty general, proposed to "Loose the piebald—he will lead us on!" Seeing his son weep at the loss of his arm, St. Hilaire said, "Weep not for me—it is that great man who should be lamented!" The dismay among his officers was such that they held a hurried council of war, and determined to retreat in all haste across the Rhine. They were followed by the imperialists, who killed between 3,000 and 4,000 men; nor would Montecuculi stop, hearing of the death of his noted antagonist, until he had penetrated Alsace.

The Swabian peasants let the spot where Turenne fell lie fallow for many years, and carefully preserved the tree under which he had been breakfasting, ("Oh, woodman, spare that tree!")—which is no feeble testimonial to the respect inspired by one whose stern duty had cost them so much. Turenne appears to have been more remarkable for solidity than for brilliancy, and his schemes, and his determinate patience in carrying them into effect, alike excite our wonder. Of him it is said, contrary to the wont of our nature, that he increased in the spirit of enterprise as he grew older. This may be partly accounted for from his great success; and partly by consummate caution, which prevented rash undertakings, having so matured his judgment that he committed no imprudences. But his main celebrity consisted in readiness to take advantage of favourable circumstances, and equal fortitude and perseverance in adversity. Though literature and arms were seldom conjoined, it is said that Turenne was well acquainted with the French poets, and knew something of the Latin. Unpretending in his dress and bearing, he was distinguished for the dignity which avoided quarrels, detesting the practice of duelling. Unlike our Marlborough, who would not forego the bad custom of taking a per centage



on his army contracts, Turenne despised money, where he could have amassed prodigious sums. In public life we see him the idol of his country—perhaps the vile Louvois was the only one who did not sorrow for his sad end. And in private he was admired by all his circle of acquaintance, as cheerful, courteous and benevolent: the French writers in some measure attribute, this to his excess of “glory” over all the rest of the world, being so great that nothing could incommode him! All mourned him—Montecuculi expressed the greatest grief at the loss of his opponent. Louis paid the highest honours to him which could be heaped upon his memory; and just then creating eight new marshals, it was wittily said that these eight were change for a Turenne! He married the daughter of the Duc de la Force in 1653, who died childless in 1666.

He had been brought up a zealous Calvinist by his parents, the Duc of Bouillon and the daughter of that Prince of Orange to whom was attributed the deliverance of the Netherlands from the yoke of Spain, so that he could hardly be called a Frenchman. Having become a Catholic, it is thought the cause was a feeling of gratitude to Louis, who, when he made him marshal-general in 1668, almost solicited the change of religion at the hands of Turenne, uttering these words, meant to operate a conversion: “I wish you would oblige me to do something more for you:”—whereby it was understood Louis promised him the post of Constable, upon terms. Voltaire says, “it is *possible* this conversion was sincere: the human heart often reconciles politics, ambition, the weakness of love, and the sentiments of religion; but the Catholics, who triumphed in this change, could not be persuaded that the great soul of Turenne was capable of dissembling.” Turenne composed memoirs of his own life, which have been published in the life of him by the chevalier Ramsay. Other accounts have appeared of this general, whose personal celebrity makes one forget his ancestral importance (“*quosque non fecimus ipsi*”). We are painfully reminded, in contemplating the career and the end of this remarkable man, of the solemn words of the interesting church-yard poet:—

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of *glory* lead but to the grave.”

The disasters which had attended Crequi were so terrible at Treves that not more than a fourth of his army escaped from the Germans. Added to the dreadful losses in Holland, and throughout Turenne's campaigns, the numbers of the French armies were so reduced that Louis was compelled to have recourse to the *arrière-ban*. The word is derived from *HERE*, an army

and BAN, an edict, and signifies summoning to the war all that had fiefs, or possessions under the king; so that they were compelled to follow their sovereign lord to the wars at their own expense. It came down from barbarous times, and has sunk into desuetude in civilised states, a substitute having been found in standing armies. Louis assembled his nobility in a corps, whom he sent, under the command of the Marquis de Rochefort, to Flanders, and afterwards to the confines of Germany. Of this group, which proved useless, most went against their inclinations. There were about 4,000, mounted and armed differently, and, being undisciplined, unable and unwilling to do regular service, they little resembled military. Causing the utmost confusion, were soon dispensed with, and are now only worthy of mention as the last vestiges in France of the remains of chivalry.

Condé alone could repair the loss of Turenne, so that he was re-called from Flanders, and Marshal Luxembourg left in command there. The progress of Montecuculi required to be stopped, which Condé soon effected; and forced the brave and talented commander of the imperialists to raise the sieges of Haguenau and Saverne, after two months' manœuvring, which displayed equal talent in both generals. Suffering much from the gout, and almost worn down by long labour, this extraordinary commander now retired from military life, and went to Chantilli, whence he rarely proceeded to court. He wished to procure the command he had quitted for his son, but Louis was wise enough not to suffer so young a man to fill so responsible a post. Condé employed the few years left to him in the cultivation of literature, and conversation with men of genius, being well acquainted with much in which they shone. The calmness displayed in his last campaign seems to have been an unnatural damming up of that devouring fire which had so distinguished the prince in his earlier days. And that impetuosity, that had so often carried him beyond his bodily strength, caused a premature decay, which had decided him to retire even before the rapid steps of old age came over him. Once or twice only did he interfere in public matters, and then merely, at the personal request of the king, to give some advice as to military proceedings. In fact he had become the old man, rarely quitting his home. He went to see the Marshal de Grammont, when he was very ill on one occasion; and in 1686 he also, spite of all the solicitations of his friends, attended the sick bed of his grandson's wife, Madame de Bourbon, one of the king's natural daughters, the disease being small-pox. As he heard the king was coming in, the prince who could rarely move from his chair, unexpectedly got up, and, stopping Louis in the door-way, persuaded him to leave. The exertion and excitement caused him to grow rapidly worse; but he had been wise enough not to wait

for the approach of illness, nor the warnings of mortality, to dedicate his hours to religious reflections. But he had held much sweet converse with a godly friend, with whom he had long been in the habit of drinking at the fountain of wisdom, while together they read the sacred page. The prince had been greatly impressed with the want of consideration of most, who defer preparation for another world till the last hour!

Condé's mind thus *strengthened* by preparatory discipline, he became equal to his last conflict, says Bossuet in his funeral oration. Voltaire describes the last two years of Condé's life, during which he had been impressed with a sense of his sins and of the need of mercy, as indicative of the strength of his body having decayed, and having carried with it the strength of his mind—so that there remained nothing of the great Condé! As that solemn hour approached, he was warned—when he cried out in the most energetic manner, “Thy will, O God, be done—Oh, give me grace to die the death of the just!” He seemed now, just as he used to be in the day of battle, occupied, but not ruffled—resolute, but calm. The pulse of the old warrior fails; he seems falling from his high estate, and his glory departing, as he rapidly approaches, through the awful valley, the confines of the present and the future. “The learned leech can give no hope,” but the dying hero, as the ministers of religion draw near, impressively calls out, “These are my true physicians!” Speaking more solemnly to one of them, he assured him that while he ever had *belief* in the Christian doctrine, he had now a rapturous *faith*. Crying out, “Yes, I shall behold my God face to face!” he appeared as if suddenly illuminated, as if a celestial ray had pierced through human ignorance, and he sunk back on his dying pillow—never more to speak. The splendid French orator, from whom I have condensed some of these remarks, beautifully adds, “instead of deploring his death, I will labour to make my own resemble it.” While the philosopher derides that change without which there can be no hope concerning our latter end, the Christian will joyfully hail the great genius of war—the glory of France—and (after the death of Turenne) unquestionably her ablest general, brought to receive the gospel in child-like simplicity; and rejoice to appropriate to him the expressive line of England's sweet poet:—

“And faith at last—worth all the rest.”

The spirit of Condé passed away December 11, 1686, in the 66th year of his age. Owing to his retirement, but little space was required to trace our hero to his end, and as he no more figured in public, I thought it better to carry through his memoir, particularly as no chronology is invaded, so far as the events of Louis' reign are concerned.

The adroit and powerful opponent of Turenne, Montecuculi, who had long had failing health, also quitted the command of the army at the close of the campaign. He was born at Modena, 1608: his uncle made Raynard pass through all the gradations of military life, causing him to begin by enlisting as a common soldier. Raynard Montecuculi, first distinguished himself against the Swiss, and, with only 2,000, he defeated 10,000, though he was afterwards taken prisoner by Bannier. After two years' imprisonment he gained fresh laurels against the Swedes; and, in 1657, he once more commanded victoriously against that people and the Turks. We have seen how able he proved against the two best generals of modern times; till at length, wasted by illness and fatigue, he retired, amidst the respect of friends and foes, to Lintz; where he died in 1680, aged 72. The King of France losing almost at once such distinguished commanders as Turenne and Condé, it might be imagined would carry on the war to a disadvantage, but it was otherwise. His officers had been formed under those eminent men. Early in 1676, he resumed the operations in Flanders, and speedily took Condé, Bouchain, Valenciennes, Cambray and Aire. At Bouchain the Prince of Orange appeared with 50,000 men; he was blamed for not attacking the army of the king, who on his part was reflected on for inactivity.

At Valenciennes the king had present with him his brother, always celebrated for bravery in the field, though otherwise of a feeble character; and Marshals d'Humières, Schomberg, La Feuillade, Luxembourg, and De Lorges. Voltaire says each took a day to command in turn—all the operations being directed by Vauban, the celebrated engineer. Louvois also was present, and indeed by his able administration of the finances, and perpetual attention to the necessities of the armies, had secured the high opinion of all. Valenciennes was singularly fortified, for the invaders had to pass through two half-moons, several ditches and crown-works, which passed, there was a branch of the Scheldt to get over, and then a *paté* (a work in fortifications). After this came the Scheldt itself, that was deep and rapid, and there became as a ditch to the wall: finally, the wall itself was defended by large ramparts, the works covered with cannon, and the garrison of 3,000 every way prepared for a long defence. The French held a council of war: and, whereas these attacks were generally made in the night, Vauban proposed that this should be in the day. But all five marshals and Louvois condemned the plan. Still Vauban was positive: he showed that the surprise after the fatigue of watching all night, and the expectation of a nocturnal attack, would be greater to the besieged; that much less blood would be spilt; that to be watched by the day-light naturally spurred on those of doubtful courage, as the

eye of the monarch was upon them to inspire them with hope. In short, the king had greater confidence in Vauban's judgment than in the others; and at 9 o'clock the next morning the musqueteers, guards, and grenadiers mounted upon this great crown work. They made themselves masters of it, and, letting down the draw-bridge, which joined this work to the others, they followed the enemy from one entrenchment to another, over the little branch and the main stream of the Scheldt. This was done so promptly that the musqueteers were in the city, and the guards very nearly so, before the king even knew they had taken the first work. These young men ranged themselves, under the command of a cornet, named Moissac, in order of battle behind some carts; seized upon some houses, whence by their firing they could protect such of their comrades as were coming up in some disorder. The garrison was thus brought to a parley: the town-council assembled, deputies were sent to the king, who made the garrison prisoners of war, and entered the town in perfect astonishment at being master of it; order was preserved, as plundering was forbidden. Ghent fell within four days, and Ypres in seven.

But the attention of Louis was now called to the condition of the Duke of Luxembourg, who had been unable to prevent the taking of Philipsburg, although he had tried with 50,000 men to succour it. The nephew of the lately deceased and unfortunate Duke of Lorraine, Charles V., inherited the best of his qualities, without those drawbacks which had characterised Charles IV. A large detachment was withdrawn from the army in Flanders to support Luxembourg on the Rhine. Charles V. now endeavoured to make an inroad into his hereditary dominions; but, though he led 60,000 men, Luxembourg succeeded in preventing his passing the Rhine. Crequi, now liberated from his imprisonment, and rendered cautious by bitter experience, baffled the Duke of Lorraine at all points, thus atoning by great success for the rashness that had formerly entailed such misery. Luxembourg took Montbeliard, and Bouillon fell before Crequi. On this side, the campaign, which had, upon the whole, proved in favour of France, now terminated. Louis himself had retired to Paris, but he left his marshals in Flanders. Monsieur, the king's brother, commanded in a battle against the Prince of Orange, who tried to succour St. Omer. He was aided by D'Humières and Luxembourg, which latter had been hastily sent off to support him, when the approach of the Prince of Orange was known. The encounter took place at Montcassel, or, as now called, Casal. Great faults of generalship were committed on both sides, at least by the Prince of Orange and D'Humières. Those of the latter had nearly settled the fate of the battle, had not Monsieur (now Duke of Orleans) been ready with assistance.

which proved fatal to the Dutch, who suffered a signal defeat. This effeminate prince certainly acted so well in the field, and gave such occasional signs of courage and skill, that it was always understood Louis envied him this praise, which one would have thought he might have afforded. Especially as Monsieur always dressed like a woman, wearing the same night-caps, and painted and patched as ladies do (says Voltaire), though upon this occasion he behaved like a man and a soldier. Such was the pettiness of Louis *le Grand* that he was quite dejected at his brother's success. As the friends of the Duke of Orleans prognosticated, immediately on the attainment of the victory, the king took good care he should never more command an army. In addition to the success of the French in Flanders, Monclar had compelled the Duke of Saxe to repossess the Rhine. This he did in hopes of joining the Duke of Lorraine at Kehl. Crequi judiciously prevented it, by forcing the Duke of Saxe-Eisenach to place himself in an island in the Rhine. France had never been in good odour at Strasburg, but Crequi was too powerful to render it prudent for that city to aid the duke, who was therefore compelled to negotiate with the French general a retreat for his army into the interior of Germany, commencing his march Sept. 27, 1677. His favourable escape is attributable to the approach of the Duke of Lorraine, whom Crequi now harassed, and at last drove into winter quarters. Seeing the two imperial armies thus *hors de combat*, he suddenly wheeled round upon the city of Friburg, which, after a siege of five days, by yielding, added to his trophies.

Navailles had defeated the Spaniards in the Lampourdan; and they were attacked in Sicily under Monterey. Messina had rebelled and called in aid from Spain, who brought up a fleet, and reduced them to great extremities. They received relief through Valbelle, who, with a few ships, passed through the Spanish fleet. After this, Vivonne came up with several men of war and fire ships, and, defeating the enemy's fleet, entered Messina in triumph. Spain now procured aid from Holland, and was joined by 23 ships of war under the great De Ruyter. Vivonne, because he is said to have been compelled to remain in the city to maintain order, deputed Duquesne to command the French fleet. He was a skilful kind of privateer, who, although he had great experience, had never yet commanded a fleet: however, he showed himself to be a man of vast talent, even when pitted against one like the Dutch admiral.

In an engagement which took place between the hostile fleets, De Ruyter was mortally wounded on March 12, 1676; the cannon-ball had shattered both his legs, but he insisted on lying on the deck, where he could command the fleet. He was gratified by seeing the French ships driven before the Dutch, and com-

pelled to abandon their enterprise. He ordered his fleet to Syracuse, to refit, where his wounds were attended to; notwithstanding, he died within ten days from the dreadful conflict.

Such a man must not pass away without farther notice. He was born 1607: so early as at eleven years of age, he was a common cabin-boy, and rising, by dint of careful services, to the higher branches of the naval profession, after going eight times to the West Indies, and twice to the Brazils, he was made admiral 1641. Briefly to recapitulate his labours: he assisted the Portuguese against the Spaniards; and afterwards, at Salé on the Barbary coast, defeated a superior force of Algerine corsairs. In 1653, he was second in command to Van Tromp in the three battles fought against the English; and two years afterwards he displayed his valour against the Turks in the Mediterranean. His services to Denmark against the Swedes, in 1659, procured to him a liberal pension from the king, and the honours of nobility. De Ruyter's expedition against the combined fleets of England and France (see p. 130), in 1672, added fresh laurels to his brow; and in the three engagements with the same hostile squadrons next year he maintained his character. We have just seen how he came to his end, in the 70th year of his age, lamented by all nations. Such was the estimation in which he was held that he had received from his own nation, of course, the highest honours; and the reputation of the house of Nassau derives additional lustre from the appreciation it showed of the bold sailor. The council of Spain conferred upon the dying hero the title of duke. But, as these honours did not arrive till after his death, and were by his children considered as frivolous to a republican, being, says Voltaire, worthy of their father, they refused to accept that which in monarchies is so coveted; but which, compared with the merit of being a good citizen, was viewed by the noble Dutch republicans as *vox et preterea nihil*. Louis XIV. expressed great grief at the death of his noted enemy; and, being almost reprimanded for entertaining so foolish a feeling, as De Ruyter had been dangerous to France, he said, "I know it well, but cannot refrain from sorrow at the death of so illustrious a character."

Duquesne attacked the combined fleets when they again put to sea at Palermo, drove them back with great loss, and the French fire-ships followed eight large vessels, which they burned in the very port. Five thousand Dutch and Spaniards fell in this terrible battle, and several of the ships of the allies were taken. Spain was farther damaged by their army being defeated by Vivonne. He now proceeded to lead his brutal bands into Sicily, who committed such excesses that the inhabitants joined the Spaniards. The French were so thoroughly detested for their enormities that, after a short time, they evacuated the three or

four places they had taken, and abandoned Sicily wholly on April 8, 1678. Louis incurred great blame for these useless acquisitions, and for the commencement of enterprises, here, in Holland, and elsewhere, which he did not carry through.

The conduct of the king will be the better appreciated, when the reader is told that, by this desertion of the Sicilians, those who had invited the French became obnoxious to the Spanish government, thousands being vilely persecuted, and many executed as traitors. Other exhibitions of the vast power of Louis were simultaneously carried on. He caused this power to be felt by his enemies in every part of Europe. He weakened his old enemy Spain by his atrocities in Sicily; he fermented all imaginable mischief to the house of Austria, by inciting the Turks to invade Germany; while by his influence new troubles sprang up in Hungary. He worked upon Sweden to worry the Elector of Brandenburg, who had taken Pomerania from the Swedes; and astonished all Europe by his strength, that seemed to become as formidable by sea as by land. At Nimeguen a conference for peace was held under the mediation of England. But even here Louis haughtily made his proposals on the 9th of April, while success was following his arms, and required an answer on the 10th of May, for he felt that he was almost everywhere a conqueror. His attention had been greatly diverted from Holland, to whom he granted a farther time of six weeks; and to Germany and Spain, against whom Navailles had additionally succeeded by taking Pincerda.

But, spite of all this splendid appearance, there was a gnawing-worm which smote the gourd. The all-important point, the philosopher's stone, the needful, that all sorts of Christians, from bishops to baptists, preach against, and all covet—*money* was wanting. The screw was put on even to this mighty conqueror: for, notwithstanding the genius of Colbert, he had exhausted all means, legitimate and illegitimate, to supply the ceaseless drain which these wicked wars created. Having gone to the utmost extent of his power, he felt and said that, if the war was not speedily brought to a close, all those really splendid and useful schemes which were giving such benefits to France must be abandoned. Therefore that extraordinary minister used all his influence with his royal master to exercise moderation in his demands at the congress of Nimeguen.

Nov. 4, 1677, William had been married to the daughter of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., to the unspeakable annoyance of Louis XIV. Lord Montague, who communicated the news to the King of France, says, he received it as he would have done the loss of an army. Another conspicuous point was a fund of jealousy in the breasts of the English people—all trampled on as they were by the pleasure-loving and time-serv-



ing aristocracy, and the miscreant whom they had set up on that throne whence his father had been brought to the block with much less desert than would have been his degraded and deceitful son. But it was evident that Britons could never tamely see the injustice and overbearing insolence of the French much longer, without stopping the torrent. And if we add, what to our nation ought ever to be the main object of attention, the rapidly rising French marine, we get a clue to the real necessities Louis was under to stop the effusion of human blood. Contenting himself with many of his acquisitions, Louis therefore was compelled to rest therewith satisfied in lieu of the toil and expenses of these wars.

First, a treaty was signed between France and Holland, whereby the town of Maestricht was given up; the other towns can hardly be said to be restored, as the Dutch had more or less recovered them. In consideration of Spain agreeing to Louis' retention of Franche-Comté, he allowed, as a barrier to the united provinces, Charleroi, Courtrai, Oudenarde, Ath, Ghent, and Limbourg. But Valenciennes, Cambay, Condé, Bouchain, Ypres, Menin, Aire, Maubeuge, Popering, St. Omer, and all that part, in fact, which constitutes French Flanders, was retained, and still is appended to France. He also succeeded in his terms with the empire; he insisted on the two brothers Furstemberg being reinstated, both in their territories and the bishopric of Strasburg. His policy was thought bad in leaving to Germany to choose between Friburg and Philipsburg, as the emperor at once chose Philipsburg, knowing that place was the key to the centre of Germany. Charles V., Duke of Lorraine, would have nothing to do with these treaties, and therefore secured no more benefit from them than the oyster-shells of litigants, while the lawyers take the oyster. The Elector of Brandenburg made humble submissions. As Denmark was refractory, Crequi was sent with powerful *arguments*, and defeated their general, Spaan. Then continuing his march, and laying some of the Danish territories under contribution, the King of Denmark's vision was cleared, and, perceiving the power of French argumentation, he sent in his submission. Brandenburg was made to disgorge his conquests.

Thus, in reality, Louis XIV. dictated terms to Germany, Holland, and Spain; but the gold of France was found a valuable *vade mecum* in these transactions. The itching palm of our probate king was the first to be soothed. Charles received a large sum, engaging by a private treaty not to help the Dutch or Spaniards, if in two months they had not accepted the terms of France. To prevent our parliament from interfering, he engaged to prorogue the two houses for four months after the two should have expired. Louis farther offered 6,000,000 livres if our army

should be disbanded by August; this not taking place, France was saved that sum. But large sums were distributed among our members of parliament, who seem to have been very *open-handed* in all ages. On the 10th of August, 1678, peace had been signed with Holland. The Prince of Orange attacked the army under the Duke of Luxembourg, near the abbey of St. Denis, in the neighbourhood of Mons, on the 14th of August, and a long and bloody contest occurred. The result of this is, by Feuquières and others, stated to have been characterised by no success to the Prince of Orange; but Voltaire says it cost the French 2,000 men, and as many fell of the Dutch. The character of William was greatly reflected on for this wanton butchery. It was said he must have known that peace was agreed on, and a peace advantageous to his own country. For, while all other countries lost something, the noble stand the Dutch had made was rewarded with a powerful barrier—so vain are all human calculations.

The designs of Louis XIV. were evidently to gain time to recruit for farther conquests: while Germany, Spain, and Holland, disbanded their troops, France kept up theirs. On March 22, 1680, he caused a re-union of Metz and Brissac to the crown (which had for ages acknowledged other sovereigns), by a civil process in the chamber of Metz. They had the modesty to cite many princes of the empire, the Elector Palatine, and the King of Spain himself, as well as the King of Sweden, to appear before them, to render homage to the King of France. In short, all that was left to these princes was vain remonstrance at the assemblies at Ratisbon and elsewhere; for the long wars had so crippled his enemies that Louis justly calculated these fresh aggressions would indicate to them his ability to maintain his daringly assumed rights.

Strasburg was famous for its arsenal, which had 1,000 pieces of cannon; she always boasted of her freedom, was rich in possessions, and extended in dimensions, and, by reason of its bridge over the Rhine, commanded that river. It had long been a scheme of Louvois to secure this city to France. By means, therefore, of "yellow hussars," many of the principal persons were *convinced*, the bishop, like that episcopal functionary described by our poet Cowper, preferring

"The nearest place to any throne  
Except the throne of grace,"

was a servile creature of Louis. From him he had received gratifications for favours to come at the peace of Nimeguen. He went to work with dishonesty, and succeeded in prevailing upon the Strasburghers to disband their army, on account of the expense. France had pretended to distribute her soldiers among

the neighbouring garrisons, but contrived to hold them in readiness for her iniquitous enterprise. The unprincipled Louvois started from Paris, September 28, 1681; and having caused 15,000 or 16,000 men to assemble, the Strasburghers, with dismay, saw their ramparts surrounded. By the intrigues, menaces and confusion, which the vile bishop had fermented, spite of the prayers, tears and despair of the citizens, the magistrates and burgomasters surrendered on the 30th. All the fine promises of preservation of rights and liberties shared the fate of the assurances of the strong to the weak; and by Vauban's sensible additions to its already great strength, Strasburg became one of the most powerful fortifications of France. Louis observed little less ceremony elsewhere: the Duke of Mantua was bought to give up Casal to a French officer; and, very fast, demands were made, in the Low Countries, upon what Spain had retained at the treaty of Nimeguen. France fermented troubles in Holland, which were abetted by Chudleigh, our envoy at Amsterdam, who became so insolent towards the Prince of Orange that he would never more allow him to come into his presence. So strong was the party which leaned towards France at our court that the influence of the prince could not procure the recall of Chudleigh. While that of France was sufficient to cause a motion to be carried at Amsterdam for setting up the Prince of Friezeland as stadtholder, to which end he was invited thither. This brought on some concessions from William, who now, with the princess Mary, went to Amsterdam.

France made some demands upon Genoa, at once unreasonable and unjust, to which they would not accede. The King of France now ordered that Genoa should be bombarded, trusting in the confusion, that comparatively few men would make themselves masters of the place. The Genoese were indignant, and, looking to Spain for assistance, persisted in their independence. Louis directed a fleet to leave Toulon, consisting of 14 large ships, 20 gallies, 10 bomb vessels and several frigates. Colbert's son, Segnelai, who had attended to nautical matters, was on board this fleet; he was courageous and spirited, and ambitious of figuring both as a general and a minister. Old Dusquene commanded the men of war, and the Duke of Montemar the gallies, but both were under Segnelai. Arrived before Genoa, March 17, 1684, they commenced operations: 14,000 bombs were thrown into the city, which reduced to a heap of ashes some of those splendid marble edifices that had given the name of *proud* to the city: and 4,000 soldiers advanced to the gate of the city, and burnt the suburb of St. Peter d' Arena. The Genoese however recovered themselves, and were so animated with fury that they beat off the French with a courage scarcely to have been expected, all unaided as they were by

any other states. In the negociations, Louis insisted, as the price of sparing the republic, the Genoese should send a deputation to Versailles, humbly to implore the royal clemency.

Finding that England, whose pride it ought to have been to help the helpless, could do nothing, under the pensioned King Charles; and that neither the Dutch nor Spaniards could afford them timely support; the doge and some of the senators went to Versailles. There, though humiliating to ask any thing, Bishop Burnet, who was present, says, "when all the glory of Versailles was set open to the doge, and the flatterers of the court were admiring every thing, he seemed to look at them with a coldness that became a person who was at the head of a free commonwealth. And when he was asked if the things he saw were not very extraordinary, he said, the most extraordinary thing that he saw there was himself!" This Doge Lescars was a man of great wit; and, contrasting the insolence of Louvois, Segnelai, &c., with the bearing of the king, he remarked that the "king, by his manner of receiving us, deprives us of our liberty, but his ministers restore it." The courts of Rome and Versailles continued in a misunderstanding, as the pope adhered to the house of Austria, in repelling the Turk, and engaged the help of the Venetians. His holiness was also dissatisfied with many of the proceedings of France. The Jansenists, however, who were not in good odour at Rome, and who were zealous assertors of the liberties of the Gallican church, were in favour of the pope; and the Jesuits, adhering to the stronger side, were for France. Meanwhile persecution of French protestants went on unremittingly.

Louis demanded the town of Alost and its bailiwick from Spain, which he naively assured them, at the time of the settlement at Nimeguen, had been altogether forgotten; and, as Spain took rather longer than he pleased in refreshing her memory, he caused Luxembourg to be invested. Europe was alarmed at seeing the king thus extending his territories in peace; and the four continental powers entered into fresh treaties to check the ambition of France, but hesitated to strike the first blow. By the genius of Colbert, Toulon was constructed, at an enormous outlay; Brest was formed upon an extensive plan; Dunkirk and Havre-de-Grace were improved and filled with ships; and Rochefort was raised to a high degree of importance. Bomb ships had only lately been introduced. A young man of celebrity in marine affairs, named Bernard Renaud, and whose skill was so great that Colbert several times prevailed on the king to allow him to attend the council, now proposed to bombard Algiers. He knew the art, as yet, but imperfectly; and upon examination was subjected to that kind of raillery that is the portion of inventors—but he had a zealous persuasion which

overcame the reluctance of the council, and he was permitted to make the experiment. Renaud caused five vessels to be constructed smaller than those of the usual size, but stronger, as they were without decks, a false deck being placed in the hold; upon this hollow places were made for the mortars. Duquesne was entrusted with the enterprise, and expected it to turn out a failure; but both he and the Algerines were astonished by the effect—the destruction of a great part of their town. Thus we see how, under the fostering care of Colbert, the marine was advanced within a few years; while under Vauban the art of fortifications had been brought to bear upon more than 100 citadels. During the progress of these improvements, the fine arts also flourished. But, as it is my intention to present my reader with a section at the end of this book, on that subject, I have not thought it well to distract attention by introducing it at the expense of breaking in upon the accounts of these wars. For this reason I have abstained from the private memoirs of the court, which I purpose within a few pages to resume.

I have lately said that the persecution of the protestants in France continued. Louis considered it his policy to keep them down, so as to render them incapable of doing mischief to him. But, to show what sort of *principles* actuated him, he encouraged the German *protestants*, that the governments there might be distracted. He had now afresh incited the Turks to invade the empire, that trembled under an irruption of 200,000 barbarians, who destroyed every thing in their passage, and penetrated to the very gates of Vienna. The King of Poland having married a French wife, as she had been slighted by the court of Versailles, threw her influence into the scale of the empire, and the King of Poland therefore helped the house of Austria. This immediately set afloat French intrigue, to secure the queen at any price; and the consequence was a perpetual altercation between the respective continental interests, for the remainder of this poor king's inglorious reign. The feeble emperor fled to Lintz, thence to Passau, leaving the Duke of Lorraine, with his bands of roving mercenaries, to do as well as he could. Cara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, would soon have taken this capital of the empire. Louis' pride and passion was to be protector of the sovereigns of Europe; and he had calculated, in fermenting this fresh trouble to the house of Austria, that his old enemy, the feeble emperor, would be compelled to implore his aid.

Under an affectation of generosity, he ordered the siege of Luxembourg to be raised, that his forces might be ready "to promote the happiness of Christendom!" In truth, he wished to bargain with the fugitive emperor, as the price of his help, that the dauphin should be made King of the Romans. He therefore permitted Spain, the Poles under John Sobieski, and the

mercenaries under Charles V. duke of Lorraine, to attack the Ottomans, who presently put those barbarians to flight. Leopold returned with no great dignity to his capital, so cowardly abandoned, and just met the folks coming out of church, where a service in the presence of *John Sobieski* had been performed, the preacher taking for the text of his sermon—"There was a man sent from God, whose name was *John!*" The gallant King of the Poles had displayed the usual bravery of that persecuted race, and with but a handful of men, on September 12, 1683, put to flight the immense army of the crescent; not above 600 men falling on the side of *the cross*.

This business over, Louis thought it was unnecessary any longer to observe appearances, and he therefore at once directed D'Humières to enter Flanders, and begin hostilities. The marshal commenced with bombarding the towns of Luxembourg, Courtray, and Dixmude. He seized upon Treves, and destroyed its fortifications, alleging that he was only carrying out the treaty of Nimeguen! The imperialists and Spaniards negotiated with him at Ratisbon, where the violations of the peace of Nimeguen were so far commuted as to be changed into a truce for 20 years. By virtue of this arrangement the King of France kept Luxembourg and its principality. Louis had, by his insolent rapacity, made enemies of the sovereigns of Europe, but not one so clear-headed, so persevering, and so effectual, as the Prince of Orange.

About now great hopes existed at Paris that Charles II., the unworthy King of England, would declare himself, what he had long in private been, a *true* Roman Catholic. Louis XIV. openly said at table that such an event was about to take place; and the Archbishop of Rheims told the English nobility at Paris that their king was unquestionably a papist. The Grand Prior of France was sent over to encourage our monarch, who justly thought the influence of the Dutchess of Portsmouth more likely to establish Charles's faith. In the introduction he had to her from his brother, the Duke of Vendôme, the archbishop had been more free than was pleasing to Charles. It is understood his overtures were not exactly of such a nature as corresponded with his vow of celibacy; and that on an unexpected entrance of the king, his majesty's purity was shocked by that which led him instantly to send the high priest out of England. Notwithstanding, afterwards, the king exhibited more fondness for this concubine than he had ever done before in public.

Charles had a humour in his leg, at first thought to be gout; so that he began to discontinue his walks in the park; instead of which he amused himself in his laboratory with chemical experiments. On the night of February 1, he went to Lady Portsmouth's, and asked for "a porringer of spoon-meat:" he said

it was too strong, and he could not sleep that night. In the morning, Dr. King, a physician, and a good chemist, who had been ordered to attend upon Charles, in the course of his efforts to find out a process to fix mercury, on his arrival, discovered incoherence in the king's speech. Being uneasy about it, he went to tell Lord Peterborough, who requested his immediate return to the royal chamber. The doctor had scarcely arrived, when the king fell down in a fit of apoplexy. Seeing that, if a minute was lost, the patient must die, King ventured to transgress the law, rather than leave Charles to perish, and therefore immediately bled him. As the king recovered from that fit, the privy council commended the physician, and ordered him £1,000. (By the bye, he never got it!) The physicians considered a return of the disease certain, and that it would prove fatal.

The Bishop of London now talked seriously with the royal reprobate; but, Burnet says, the prelate was so cold that no effect was produced. Sancroft expostulated more warmly, exhorting him to repentance, as he was going to be judged by One who was no respecter of persons. The next was Bishop Ken, who addressed him while Lady Portsmouth sat on the king's bed, offering him the attentions of a wife. But the king would answer neither of the three. Within a day, another fit led the physicians to say to the Duke of York that his brother could not live through the day. At the battle of Worcester, one Huddleston, a popish priest, had mainly contributed to Charles's escape; so that he had been excepted from all penal acts against the papists. Seeing the state of the king, he was now brought to a room underneath that in which his majesty lay, and when told what was to be done, he was in great confusion, as he had no "host" with him; so he hastened to another priest who lived close by, to borrow a God. He gave him a pix with a host in it, and the latter became so flurried that he ran out of Whitehall in such haste as to run up against a post, and was taken for a madman. As soon as Huddleston had made his preparations, the duke whispered in the king's ear; upon which Charles ordered all, except the Earls of Bath and Feversham, to leave the room, and the door was double-locked. Every body else was kept out for half an hour; the door only being opened once, when Lord Feversham asked for a glass of water. Cardinal Howard told Burnet at Rome that Huddleston made the king go through certain acts of contrition, and, after such a confession as he could make, gave him absolution and the other sacraments. The host had stuck in the king's throat, and that was the reason of their suddenly wanting a glass of water. Extreme unction was hastily administered.

Charles professed to derive much ease from these ceremonies, and told Huddleston he had saved him twice—first his

body, and now his soul. He then begged to know whether or not the priest required a public declaration of his dying in the church of Rome? Huddleston dissuaded him from this, and undertook to satisfy the world.

The company were now suffered to come in to behold the constancy with which Charles II. went through the agonies of death: it amazed all who knew how he had lived, and was then partly attributed to his deriving some comfort from having made his will. Bishop Ken tried to awaken the sinking king's conscience, and the elevation of his thoughts and expressions caused the bishop to seem like one inspired. But, though all the rest who were present were greatly affected by his ejaculations and prayers, the dying sinner alone seemed indifferent; and, being frequently pressed to take the sacrament, the king always declined, saying he was too weak. Ken then pressed him to say he died in the communion of the church of England; to which Charles made no reply. The bishop then asked him if he desired absolution of his sins? Burnet's appreciation of this "church principle," himself bishop of Salisbury, seems highly edifying, for he says, Charles, seeing it could *do him no hurt*, had it pronounced over him. I am very sure it could do him *no good*—for such a daring assumption of divine authority, and that moreover to one who did not even confess his sins, never had God's blessing yet, and never will. The bishop adds, and I am so far glad there were men honest and scrupulous enough, that by some Ken was blamed, seeing the king expressed no sorrow for his past life.

Ken also was blamed for presenting the Duke of Richmond, Charles's son by Lady Portsmouth, to receive the *patriarchal* blessing! Many who were in the room upon this called out that the king was their common father, and then kneeled down and asked his blessing, which he gave them. He complained of being inwardly burnt up, but certainly in a decent manner. The only word savouring of religion which escaped him was that he hoped he should climb up to heaven's gates! He now seemed to gather up his remaining strength to speak to the Duke of York, and a silence pervaded the room: he expressed his kindness to him, and the joy with which he turned over every thing to him. He recommended Lady Portsmouth over and over again to him, saying how he had loved her, and yet loved her to the last; and besought his brother in the most touching manner to be very kind to her, and her son. He recommended his other children to him; and said, "Let not poor Nelly starve!" But he said nothing of the queen (well observes Burnet), nor one word of his people, nor of his servants, nor of those disagreeable things, debts. He continued in agony till February 6, 1684-5, when he died, in the 54th year of his age, having reigned 25 years.



There were many reports of poison having been administered to him, so that the body was opened, and some blue spots were discovered on the stomach. This it is pretended the surgeons smuggled out of the way, and Le Fevre, a French physician, made an incision on a black place in the king's shoulder, which they found was all mortified. Short, another physician, strongly suspected foul play; he was a papist; this rather tended to strengthen the idea, as the allegation was that it was by that party he had been poisoned. As he had talked too freely of what he observed in the dissection of the body, Burnet says, he was immediately sent for by a popish patient, who persuaded him to take a glass of wine, of which the talkative physician eventually died. But, lingering a short time, he himself told two or three brother physicians that he was poisoned, on account of what he had discovered relative to the late king.

Disgusting recitals are given of pieces of the body of Charles being kept about in the scullery for several days; his funeral was very mean; he did not lie in state; no "mournings" were given; the expenses were less than for an ordinary nobleman. The bishop, though it was understood Charles was poisoned by the papists, acquits James II. of knowing anything about it. He says that Mr. Henley, a Hampshire gentleman, told him that when the Dutchess of Portsmouth came over to England, five years afterwards, he asked her honestly her opinion. She answered, that she was always pressing the king to make both himself and people easy by a full agreement with the parliament, and he had come to a final resolution to send away his brother and call a parliament, that was to have been executed the day after he fell into that fit of which he died. The duchess was sworn to secrecy, and never mentioned it until she confessed; and she thought her confessor used the information, with his party, to prevent sending the duke away.

Thus died King Charles II., one of the most remarkable instances of the change of fortune on record. For the first 12 years of his life, bred up with the splendours of royalty; after which he passed 18 years of misery, in the loss of his father and his crown, with all the attendant distresses of want and dependance. After the battle of Worcester, he wandered about England from place to place; and, getting at length safely off, with enough to crush a tender spirit, at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay any thing to heart. During his exile, he so gave himself up to follow his pleasures that, if Cromwell would have granted him a handsome pension, he would have made over to him all pretensions to the crown. He spent little of his time in reading or thinking. Under the mask of gentleness, a more heartless being never lived; and at length he became addicted to cruelty, never forgiving any offence against

himself. He abandoned himself to the most enormous vices; and, although so notoriously faithless and profligate, was of that clever tact which could impose on every body by the fairness of his promises. He was so essentially wicked that it was his gratification to draw the young men of the noble families into vice, that he might have plenty of partners in his sins. He was, however, as a companion, tedious in the repetition of his stories, as he dwelt much on his numerous changes of fortune. It is true, very gracefully, but so frequently that the Earl of Rochester told him he wondered to see a man who had so good a memory, as to omit none of the minutiae of his oft-told tales, forget that he had told them to the same people the day before. Hence, he was fond of strangers and good listeners.

His determinate love of France, and the delight he felt at seeing the progress of her marine, even leading to correspondence with Louis, and sending him naval instructions, showed little love to England. And his resolute depression of Holland evinced that he either little understood, or less cared for, England's weal. But the general and reasonable construction put upon his ever ready courting of Louis is that, hating anything which savoured of liberty, he wished to be upon such terms with the French court as would ensure their help at any time to put down his refractory subjects. Indeed he once told Lord Clifford that, if he must be in a state of dependence, he would greatly prefer being so to a generous and powerful prince than to 500 of his own insolent subjects. The worst trait of this monarch was his hypocritical pretence to belong to the church of England, while reconciled to Rome: and what are we to think of Rome, that could accept and justify such dissimulation? It is fair to say that some of these statements have been called in question; such as the Duchess of Portsmouth's sitting on the dying king's bed, his having been poisoned, &c. But the general fairness of Burnet, and his possessing the best of opportunities, are acknowledged by nearly all men of reading. Dalrymple, to *relieve* the king's memory, denies it was his *concubine* sat on the bed, and says it was the queen. Most people would say this makes matters worse, as it only heaps upon Charles's head a heavier load of hypocrisy. The Earl of Aylesford, too, abusively controverted Burnet's statements; and James II., in his memoirs, says that "his dying brother sent for and spoke kindly to the queen." Yes, after having outraged all decency, in insult and ill-treatment, throughout a long and shameless course of profligacy, it is mighty fine to talk as if a few sugared words could atone for years of infidelity! However, Burnet is corroborated by Mr. Henley, who was a gentleman of high honour, and the father of the lord-keeper; and the Earl of Hardwicke related that he had heard the Duke of Richmond, the son of the Dutchess of Ports-

mouth, tell these matters just as we find them in Burnet. Another contemporary, Dr. Wellwood, gives an account closely corresponding with the foregoing particulars. In short, the whole bent of history agrees in representing this bad man as a selfish and witty profligate, totally devoid of any fixed generous principle; and that no character was ever, in few words, better described than that of Charles by Rochester, that "he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one." Voltaire says, Charles declared himself to be a papist, out of complaisance to his brother and his mistresses—but that it was immaterial to him, as he was a deist. Evelyn, in his Diary for Feb. 6, says, "The king died. I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of. The king sitting and toying with his concubines Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine. And a French boy singing love songs; whilst above twenty of the great courtiers, and other dissolute persons, were at Basset round a large table, with a bank of at least 2,000 in gold before them." This occurred that day week before this profligate hoped in his dying moments he should yet "climb up to heaven's gate!"

Four earls, Rochester, Roscommon, Halifax and Dorset, were poets; in contrast with such writers of the day, Wordsworth said:—

Great men have been among us; hands that penned,  
 And tongues that uttered, wisdom; better none:  
 The latter Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,  
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.  
 These moralists could act and comprehend;  
 They knew how genuine glory was put on;  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
 In splendour; what strength was, that would not bend  
 But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
 No single volume paramount, no code,  
 No master spirit, no determined road;  
 But equally a want of books and men!

The Prince of Orange appeared determined to humble the proud King of France: indeed, who can wonder at this determination when the treatment he had received from Louis is remembered! He succeeded in forming an alliance with the emperor, the Duke of Lorraine, the King of Spain, and the Duke of Savoy. The pope encouraged this league, though he did not openly join it, as did Venice, and all the Italian states. Louis was thus surrounded with enemies, having a friend and ally only in James II. In Poland and England alone did the liberty of the people go on with monarchy. Many sovereigns had, by different methods,

changed the religion of their countries. Louis XIV. encouraged James II. to aim at absolute power, which the body of Jesuits urged him to attain by re-establishing their religion in England.

On his accession, the usual courtly scenes were gone through : the king pouring forth his praises on " the church of England, as a friend to monarchy, which he would defend and maintain as it was established by law." In all the pulpits of England " the drum ecclesiastic" was now beat. One universal shout consoled the timid—" We have the word of a king." The people again forgetting that higher axiom—" Put not your trust in princes." All fears were given to the wind, and, in gratitude, the great mother, the university of Oxford, promised to obey the king " without limitations or restrictions." Within the first week of James's reign two flagrant and illegal proceedings were perpetrated by him ; but as the clergy, all over England, had been up to address the new king, " none durst complain." The second Sunday after he came to the throne, to the surprise of the whole court, he went openly to mass ! The people were deceived by an appearance of spirit in his intercourse with the court of France, as he seemed not to be governed by French counsels, but to keep a perfect equality with the *grand monarque*. He directed our envoys at Paris to observe the utmost punctilio ; to let him know exactly how they were treated, that a precisely similar line of conduct should be adopted at the court of St. James's towards French envoys, &c. It was adduced as a high mark of independence. Louis knew his man, turned up his nose, and told the Duke of Villeroy that, after all the fine things said about James, he was just as willing to take his money as his brother had been. His flatterers at home bounced about James being a martial prince, who loved glory, and would soon humble France, &c. The king pretended an earnest desire to live in harmony with the Prince of Orange, his son-in-law. James's coronation was fixed for St. George's day. At first he would not consent to receive the sacrament after the protestant form, but it is said, on consulting his priests, they allowed him to do so, and to take the oath, provided he took it *fully meaning to break it*, or had some reservation in his mind ! The crown was too large for him, so that it fell down over his eyes ; the canopy carried over him broke ; two or three minor events happened ; and the son he had by Mrs. Sedley died on that day. These were considered ill omens.

The year 1685 must ever be reckoned as a period of eminent peril to the interests of protestantism. In February the King of England had declared himself a papist ; in June, the protestant elector-palatine dying without issue, the dignity passed to the house of Newburgh, a most bigotted papist family. In October, the King of France re-called the edict of Nantes (which will presently be more diffusely entered upon). And in

December, under the terror of Louis' threats, the Duke of Savoy re-called the edict his father had granted the Vaudois. Old Rouvigny, after the peace of Nimeguen, became alarmed at the precipitancy he discovered relative to religious matters; and waited upon Louis to beg a "full" audience of him. It was granted, and it lasted several hours.

He was "deputy-general of the churches," and it may therefore be supposed had the best means of informing the king on all points connected with the French protestants. Pointing out how happy France had been during his father's reign, which religious quiet had now lasted so many years, he showed Louis their numbers, their industry and wealth; their readiness on all occasions to advance the revenue. That, in fact, all the peace Louis had with Rome might be traced to them; because, if they were rooted out, the pope would acquire as much influence in France as he possessed in Spain or Portugal. He begged to undeceive him if he thought they would bow to his authority in matters of conscience—no, they would leave the kingdom, and carry their wealth with them; blood would be shed profusely—civil troubles engendered; and that which might go down to remote history as the most glorious of reigns would be disfigured and defaced, and be represented as a scene of blood and horror. Louis listened attentively, but asked for no explanations; and rather coldly said he took Rouvigny's freedom well, since it flowed from a desire to serve him. But frankly told him that he considered it indispensably necessary to convert all his subjects, and extirpate heresy; and that, if the accomplishment of this desirable object called for cutting off one of his own hands, he would submit to it. The audience ending thus, Rouvigny let it be generally understood among his friends, that they might know what they had to expect.

I remember well when the late eccentric Sir Joseph Yorke told the house of commons, who had ventured to pass some bill obnoxious to him, that, thank G—, there was a greater power in England than that of king, lords, and commons—viz. *fashion*. That said power is now in the ascendant, to repudiate the *crimes of protestantism*—the very designation is an offence in the nostrils of many of the church of England. We old-fashioned folks—so credulous have we been—always thought the church was meant as a barrier against popery—little dreaming that the old reformers retained all they could of the ceremonials of the overthrown faith, calculating on better days, when, furbished up, these weapons could again be produced with greater hopes of *success*! I say, at the risk of the unpopularity of the remark, that the attention of my reader is now called to events with which no protestant can be too well acquainted. In entering into the history of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, a fearful sample of the evils of intolerance will be disclosed.

Whether we be of the number of those who hold it as a duty incumbent on states to maintain and watch over one favoured form of religion; or associate our ideas with others, who consider it Uzzah-like to attempt by human means to prop up the ark of God; all devout minds ought to agree that attempts to set up and defend even the best of institutions by harsh and unnecessary expedients are ill calculated to attain the desired end. The history of the church in all ages has abundantly shown the wisdom with which Jesus declared his kingdom was not of this world, so that his servants may not fight. And never was there a more striking exemplification of the folly of persecution than in those exciting events by which Louis XIV. vainly endeavoured to bring about uniformity of religious faith and practice.

How stinging is the reproach of an open derider of the faith of Christ, that it is a melancholy consideration the christian church has always been torn by dissensions, and that so much blood should be shed by hands destined to carry the symbols of the god of peace! Voltaire goes on to contrast this furious zeal with that of paganism, which, with all its darkness, occasioned but little blood to be spilled—but that of animals; and, with all its sacrifices, never produced civil wars. If hatred to real religion here leads on the philosopher to a colouring that may be considered as overwrought; while we look back at Druidical doings, or glance at the present sacrifices to Juggernaut, and all the intermediate dreadful delusions, which, if self-inflicted, must still be charged to the account of heathenism—there is yet enough of truth to cover us with shame. And the cruelties promoted in all ages, and under all circumstances, where popery has had the power, one would think ought to leave little common ground between the papist and the Anglican clergy. But the latter are bending every effort—knowingly or ignorantly—towards fraternization with Rome: and between them and those sounder minds and truer believers who deplore the diminished lustre of the reformed church, and who would build up her walls, and restore her waste places, there can be but little communion.

From the time of the accession of Henry IV. to the throne of France, the protestants had achieved the form of a body politic. That good king had been brought up a Calvinist, and, rightly understanding his principles, could only be disposed for civil and religious liberty to all. Therefore, while cherishing the Huguenots, then so numerous it is said, as to form nearly a twelfth part of the nation, he restrained the perpetual tendency of popery to persecution, and endowed the minority of his people with considerable privileges. Many powerful lords were protestants, as were entire cities and fortified places, among which latter Rochelle may be mentioned, important for its commerce and alliance with England. By Henry III., fourteen places of

strength had been granted them in Dauphiné; Montauban and Nismes in Languedoc; Saumur, and others. In the year 1598, Henry IV. granted the edict of Nantes, that may be called the voluntary recognition by that monarch of the many accumulated privileges which the hunted religionists had nobly wrung, in different periods, from the furious oppressors of other days. The chief features of this important grant were that every lord of a fief (one who held under the crown, and whose power extended to capital punishments,) was free to exercise his own religion within his own castle. And every other lord, without capital jurisdiction, might have a little domestic church assembled, of not more than thirty persons. Calvinists might print books without a license; they were declared capable of dignities (Henry created De la Tremouelle and De Roni dukes and peers of France) and offices in the state. They had a separate chamber in the parliament of Paris, consisting of a president and 16 counsellors, to take cognizance of all causes concerning Huguenots: it was called the chamber of the edict, and was entitled to respect for its impartiality, though very few protestants were among them. At Castres they were allowed a little parliament. They had courts of justice at Grenoble and Bordeaux; their churches were permitted to assemble in synods, like the Gallican church; and they were favoured with several other advantages.

After the deplorable death of Henry IV., under the troubles of a divided court, the Huguenots were not always guided by the most judicious counsels, and some of the lords of that party were undoubtedly ambitious and turbulent. Truth obliges the confession that, themselves protected against insults of every kind, they sometimes joined factious tumults, opposing the court, even underhandedly soliciting alliance and friendship with England and Holland. Thus entertaining schemes scarcely consistent with proper respect for the authority of their monarch. To this undesirable state of things much of the evils of those civil broils and party contests which subsisted in the reign of Louis XIII. may be attributed. Hence Richelieu had always held that there could be no peace for France until the protestants were materially lowered; in fact, unless their privileges were crushed. This haughty minister, therefore, after many struggles, in 1628, contrived to annex Rochelle to the crown of France. Being the protestant stronghold, from this fatal event the reformed party in France, left defenceless and naked, dates its decline. Had the monarch been satisfied with depriving the protestants of their strongholds, and continued to protect them in the exercise of their liberty of conscience, they might have sat down with comparative quiet under the infliction. But, says Mosheim, the court of France, and the despotic views of its minister, were not

satisfied with this success; and, having destroyed what had been devised as security for the maintenance of religious privileges, because it was thought, or found, detrimental to the supreme authority of the state, they went farther, and, disregarding all royal engagements, perfidiously invaded all the protestant privileges which were purely of a spiritual and religious nature. By exhortations, alluring promises, and artful interpretations of those doctrines of popery most obnoxious to the protestants, they were insidiously endeavoured to be brought over to Rome; and, when all these efforts proved abortive, barbarous laws were put into execution. The bishops were foremost in the work of bigotry and blood, which now forced many of the protestants to yield their faith to armed legions; while others fled from the storm, deserting, in dismay, their families, their friends, and their country. But, I am happy to say, by far the greater number persevered in that religion which their godly ancestors had delivered from the manifold superstitions of the church as by law established.

The edict of Nantes remained, indeed, supported in some respects by another granted by Louis XIII., after he had taken Rochelle from the protestants. This however Richelieu caused to be entitled "the edict of *grace*," in opposition to others that had savoured more of being treaties than grants. In the last the king speaks in the style of one who *pardons*, and while forbidding the new religion at Rochelle, the isle of Rhé, Oléron, Privas, and Pamiers, he confirms the edict of Nantes, that the reformed had always looked to as their charter. Richelieu's failing to sweep away this charter of protestant liberty, when he had the power, is attributed, by Voltaire, not to indifference, but to a higher motive, as he aimed at the glory of subduing *winds*, which he thought would result from the superiority of his understanding, of his power, and of his politics. He meant first to gain the ministers of religion to see that the Roman Catholic religion was not criminal in the sight of God, and then to try a little mutual concession—to seduce them by presents and pensions, to unite them, at least in outward appearance, to the *one* church, leaving it to time to effect the rest. On finding the absurdity of his day-dreams, perhaps stung thereto the more from the vexation of disappointment, he resolved to crush where he could not allure; and was only prevented from attempting to carry his design into execution by the interposition of more imperative concerns. And death overtaking the great schemer amidst storms and perils, the poor protestants had rest round about. The controversies assumed another and more desirable form—ponderous tomes were published. By the "moral suasion" on one side it was hoped that the scales might fall from papistical eyes, and the



Catholics were in their turn sanguine enough to aim at converting the Huguenots.

Of the former devastations and cruelties, all the remnant was disputes about building meeting-houses, schools, jurisdictions, burials, bells, and much such matters as, in many places in England, now relieve the "independent" or "the "baptist" minister of the tedium of life by enabling him to keep up a constant baiting of the clergyman of the parish. As now, so then, it is recorded by the historians, "the reformed seldom gained their suit." Since the death of the father of Turenne, that Duke of Bouillon who was sovereign of Sedan, they had had no leader—they kept quiet during all the troubles of the Fronde and the civil wars. Mazarin, as I have elsewhere said, admitted the Calvinists into places of trust; and the great Colbert, the father and founder of commercial prosperity to France, employed a considerable number of Huguenots in arts, manufactures, and the navy. By such wisdom, the prevalent rage for controversy abated, and the gradual development of the resources of France, under the vigorous reign of Louis XIV., chased away the fiery zeal of religious partizanship. It is to be feared this was also diminished by the indifference that too often succeeds the air of ridicule wits throw over a profession of religion. The Psalms were displaced by songs; the former, under Francis, had been used by the court, and now were, like the cast-off dresses of the courtiers, turned over to the populace. The Jansenists attacked both the Jesuits and the Huguenots; and then the Jesuits, no way backward, flew upon the Jansenists and the Calvinists—which latter were ever ready for both sects of papists. The "philosophers," as they called themselves, but who in reality could not be called lovers of wisdom, as they rejected its only revelation; with the Alsatian Lutherans, who fiercely attacked the other divisions of controversy; created together a considerable paper war. This, if it for some time afforded amusement to the idle, met with the usual fate of controversy—by no very slow degrees, sinking into a state of indifference.

Louis had been exasperated by the ceaseless attempts of his clergy; the perpetual insinuations of the Jesuits and the court of Rome; and by, not the least influential, the Chancellor le Tellier and his son Louvois. Their hatred to the reformed is partly attributed to the fact of Colbert's protecting them because they were good citizens. The king was utterly ignorant of their doctrines; but, with our royal pedant James I., who, on being twitted with his lapse from Calvinism, which in reality too much promoted liberty, said he had found out that toryism was the only religion for a king. So Louis was a stranger to their views and wishes, and looked upon them as setters-forth of some strange doctrine, and therefore endeavoured to put them down

indirectly. Thus, first, the privilege of meeting together was denied them, then they were prevented intermarrying with the daughters of Catholics. Upon this the witty Voltaire expresses some surprise, as it argued an ignorance of the power of that sex, which the court in other respects knew perfectly. The bishops and intendants, by plausible contrivances, endeavoured to get the children of the Huguenots into their hands. Orders were now given to Colbert to turn out all dissenters from employment in the revenue departments; they were excluded from the corporations; they were shunned as far as practicable; and edicts (something reminding one of the mark set upon Cain) were issued, forbidding violence against them—thus easing oppression by the forms of justice! Money was found a very powerful weapon: it converted Pelisson, who had been a long adherent of the Huguenots; and by a singular coincidence his conversion was just in the nick of time to open a path to great preferment. The king entrusted him with immense sums, which may be called “conversion money” in the items of state expenditure.

Aided by Cardinal Camus, by means of a judicious distribution of small sums, it is astonishing how many saw their errors! Regular quarterly accounts of the power of this *suasion* attested the activity of the master of requests, whose ermine had now fallen upon the shoulders of the modern Jovius. Another edict permitted children at seven years of age to abjure the errors of dissent; numbers were seized and frightened into any avowal; or coaxed, by cakes and gingerbread, to choose between those knotty points which had puzzled the wisest heads ever covered by wigs or cowls; finally troops were quartered on refractory parents. In consequence of the violence and cruelty of those vile characters, Le Tellier and his son Louvois, four years before, a great many families from Poitou, Saintonge, and the neighbouring provinces, abandoning their homes, quitted the kingdom. The fugitives were kindly and wisely received by the English people, the Danish and Dutch governments—and Amsterdam alone undertook to build 1,000 houses for the persecuted Huguenots. But the cruel French government, beginning to apprehend danger from the banishment of mechanical talent, denounced the punishment of the galleys against such as should they attempt to leave the kingdom. A great number of Calvinist families sold their estates, and immediately a proclamation appeared ordering them all to be confiscated, should the sellers attempt to leave within a year. The ministers were turned out of their pulpits upon the most frivolous pretences, and the rents and endowments left by the piety of their forefathers were seized, and, by the government, applied to the hospitals of the kingdom. (Well, vile as this robbery was, it

was better than plundering the monasteries here at the Reformation, and dividing the spoils among the needy and greedy courtiers!) Schoolmasters were not permitted any longer to take boarders; dissenting ministers were loaded with fresh taxes; protestants, all over the kingdom, who held public offices, were dismissed; nor were any to be longer allowed to act as notaries, attornies, or counsellors. Every protestant minister was to be punished if he made a proselyte.

Pelisson kept sending immense sums into the country to purchase fresh converts. Louvois, finding that many were faithful to their principles, and would yet dare to meet together to worship the God of their fathers, let loose the soldiers upon them, and the two or three hundred who here and there met were soon put to flight. The grandson of the man, Chamier, whose hand had drawn up the edict of Nantes, was caught, and, for no offence but being descended from a worthy progenitor, was broken on the wheel! In Languedoc a minister named Chomel was served so; three were sentenced to suffer the same punishment with him, and ten to be hanged, but they escaped by flight. Louvois now hit upon an improvement—it was to let the soldiers loose to live upon the protestants at discretion. They were “to avoid rape and the killing them,” by the instructions of the merciful government. This frightened a vast number into conformity, which so gratified the court that they pushed on this new plan in Guienne, Languedoc, and Dauphiné, where the protestants mostly were. The letting loose of the dragoons obtained the name of the *dragonade*. Consternation pervaded the Huguenots; they were worn down by one attack after another, by dragoons, bishops, and clergy, who, as the phrase went, called upon all protestants to abandon heresy, being required in the king’s name to be of his religion. Those who would not yield, were not only stripped of all they had, but were not allowed to sleep, and were driven about from place to place; the women were taken into nunneries, where they were almost starved, and whipped, and very barbarously treated. Unhappily, many of the protestants signed recantations, renouncing the *errors* of Luther and Calvin. Burnet was an eye-witness of these awful scenes; but, lest his accounts should be considered partial, I have not inserted any statement which is not verified by other writers, particularly by Voltaire, who hated the protestants, and exhibits less sympathy with their sufferings than might have been expected from a lover of liberty. By Mosheim and other writers, too, I have been aided on this dreadful page of history. Burnet went over the greatest part of France, from Marseilles to Montpellier, thence to Lyons, and Geneva.

He describes the dejection and dismay that characterised the protestants, by which you might even know them in the streets:

such as tried to escape were seized—if men, they were condemned to the galleys, if women, to monasteries. If any died who would not take the sacrament, after the popish fashion, in their last moments, their bodies were left in desolate places to be eaten by wolves—tremendous penalties preventing their being buried! And as crime and cruelty seem always to increase by using, so, in this melancholy time, those public officers, who, in their early lives, had been mild and gentle, now became ferocious, laid aside the compassion of the christian, the breeding of the gentleman, and the common impressions of humanity. The popish clergy used the pulpit only to hound on the persecutor to his prey, and to exhibit their grovelling adulation of their king in strains of indecency and blasphemy, which shall not sully these pages. The frontiers were guarded with all possible care to prevent flight; even Voltaire describes it as a kind of chace carried on within a large inclosure. While all this misery was in progress, the meetings of the reformed being dispersed—abjurations demanded—children torn from their parents, and the long catalogue of ills and shocking cruelties perpetrated which I have briefly touched upon, Louis, trampling on the most solemn obligations, and regardless of all laws, human and divine, *revoked formally the noted edict of Nantes*. When old Le Tellier, the chancellor, put his official signature to the document, he cried out with an air of joy, *Nunc dimittis, &c.*; or, in English, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!” As this cruel and horrid exhibition of bigotry excites so justly our indignation; and as we naturally and justifiably transfer the feeling to that religion which could abet such deeds; it is fair to state that there were some Roman Catholics whose natural sentiments of generosity and justice were not so far effaced as to extenuate these barbarities.

Among these, Daguesseau, father of the celebrated chancellor of that name, has the honour to be ranked. Colbert appointed him intendant of the Limousin, and subsequently advanced him to the intendancies of Bordeaux and Languedoc. In the latter of which governments he had suggested to the great minister the grand idea of uniting the ocean and the Mediterranean by means of that mighty work, the canal of Languedoc. In this melancholy persecution, he was distinguished by mildness, and only *one* person perished under his jurisdiction. Disgusted by these *dragonades*, and by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, he resigned his intendency, and removed to Paris, where he continued to enjoy the royal favour, and to be employed in offices of trust, and where he formed his celebrated son's youth, and watched over his manhood.

In a letter from the ex-queen Christina, written on occasion

of these enormities, is this passage: "I look upon France as a patient who undergoes the amputation of legs and arms as treatment for a disease which mildness and patience would entirely have cured." All the movements of this French monarch seem to have been merely directed to his own aggrandisement; for just then he had a quarrel with the pope, whom he was determined to humiliate on the one hand, while he was crushing Calvinism on the other. To say that the consequences of his persecution were prejudicial to the welfare of France would be unnecessary to such as read the Scriptures and believe in the converse of the proposition that righteousness exalteth a nation.

If the aged father of Louvois rejoiced in the hope that vital religion was now put down, the son no less deceived himself in believing that any cordon he could draw around France would prevent the escape of those determined to fly. For despite of the guards, nearly 50,000 families left the land of their birth, seeking in various parts of Europe that religious liberty and humane treatment which their mother-country had so cruelly refused them. Those who could not escape were exposed to the brutality of the soldiers; and what that has been in all ages the reader need not be told; with the addition of every other conceivable persecution, to exhaust their patience or subdue their courage. Under a feigned profession of popery, which their consciences revolted at, about 400,000 compulsory converts, who went to mass and took the sacrament, (who can wonder at the existence and spread of deism and infidelity?) exhibited to the world the folly and sin of attempting to bind conscience, or compel credence. In such a manner did many revolt that, after receiving the host, they spit it out, for which numbers were burnt alive; and others who would not receive the sacrament were drawn upon hurdles to execution. Their constancy was treated with insult, as well as cruelty; and letters extant, written this year by Louvois, contain this and similar passages: "It is his majesty's pleasure that such as refuse to conform to his religion be proceeded against with the utmost rigour, and that not the least indulgence be shown to those who affect the foolish glory of being the last to comply." This is just the old story—from the days of Nebuchadnezzar downwards—men are *only* persecuted because they refuse to conform to the king's religion!

The Calvinists still occasionally assembled to sing their hymns of praise, without cornet, sackbut, or dulcimer, though the penalty of death was annexed to that divine employ. Ministers who returned were either hanged or broken on the wheel, and a reward of 5,500 livres was offered to all who would inform against them. Voltaire indulges in certain sneering remarks against "schools of prophets," in the mountains of Cevennes and Vivares, where one De Serres kept a seminary. From

what may be gathered, I make no doubt, Serres was one who served God with all his house; because he taught the children committed to his care that "where two or three are gathered together in my name, my spirit shall be in the midst of them." These the philosopher of Ferney perhaps imagined were the mere words of Serres himself; for, with all his knowledge, this derider of truth was ignorant of Scripture, and, hating real religion, seems ever ready to laugh at all scriptural expressions. And here who can forget those beautiful lines Cowper applied to Voltaire, with whom he contrasts the poor old bobbin-weaver—who, he says—

"Just knows, and knows no more, her bible true:  
A truth that brilliant Frenchman never knew!"

The judicious reader must judge for himself, as to the propriety of the philosopher's representations of the "enthusiasm" of these "prophets;" whom he mocks because they were unable to remove mountains, and irreverently classes with those on divine record, saying these went according to "ancient usage and the rules of prophetic madness from age to age." I doubt not these Calvinists were self-denying christians, who saw in the fragrances of the impudent papists all that christianity teaches us to repudiate; and that they were as much opposed to the daring presumption which substantially treats their ceremonials as a covering for all sin, as they were determined enemies to the enormities of the baptists of old. However, it appears the ministers occasionally came back to strengthen the hands of their brethren in the Cevennes, and among them Claude Brousson, a man of eloquence and zeal. He was known among his countrymen as a powerful advocate for the truth, and was equally appreciated by foreigners among whom he sojourned. He seems now to have returned to reside among the faithful, and at his own residence set up a meeting of the leading Calvinists, after their churches had been demolished by the persecution of the day. He had fled to Geneva, and visited Lausanne and other countries, imploring the assistance and compassion of strangers for his suffering brethren. Shortly after his return, in consequence of his courageous defence of the protestants, and circulation of tracts in their favour, translating the New Testament, and preaching contrary to the edicts, he was seized, and, of course, found "guilty," and broken on the wheel!—his cruel enemies having trumped up a charge of treason against him.

So well did the Dutch understand the matter that the States honoured themselves by allowing a handsome annuity to his widow for life. Voltaire says, the cry of the persecuted was, "Liberty of conscience, and no taxes," and that, as this seduces the people every where, it justified the attempted extirpation of

these dissenters. By the bye, it was a very good cry, and would be a great blessing for any well governed people to obtain. He then goes into some fresh instances of justifiable persecution against "these wretches—who were treated as they deserved, having been burnt alive, or broken upon the wheel!"

The poor refugees, who had been driven from France, took their arts, manufactures, and wealth, among other nations. Almost all the north of Germany, a country hitherto rude and idle, received a new face from the multitudes of refugees transplanted thither, who peopled entire cities. Stuffs, lace, hats, stockings, formerly made in France, were now manufactured in these countries. Spitalfields, at London, was peopled entirely by French silk weavers, whose descendants to this day carry on that trade; and the art of making crystal in perfection was lost in France, and went with the silk manufacture to London. Above 500,000 of the most intelligent, and every way respectable, inhabitants, a prodigious quantity of specie, and, above all, those arts with which the enemies of France enriched themselves, were thus lost to that country. Holland gained excellent officers and soldiers; for the Prince of Orange had entire regiments of refugees. Some settled at the Cape of Good Hope, and others colonized in distant parts of the globe.

"Thus," says the Duke of St. Simon, who lived amidst these horrors, and who reprobates this fatal revocation with the warmth of an enlightened statesman, and the indignation of a lover of truth and a man of humanity; "in this way, without the slightest pretext, the slightest necessity, was one-fourth of the whole kingdom to be depopulated; its trade to be ruined; the whole country to be abandoned to the public and avowed pillage of dragoons; the innocent of both sexes were to be devoted to the torture, and that by thousands; families were to be stripped of their possessions; relations armed against each other; our manufactures to be transferred to strangers; and the world was to see crowds of their fellow creatures proscribed, naked, fugitive, guilty of no crimes, and yet seeking an asylum in foreign lands; not in their own country, which was in the mean time subjecting to the galleys and to the lash the noble, the affluent, and the aged, the delicate and the weak, and in many cases, those who were distinguished for their piety, their knowledge, and their virtue; and all this on no other account than that of religion! And still further to enhance the horrors of such proceedings, in this manner was every province to be filled with sacrilegious or perjured men; those who were forced, or those who pretended willingly to conform, and who sacrificed their consciences to their worldly welfare and repose; nay, such in the result were the abominations thus produced, by obsequiousness and by cruelty, that the same space

of 24 hours was sufficient, not unfrequently, to conduct men from tortures to abjuration, from abjuration to the holy communion; and an unhappy sufferer found a conductor and a witness, on these occasions, often in the person of the common hangman!" The impolicy of this direful deed is now generally felt and allowed among the European nations. Mosheim remarks that "this crying act of perfidy and injustice in a prince who, on other occasions, gave evident proofs of his equity, is sufficient to show, in their true and genuine colours, the spirit of the Romish church and of the Romish pontiffs, and the manner in which they stand affected to those whom they consider *heretics*."

The professor of modern history at Cambridge, Mr. W. Smyth, in his admirable Lectures, has many remarks distinguished by manly eloquence; and it is truly refreshing to witness the noble stand made against persecution for conscience sake in his various addresses to the future occupants of our parochial pulpits; delightful to the readers of his first-rate book, and honourable to speaker and hearer at the university. Would that I could transcribe many of them, clothed in language nervous, perspicuous, and surpassingly beautiful! I will venture upon the last clause on this dismal subject:—

"For some time the influence of this measure was favourable to the world, though perhaps not so much in this [alluding to the impolicy of driving away so much mechanical talent] as in another respect. It inspired every state in Europe with a hatred of Louis, which materially assisted William III., not only in his efforts to establish the freedom of England, but at all times in his laudable ambition to resist the unlawful ambition of Louis. But this revolution, in its more natural and immediate effect, that of conveying an awful warning against intolerance, probably neither had at the time, nor ever will have, all the influence which it ought to have on the reflections of mankind. Indeed the effect produced for a long time was rather of an opposite nature. The two sects were but the more inflamed against each other: the protestants naturally supposed that the bigotry of their Roman Catholic opponents had no limits, and that they were justified in defending themselves, and in establishing by any possible means their own predominancy. This could not be done without legal provisions and enactments of a very horrible nature in the first instance, and which were to remain on statute books long after the reasons which gave occasion to them had ceased to exist. Consequences like these could not be favourable to the general principles of toleration; these principles were in many instances grossly violated; and mankind have been subsequently benefitted by the example of the edict of Nantz, only in the way I have al-



readily described, in showing the *impolicy* of intolerance rather than the *injustice* of it. The impolicy at least was visible; for to England and other countries were driven in exile many of the most valuable and respectable artisans and families of France."

In allusion to these horrid cruelties, a celebrated French writer of the day, says: "All tender christians' hearts cry out aloud against these executions. All pronounce us a nation as barbarous as we are frivolous—that know how to torture and cut capers, that go from a massacre of St. Bartholomew to a comic opera, and we are become the horror and contempt of Europe." After indulging in a large effusion of venom, and doubtless exaggeration, which in my opinion does more than any other matter throughout his celebrated "Age of Louis XIV." to lower our respect for him as a historian, Voltaire winds up his chapter on this melancholy leaf of history, with which I also quit the subject, thus:—

" Marshal Villars, being recalled from Languedoc, was replaced by Marshal Berwick. The ill success of the king's arms had emboldened the fanatics of Languedoc, who expected succours from heaven, and received them from the allies. Money was remitted to them by the way of Geneva; they had a promise of officers from Holland and England; and held intelligence in all the towns in the province. We may rank in the number of their greatest conspiracies that which they formed to seize the Duke of Berwick, and the intendant Baviile, in Nîmes; to cause Languedoc and Dauphiné to revolt, and to introduce the enemy into these provinces. The secret was kept by upwards of 1,000 conspirators: the indiscretion of a single person brought all to light. More than 200 died by the hands of the executioner: Marshal Berwick spared none of these unhappy wretches that came in his way. Some died with their arms in their hands, others upon wheels or amidst flames. A few, more given to prophecy than fighting, found means to escape into Holland: the French refugees there received them as messengers from heaven; they came forth to meet them chaunting psalms, and strewing the way with boughs of trees. These prophets went afterwards to England, but, finding that the episcopal church there had too much affinity with that of Rome, they strove to make their own bear sway. Their confidence was so strong that, not doubting but with a great deal of faith great miracles might be wrought, they offered to raise a person from the dead, even any one chosen at pleasure. The people are everywhere the same, and the Presbyterians might have joined the fanatics in opposition to the church of England. The English ministry took the course which should always be taken with workers of miracles: they were allowed to take up a dead body in the church

yard of the cathedral: the place was surrounded with guards, every thing passed judicially and in form, and the scene ended in sentencing the prophets to stand in the pillory. Meanwhile, in France, time, the prudence of the government, and the progress of reason, have by degrees rendered the Calvinists quiet, their number is diminished, and the rage of their enthusiasm abated."

In the Roman Catholic religion, softened down as is the mode of speaking of it now-a-days, there remain all the principles which will ever break out into persecution, where the priesthood has the power; witness the movements in France, in all ages. Under the protecting care of that good King Henry IV., through the instrumentality of the edict of Nantes, religion flourished for 87 years. This edict being repealed by Louis the wicked, in 1685, the sanguinary counter-edict of Fontainebleau wrought frightful misery till the great revolution; for the declaration of Louis XV., in 1724, rather increased than diminished the cruelty of the former laws. This declaration consisted of 18 articles, the gist of which was to forbid any other religion but popery in the kingdom of France, under the penalties of confiscation of goods; men to be sent to the galleys for life, and women to be "shorn and shut up for ever;" with terrible punishments against all who would not turn informers. In short, I merely here introduce these remarks, to let my reader see the sad effect of the repeal of the edict of Nantes, which kept up the running fire of persecution for a century after the chief criminals were removed to the everlasting custody of the fourth angel (see Rev. xvi. 5-11).

What rightly constituted mind can feel otherwise than transported with indignation, at the remembrance of the atrocities committed in the blessed name of religion! or fail to see what a daring piece of insolence it is for one man to attempt to coerce the conscience of another! And if there be too great an affinity in many points, between the church of England and (as we had it the other day expressed in the *Times* newspaper) "the sister church of Rome," how delightful—what a green oasis in the desert—to turn to the sensibly expressed and enlightened views of *some* of her dignitaries! Though, in speaking *truth* of her well-paid defenders, the rod ought never to be spared; never—never—may I be found to shrink from the manly avowal of delight with which such passages as the following inspire respect for the liberal utterers. And our gratitude should flow to the Most High for the degree of freedom we are blessed with in a land of real liberty—the principles being well understood, and the limits, upon the whole, well defined. Neither of which can be said of our noisy and fiery neighbours: who seem to me, as a whole, totally incapable of

understanding or appreciating what they ever are brawling after, any more than a wayward child who cries for the moon.

At the great discussion in the house of lords, on the celebrated attempt of Lord Sidmouth to limit the privileges of dissenters, the late Archbishop of Canterbury expressed himself thus:—"The principles of religious toleration are in the bible, which is, or ought to be, in the possession of every person in the empire. This book comes to us with no less pretension than as a book from God; and, upon the authority of its author, demands the attention and belief of every individual to whom it is presented. No persons whatsoever have a right to put a comment upon the Scriptures, and to impose the belief of them in such a sense as they may think proper—because human beings are liable to err, and because the word of God appeals to every man's reason and conscience, and makes every one personally responsible for his opinions and his conduct. Nor has any power on earth a right to interfere to prevent a man from communicating to others what he thinks to be a revelation from God; because, when he has made up his mind to what is the true meaning of the bible, he is bound, by its divine authority, to make it known to all within his sphere." The opinions of others I record not, having here merely quoted this to show the *mild* nature of what the church of England ought to be—and is—and will be—if it please the Almighty in mercy to keep from high places that modification of popery which has spread so alarmingly in modern days.

To return to France. M. Laval, a French protestant minister, who wrote the history of the reformation in France, in six vols., which he finished in 1743; at the close of his book, after reciting the declaration of Louis XV., adds: "this edict is the standing law by which the reformed are tried. The least transgression against any of the articles is punished with all the severity of the law; and not one year passes without instances of some that have been hanged, or others sent to the galleys, or others shut up for their lives in noisome places, or others that are obliged to pay large fines for the least offence. And even last year, we had no less than 35 men and women, some of whom were hanged, others sent to the galleys, and others shut up in the tower of Constance, only on account of religion." But this was not enough for the priests. In 1765, the assembly of the bishops addressed a remonstrance to the king, complaining of the "encroachments of heresy;" and calling upon him to "give to the laws all their force, and to religion all its splendour!" When we look at the horrible atrocities of the French revolution—so far as the dispensations of a righteous God are concerned, can we avoid reflecting; "Verily, there is a God that judgeth!"

Contrasting with the ill-understood principles of *liberty* among our neighbours (I cannot endure even the word *toleration*, for what one man can have a right to pretend to permit *another* man's religion!) the many blessings we Britons enjoy, reminds me of one which I think it has been too much the fashion to under-value. I mean the mildness of the reigning family. They seem to have had, at any rate, sense enough to steer clear of religious exasperations, and wisdom enough to discourage heats and divisions about ecclesiastical matters. Endowed with no great share of understanding, the wits laughed at George II. for his plainness and judgment, when a deputation from a public company waited on him, to inform him that a service of plate having been voted him, they had come to know his pleasure as to the pattern. He replied, "I care not von tamm about de pattern, make it massy and coot." Let us remember also to his praise that, on being urged to vigorous measures against dissenters, he just saw, if he could see no more, the folly and injustice thereof, and vehemently exclaimed: "Dere shall be no parsecution in my reign!" But, whether we regard the foresight and justice of such monarchs as Henry IV.; the profligacy and over-bearing of Louis XIV.; or the mildness of our own monarchs, since we have got rid of the accursed Stuart race; how forcibly are we reminded of the truth of Scripture in witnessing its various fulfilment, and led to see the numerous ways in which of such characters it is proved that "their works do follow them!"

Through Cardinal Howard, Burnet at Rome saw all the letters to the papal court from England, relative to a restoration of popery here. To help forward this object Louis had also reckoned on revoking the edict of Nantes, and the incidental terrors and persecution of protestantism in his dominions. Our court calculated on assured success, and that every thing would be carried with a high hand during the next session of parliament. The more sober Italians regretted the attempt, thinking it would either be defeated, and then of course popery fall to a discount; or, if carried, it could only be done by England being trampled on by France. This would in fact leave Louis master of the world: so that the cardinals were against the Jehu-like course of James, and wrote, in all their letters to England, recommending slow, calm, and moderate, courses. One of the great difficulties they experienced at Rome, in the re-conversion of England, was a want of able English priests who could preach to the people, and otherwise be useful instruments in this great work. Cardinal Howard (who seems to have been a kind and friendly man, and, though a priest, an honest man) in his intimacy with Burnet, then at Rome, lamented that the English, who came over to Rome to be instructed, *selons les regles*, came so young that they lost

the peculiar English accent. Imperceptibly imbibing the Italian, when they preached on their return in their native land, they passed for foreigners—which always seems to have created a prejudice (in this case a very wholesome one) in the minds of the common people.

The “glory” of Louis increased—we see how during peace he went on aggrandising his territory. Twice had he received the submission of Algiers; and Tunis and Tripoli humbled themselves before him. The king was now flattered additionally by an embassy from Siam, as Voltaire remarks, a people who till then knew not that such a country as France existed. A Greek, named Phalk Constance, had become grand vizier of Siam. Being an enterprising young fellow, and anxious to become king, apprehending that both England and Holland, who had factories on the coast of Coromandel, would thwart his ambition, Constance thought his views might be forwarded by a little well-timed flattery of Louis. So he sent over a splendid embassy to the French monarch, with compliments and presents from the King of Siam, imploring the honour and advantage of a treaty with him, as he moreover contemplated adopting the Christian religion. Louis was thus doubly flattered; and he sent two ambassadors and six Jesuits to the King of Siam; to these he afterwards added some officers and 800 soldiers. But the éclat of the Siamese embassy was the only fruit of it; for the ambition of Constance being detected, he fell a victim to it; and of the French who at that time remained, some were massacred, and others fled. The widow of Constance, who had been on the point of attaining regal honours, like our Lambert Simnel in the reign of our Henry, was condemned to serve in the royal kitchen, for which employment, says Voltaire, she was born.

“Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred.”

The reigning pope, Innocent XI., was a man of virtue, and one who filled that office honourably and creditably. He had seen great changes in his career; having been sent to the wars when young by his father, a banker in the Milanese. After making two campaigns, he quitted the army for the church militant; and was at length raised to the purple by Innocent X.; at whose death, in 1676, he was chosen to fill the papal chair. He reformed several abuses in the ecclesiastical states, and, disgusted with the conduct of Louis XIV., he succoured the empire of Poland against the Turks, with money; and the Venetians with his galleys. He opposed with great firmness the appointments of Louis XIV. to bishoprics (so that at his death, in 1689, there were no less than 30 vacant in France). A very ancient abuse existed in that part of Rome where the ambassadors resided, where the rights of freedom, enjoyed by their masters, were claimed by their followers; and by degrees these *quarters*, as they were called,

became so extended that half the city constituted practically an asylum for all sorts of criminals. And farther, the privilege of the ambassadors receiving articles of consumption free of duty became abused so as seriously to affect the Roman revenue.

The pope, therefore, prevailed on the emperor, and the kings of Spain, England and Poland to concur in renouncing these odious claims; and proposed to the King of France also to agree. He replied, "that having never made the conduct of others an example to himself, on the contrary, he would make himself an example to others." He then sent the Marquis de Lavardin as his ambassador to Rome, notwithstanding the pope's prohibition, escorted by 400 marine guards, 400 volunteer officers, and 200 servants, all armed. Taking possession of his palace, his quarters, and the church of St. Louis, he posted centinels, who did regular duty. In venting his indignation, Innocent could only have recourse to excommunication, by this time regarded with contempt, Voltaire says, even in Rome. However, one of its polluting effects wrought curiously, for the Cardinal d'Etrée, who was frequently obliged to see Lavardin, could not be allowed afterwards to see the pope without first receiving absolution; which imaginary power Innocent was determined to preserve. In like manner, Louis endeavoured to direct the choice of an Elector of Cologne; his sole design being to oppose the emperor, by raising Furstemberg, who is mentioned (at p. 141) as having been seized by Leopold, for selling himself to the service of France. The chapter of Cologne had the right of nominating its bishop, who thus became elector. Ferdinand, who filled the see, had been dangerously ill; and Louis, by intrigues, procured the election of Furstemberg as co-adjutor. Ferdinand died, and the same influence elected Furstemberg a second time. The emperor had to confirm the election, and the pope then to confer the bishopric. Both were satisfied that to seat Furstemberg would, in reality, be to let Louis possess the power; and they therefore agreed to bestow the principality on the young Prince of Bavaria, brother of the deceased elector. Louis immediately deprived the pope of Avignon, and prepared for war against the emperor. These matters, which do not appear very important, are mentioned to show the height of assurance to which Louis XIV. had attained; and to explain how, in humbling all princes around him, he undesignedly caused them all to unite, in a fearful determination to bring down his own insufferable pride.

I have mentioned (at p. 83) the threatening persecution of the Vaudois, which Cromwell promptly stopped. These unfortunate sufferers seem ever to have been doomed to the most barbarous and inhuman of oppressions; and the rage of the priests of Rome, Mosheim informs us, seemed to portend no-

thing less than the total destruction and entire extinction of that unhappy nation. The most horrid scenes of violence and bloodshed were now exhibited on this theatre of papal tyranny; and the small number that survived, under Providence, were indebted for their existence and support, precarious and uncertain as it was, to the English and Dutch governments, who never ceased to solicit the Duke of Savoy in their behalf. The church of the Palatinate, which had been long at the head of the reformed churches in Germany, declined rapidly from the year 1685, when (as I stated p. 166) a Roman Catholic prince was raised to that electorate; and, from taking the lead among the protestant assemblies in that country, it became the least considerable.

Of the reformed faith in France, who ranked as the most eminent divines, may be mentioned as giving honour to the degree of D.D. about this period, Cameron, Chamier, Du Moulin, Mestreyat, Blondel, Drelincourt, Daillé, Amyraut, the two Cappel, De la Place, Gamstole, Croy, Morus, Le Blanc, Pajon, Bochart, Claude, Alix, Jurien, Basnage, Abbadie, Beausobre, Lenfant, Martin, Des Vignoles, &c. In a work like this, necessarily compressed, it would be impracticable to enter into the disputes between the Jesuits and the Jansenists in the Roman Catholic church, or those which divided the reformed professors. The one side adhered to the institutes of Calvinism, an almost universal attachment, that gave way to the wide-spread influence of the criticisms of Grotius and Cocceius. With any subordinate differences of opinion as to faith or doctrine, this division still leaves the two classes of belief to this day understood by Calvinism and Arminianism. The difficulties of the former, in a "path that the vulture's eye hath not seen," being smoothed to the general perception by following "the free, easy, and unaffected method of the Arminian divines, in illustrating the truths and enforcing the duties of Christianity." Now arose those definitions of faith which so much puzzled the doctors on both sides. And if the ancient followers of Calvin had ventured to interpret the Scriptures as exhibiting the Most High, in order to exercise and display his awful justice and his free mercy, decreeing from all eternity the transgression of Adam, this credence obtained for them the title of *supralapsarians*. On the other hand, to believe that God had only *permitted* the fall, without *predetermining* that awful transgression, was sure to carry the majority of reasoners along with it, as "a path which seemeth right to a man." This powerful division, soon outnumbering the other, and ever since maintaining its vast numerical majority, was denominated *sublapsarians*.

It might have been hoped during the distresses of the Palatinate, and the sufferings of the reformed in France, and in the

vallies of Piedmont, that the unhappy differences between Lutherans and Calvinists, Arminians and Anti-arminians, with other disputes which inflamed Geneva and Switzerland, would at least have been suspended while they had a common enemy to deal with, against whom, even if cemented by union, they could hardly stand. It is melancholy to relate that these acerbities were followed with more eagerness and sharpness than ever; although it is allowed that a general charity was discoverable towards the French refugees. They were, among all the reformed, in all places, well received, kindly treated, and bountifully supplied.

I do not like to say one word in disparagement of these unhappy sufferers; but it must be confessed that, whether attributable to the lightness of the French character, which so little comports with the term we expressively apply to the religious in England—"serious" people; or to the differences on some of the radii of truth, which always strike so forcibly the mind of polemics; even among the hunted protestants from France, the devout of neighbouring nations scarcely discovered enough of a spirit of piety, and devotion suitable to their condition. Though Bishop Burnet well remarks that persons who have willingly suffered the loss of all things, having forsaken country, houses, estates, and friends, many of them their nearest relations, rather than sin against their consciences, must be believed to possess a deeper principle than can well be observed by others. This respectable and honest episcopalian, who could not sympathize in outward matters with these "excellent of the earth," confesses he stood amazed at the labours and learning of the ministers among the reformed. We are to remember he was at Geneva and other of the frontiers of France, during these dreadful persecutions. They understood the Scriptures well in the original tongues: thoroughly conversant with all the points of controversy they were, because they thoroughly understood the whole body of divinity. Their sermons, however, were too long for Burnet, and they were too "jealous" of the points in which "they put their orthodoxy." And the result of the personal observations of this good, though zealous, churchman must serve me as the last clause of this section: "I have, upon all the observations that I have made, often considered the *inward* state of the reformation, and the decay of the vitals of Christianity in it, as that which gives more melancholy impressions than all the *outward* dangers that surround it."



## SECTION IV.

Domestic occurrences of Louis' court—Retirement of La Vallière—General profligacy—Madame de Montespan—Lauzun—His imprisonment at Pignerol—The Duke d'Antin—Death of Anne of Austria—Poisoning—Implication of two of Mazarin's nieces—Murder of Maria-Louisa, Queen of Spain, by the mother of Prince Eugene—Disgraceful position of the Duke of Luxembourg—Pomponne—Treason of the Chevalier de Rohan—The great Colbert—Madame de Fontange—Madame de Maintenon—Death of the Queen—Marriage of some of Louis' illegitimate children—The man in the iron mask—English affairs—Traitorous schemes of the high church—Injudicious conduct of James II.—Unexpected pregnancy of the Queen of England—Doubts as to her delivery—Manifesto of Louis against the Emperor—Expedition to bring over William III.—Dying agonies of the Scotch Kirk—The Protestant wind—Dismay of the court party in England—Arrival of William III.—Several lords join him—A parliament called—Invitation to William and Mary jointly to occupy the vacant throne—The true era of English liberty—Degradation of James II.—Expedition of France to Ireland—Schomberg, and Ginkle—Battle of the Boyne—Flight of James—Marlborough finally reduces Ireland—Attempts to assassinate William III.—Conduct of Louis to James II.—Sketch of the misfortunes of the wretched Stuarts—Biography of the Hydes.

THE nature of the events recorded in my last section precluded their being broken in upon by a recital of the domestic occurrences connected with Louis. I am compelled, therefore, to retrace my steps, and recall my reader's attention to the mention of Mde. La Vallière (at p. 98). Fallen as she was, that lady never sunk into the hardened profligate, but was occasionally, even frequently, visited by periods of remorse. But she never could induce Louis to abandon the fatal course he had drawn her into; although there is abundant evidence that La Vallière made many fruitless efforts to detach herself from her disgraceful position. On one occasion she fled from his protection to the convent of Chaillot; but, alas! her flight was in vain. Amidst the conflicting accounts of the motives of this renewed attempt at closing this scandalous connexion, let us hear Mr. James, who certainly has gone into the whole history of this period with great elaboration. In preference to the commonly received opinion, that it was under the influence of deep repentance, he says, Mademoiselle de Montalais, an artful girl, communicated to La Vallière the secret of her mistress's private interviews with the Count

de Guiche, on her solemn promise not to reveal the matter to the king. She was one of the maids of honour to Henrietta, who had married the brother of the king.

The king had exacted from La Vallière that there should be no secrets between them; and fancying, from a certain embarrassment, that she knew something which it burdened her not to disclose, an angry scene took place. As it led the royal lover to keep away longer than usual, La Vallière quitted the Louvre, and proceeded to the before-mentioned convent. On hearing of her sudden departure, Louis sacrificed his anger to his love; and, after having discovered with great difficulty her retreat, set off with only three attendants to Chaillot. Finding her in the outer parlour of the convent, stretched on the ground and bathed in tears, he, partly by force, and partly by entreaties, compelled her to quit the asylum she had chosen, and to return to the degradation of concubinage. In 1667, Louis erected the lordship of Vaujour into a duchy in favour of this beautiful lady; creating her a duchess, with the remainder to his natural daughter by her. This daughter, Maria-Anne, called *Mademoiselle de Blois*, married Lewis-Armand, Prince of Conti; she lived till 1739. La Vallière also had borne him a son, before the birth of her daughter, Louis of Bourbon, Count de Vermandois. These two children were brought up publicly under the superintendance of the famous Colbert, who greatly admired their mother. This favourite presented to the world the spectacle of one who thought virtuously, and who could never defend her conduct—appearing, for the sake of pleasing her royal lover, to feel gratification in the notoriety of her improper connexion with the king.

A life of sin must be expected to end in sorrow. She perceived about 1667, a powerful rival had deprived her of that place in Louis' affections she had so long maintained. Madame de Montespan had filled, about her own person, much the same position which she herself had held under the unfortunate Henrietta. This new beauty had now captivated that selfish breast which had debased so many lovely young women, who but for him might have lived in honour, and died in peace. Voltaire however informs us that it was not till the year 1669 "she perceived that Madame de Montespan had gained the ascendant. La Vallière opposed her with her usual softness, and supported a long time, almost without complaint, the mortification of seeing her rival's triumph. Thinking herself happy in her misfortune, as she was still treated with respect by the king, whom she continued to love, and still enjoyed his presence, though she was no longer beloved by him." However, having had frequent opportunities, in his visits to La Vallière, of seeing this new beauty, it was well understood by the whole court that she had fallen in

with the king's proposals. The unhappy La Vallière reproached the heartless man—who now treated her with harshness. She again fled to St. Marie de Chaillot. Spite of his tenfold infidelity, St. Simon informs us that he sent Lauzun, the captain of his guard, to bring her from the convent, even by force, while Colbert went to try milder means.

But, on her return, misery was her portion. She determined on retiring in a more formal way; as the passion of the king for Madame de Montespan betrayed itself with increased publicity. He gradually became prepared to let La Vallière depart, as she had decided, on mature reflection, to take the irrevocable vow. The pride of Louis even here showed itself in almost as disgusting a light as it is pictured by the representation of the fulsome artist, that painted the Virgin Mary meeting a French king, who, taking off his hat to the Madonna, she replies, "Couvrez vous, mon cousin!" Knowing the resolution of the unhappy lady, he professed he would no longer oppose her wishes, but begged her to choose an order where he could appoint her abbess, *to distinguish the woman he had loved!* She wisely declined the responsibility, humbly observing that, not having been able to conduct her own life well; she was little qualified to direct the course of others.

Incongruous as is the position, she is said to have done all she could in the circumstances, which, outraging all morals, must have destroyed the peace of the virtuous queen, to spare the feelings of that royal lady. The now repentant mistress of her royal husband waited on the queen, and threw herself at her feet, imploring her forgiveness with bitter tears. In the presence of the queen, and of the whole court, she took the veil, in a convent of the severest order of Carmelites, June, 1675, having entered June, 1674. Here, according to the best lights she had (although we protestants are used to designate these penitential exercises as superstitious), by a continued series of mortification, did sister Louise de la Miséricorde—the name by which she entered—endeavour to expiate her sins, during the long course of 35 years. In the practice of every becoming virtue, she continued here till 1710, when she died, aged 65 years. On being told of the death of her son, in 1683, she wept—but, remembering her disgrace, well observed that she had more reason to weep for his birth! Confessedly dangerous as it is to throw a halo of interest around any who live in open defiance of the laws of God and man, one cannot help feeling deep pity in the fate of this lovely and unfortunate lady. Early trepanned by a flagitious monarch from the path of virtue, towards it she appears to have had a constant longing to return, let us indulge the charitable hope that she found pardon and peace during her retirement. In opposition to uncalled-for

mortification and uncommanded penance—every time the services of the church of England open, *we* are thankful to be taught “the sacrifices of God are a broken *spirit*—that a contrite *heart* he will not despise; that to him belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him.” We therefore know nothing of horse-hair shirts, fastings, nor flagellations, greatly as they may be sighed after by such ultra churchmen as seem to repudiate the *spirituality* of those services, the *letter* of which they would fain exalt so high. If matters should progress thus far at Oxford, let us have no Sancho-Panza trifling. If the heart of the leaders should fail them, and they should require an assistant, I would recommend one who well knows how to lay on the lash—the great gun of St. Paul’s, the Rev. Sidney Smith. The famed restorers of “ancient paths” may thus enjoy the satisfaction of sealing their testimony with their blood. On which auspicious occasion, “may I be there to see!”

It is recorded that the profligacy of the court of Louis XIV. was so great that he even encouraged all his courtiers to engage in amorous intrigues, as it were in some sort to justify his own. While the contests between La Vallière and De Montespan were yet going on, Louvois was keeping several mistresses; and one of them, Madame du Frenoi, the wife of one of his clerks, was made private lady of the bedchamber, and mistress of the ceremonies on extraordinary occasions. The Duke of St. Simon informs us that, as soon as Madame de Montespan perceived the rising affection of the king, she informed her husband of the fact, and implored him to retire from the court. This is irreconcilable with the majority of accounts, and the probabilities, from her subsequently developed character. If Colbert may be called the friend of La Vallière, Louvois was the partisan of De Montespan. It was found that the influence of Colbert diminished, while the authority of Louvois increased, with the power the new mistress exerted over the king. The quiet simplicity of the late favourite gave place to the prevalence of pomp, splendour, and deep play, among the courtiers. Athenais de Mortimar was born in 1641; she was of a witty family, nor was her own share inferior to that of her two beautiful sisters, the Marchioness of Thiange, and the abbess of Fontevraud. The Duke de Vivonne, their brother, was a marshal of France, greatly distinguished for his reading and taste; he it was whom the king one day asked what signified reading? To this Vivonne replied, “Reading is to the mind what your partridges are to my cheeks;”—the duke’s face being remarkably plump and fresh-coloured.

Voltaire describes all four as being universally agreeable, for a singular turn of conversation, a certain mixture of pleasantry, ease, and elegance, which was called at the time the spirit of the

Mortimars. They all wrote with remarkable liveliness and particular grace. Hence it appears how ridiculous the story is that Madame de Montespan was obliged to employ Madame Scarron to write her letters to the king, which occupation gave the opportunity for her ultimately successful rivalry with De Montespan. She had married, at the age of 22, Louis de Gondrin, Marquis de Montespan, immediately on which she had been appointed *dame du palais* to the queen. In this situation she showed great friendship for La Vallière, and this countenance was then the more esteemed as, though the queen was powerless, Anne of Austria, marked with her displeasure the course her son was pursuing. De Montespan's friends at first gave it out that she merely endeavoured a conquest over the *mind* of Louis. Certainly those efforts were not unsuccessful; her wit and sarcasm enlivened every thing, and she attracted the king, while charmed with her sallies, soon became enchanted with her beauty. On his first addresses, she is said to have repeated her entreaties to her husband to remove from the danger she would be unable to conquer. Either from confidence in her virtue, or from a baser expectation, he shut his eyes to the evidently increasing passion of the king. When it became obvious to himself, he publicly accused his wife of adultery, and treated her with great severity. This conduct Louis pretended was the reason of his causing the injured Marquis to be imprisoned. Afterwards he was banished from the kingdom, and the helplessness of his disgrace, with the fear of despotic power, soon reconciled him to accept atonement in the shape of 100,000 crowns, that silenced his own virtue and completed the purchase of his wife.

At first the guilt of this fresh intrigue was kept as private as possible; nor is it certain it was public until she had borne him more than one child. Louis was in the habit of riding about with his wife and two mistresses in the same coach; and we find that the ignorant peasantry imagined a new law had been passed for the gratification of the monarch. In crowds they used to proceed to the well-known course of the royal cavalcade, saying they were going to see the three queens! Madame de Montespan now assumed the airs of royalty; she procured the ministers of state to consult her on important occasions, and, as some accounts state, wormed out of the royal adulterer the most important secrets. This, however, is denied by Voltaire, who credits the king with knowing how properly to distinguish between his pleasures and the affairs of state. To such pomp did this detestable harlot attain that she kept the most sumptuous table, and none but princes of the blood were permitted to use an arm chair in her presence. Hitherto the king had travelled on horseback in all his military journeys—

he now adopted a coach; and the glory of the new royal courtesan and her infamous lover were wonderfully displayed in the journey the king made to Flanders in 1670. It consisted of little else than a continued series of entertainments. The queen, the Duchess of Orleans, and the Marchioness de Montepan, figured in the splendid equipage; but to his new mistress he assigned the honour of a guard of four horse-soldiers on each side of her carriage. *After* her came the king's eldest legitimate son, the dauphin, with his court; and then Mademoiselle, with hers. This was before the fatal adventure of her marriage—her lover, the Count de Lauzun, then being a favourite with the king at the head of his company of guards. In short, all conceivable honours were paid to this proud woman, who now was found a ruler sufficient to tame even the *grand monarque*.

One of the greatest favourites of the king had been the count, afterwards the Duke of Lauzun; at one time rival to him in his rambling amours, at another his confidant in his infamous intrigues. Voltaire remarks quite naïvely, thereby incidentally exhibiting a sad picture of French morals, that it is a singular instance of the power of custom and prejudice, that, at a time when all the married women were allowed to have lovers, the grand-daughter of Henry IV. (Mademoiselle) was not even allowed a husband. That princess had refused several royal matches, and, as we have seen in an early part of this work, once entertained hopes of marrying Louis XIV. At the mature age of 43, she cast her eyes on Pequin de Caumont, Count de Lauzun, captain of one of the two companies of gentlemen pensioners, which being no longer kept up, the king had created, for him, the post of colonel-general of dragoons. The Roman emperors, continues Voltaire, gave their daughters to senators, and there are hundreds of examples of princesses who have married gentlemen. Difficulties, however, arose, and led to a daring and shameful act on the part of Lauzun. That he might be sure of the part which the new royal mistress was playing, as regarded the realization of his own ambition, Lauzun hid himself under her bed to over-(or under) hear the conversation which might pass between the king and her! The accounts are too indelicate to be made public; suffice it to say, being afterwards discovered, he dearly paid for his temerity.

A day had been fixed for his marriage, with the consent of Louis. The father of Mademoiselle, at the age of 52, had died, in 1660; and from his position as lieutenant-general, and son of Henry IV., consequently brother to Louis XIII., he had amassed immense wealth. It descended to his daughter; this she gave to the Count de Lauzun, together with four duchies, the sovereignty of Dombes, the county d'Eu, and the palace of Orleans, called the Luxembourg. She retained nothing, but re-

signed herself to the pleasure of presenting to the man she loved the whole of a fortune larger than ever any king had given to a subject. The articles were drawn up, and Lauzun, for a single day, was Duke of Montpensier. Every thing was ready, and nothing remained but to sign—when the king, who had written to foreign courts to declare the marriage, assailed by princes, ministers, and the enemies of a man whose happiness they regarded as too great, privately urged on by Madame de Montespan, now forbade the completion of the marriage. Weeping for his pretended grief at the disappointment occasioned to his cousin, the king gratified his private pique against this nobleman. On one occasion, Louis being inclined to introduce a fresh inmate into his harem, in the person of the Princess de Monaco, sister of the Count de Guiche, Lauzun, who was her cousin and really respected her, remonstrated with the king. The uncourtly strain, joined to free and witty remarks, which had often provoked the selfish and proud voluptuary, now irritated Louis so far that he caused Lauzun to be arrested and thrown into the Bastille. He was speedily released by uncommon demonstrations of grief at losing the light of the royal countenance; and afterwards by more care, and fulsome adulation, he rose into great favour. As one post of honour and profit after another became vacant, they were heaped upon him, and Lauzun even ventured with some degree of success to thwart and curb the insolence of Louvois, the powerful minister.

Lauzun's disappointment was only another instance of the wisdom of many old saws—"many a slip between the cup and the lip;" "he that will not when he may," &c. In the first instance, Louis gave his consent; and it was only by the delay Lauzun himself created, to afford time for an unheard of display of splendour at his nuptials, in all which the love-stricken maiden freely indulged him, that Louvois and his enemies concocted a scheme to blight his hopes. To the baseness of Louis' conduct it only remains to mention the ridicule created throughout Europe, to give an idea of the odium with which the king was hereby covered. Lauzun now ventured privately to marry Mademoiselle. It may be that, taken alone, Louis would not for this have punished him so severely. But as his infatuation had led him to insult Madame de Montespan; and even in the presence of Louis to treat her with the greatest contumely—once approaching her so closely before all the court, and addressing in an under tone words so gross and offensive to her that her *virtuous* indignation caused the splendid courtesan to faint in public: his doom was sealed. He was arrested in 1671, and sent to Pignerol, where he is mentioned (at p. 103) as the companion of Fouquet. The shameful vindictiveness of the haughty monarch detained this vain man for 10 long years, a punish-

ment infamously disproportioned to any improprieties of which he might have been guilty. It is related that Fouquet, who only about that time had the rigour of his confinement relaxed, and was then permitted to converse with Lauzun, having known him as a country gentleman of small consequence, when he heard from Lauzun's own lips the truth of his remarkable story, set him down as a madman.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier's efforts to release her husband were fruitless, and it is probable he would have ended his days in the castle of Pignerol, but that the cupidity of both the king and the mistress struck out the bright thought of tantalizing the longing wife with the prospect of the liberation of her spouse, if she would assign a large portion of her vast estates to the Duke of Maine, the eldest surviving offspring of their adulterous connexion. A conference took place between the unfortunate prisoner and De Montespan at Bourbon, whither he was taken for the purpose. He was induced to yield, on the promise of his liberation, if he would bestow on that bastard the sovereignty of Dombes, and the earldom of D'Eu. These donations were made, upon the clear understanding that Monsieur de Lauzun would be henceforth the acknowledged husband of the long-tried lady, Mademoiselle. Louis, who spite of Voltaire's eulogies, was capable of any baseness, only permitted her to give this secret husband the manors of St. Fargeau and Thiers, with other revenues, which, though considerable, were not sufficient for Lauzun.

This poor lady was reduced to the mortification of being a wife in secret of a man by whom she was ill-treated in public. Rendered equally unhappy at home or abroad, the violent passions which had characterized her stormy life terminated in death in 1693. The count went over to England in 1688, and conducted the queen of James II. into France, with her son, then an infant. He was created a duke, and his adventurous course found him employment at the battle of the Boyne in Ireland, where he cut but a poor figure, and returned more noticed for the variety of his adventures than for any personal regard. Voltaire ends his singular history by saying he died in extreme old age, and quite forgotten; as generally happens to all those who have experienced great changes of fortune, without having performed any great actions themselves.

The fall of this vain flatterer brought into greater notice fresh characters at court. Among these the Prince de Marsillac, son of the well known Duke de Rochefoucault, was one who, by polite flattery and attention, wormed himself into the good graces of the king. On his offering to Marsillac the government of Berri, which had been one of Lauzun's appointments, the deceitful prince suggested that, having been inimical to the



imprisoned count, it would hardly be decent in him to fill the vacant post, which he pretended such disinclination to, that Louis was compelled to lay his express commands upon one whose reluctance to preferment could only be paralleled by that of English bishops!

The Marchioness de Montespan, before her cohabitation with Louis, had borne a son to her husband, who afterwards became Duke d'Antin. He was sprightly, gifted, and unprincipled; but was more distinguished by *doing* agreeable things than by *saying* them. He had a peculiar grace and a ready courtliness, which, added to his unusually handsome person, developing the beauty of his mother, as well as the manly bearing of his father, characterised him even beyond the period of personal attraction. These captivations, according to the Duke St. Simon, distinguished him to the latest period of his life. In short, he was another admirable Crichton—in external recommendations; with the drawbacks of sensuality, love of play, and, what most shocks men of his association, contemptible cowardice. Still his military talents were universally allowed, and could personal prowess have been added, he would have made an excellent general. He could cajole and flatter, from the throne to the stable-yard.

He afterwards descended to ingratiate himself with Madame de Maintenon by the most servile copying of her habits, and the most ridiculous adaptation of himself to her wishes; even at incredible cost. On occasion of a royal visit to his country-house at Petit Bourg, the king, having expressed his gratification with all he beheld, merely noticed a drawback in a grove of trees, that from their great age had become so magnificently large as to obstruct his view. The next morning, when Louis stood at the same spot, he noticed that the trees were gone. The obsequious duke had caused them to be levelled and carried away during the night; the ground was smoothed—in short not a trace of the mighty and hideous devastation remained. It is added that, the next day, Louis complained of a large wood, which also obstructed another view; and this servile procured 1,200 men, who at once levelled it to the ground. The Duchess of Burgundy, who was present, exclaimed, "If the king wished our heads thus to disappear, the duke, I fear, would not hesitate to obey his sovereign."

It is said Madame de Maintenon saw through his flattery; but that the king, gratified with his servility, within a month, appointed him governor of the Orleanois. Voltaire differed with Mde. de Maintenon; he made a "fine distinction," something like a case which occurred while Lord Brougham was chancellor, who having asked if a person was not five and thirty years old? Mr. Knight replied, "No, my lord, he is thirty-five;"

which the chancellor said was a *fine distinction*. I say, Voltaire observes that this behaviour of d'Antin showed the ingenious courtier, rather than the flatterer. The reason for dwelling so much on the characters of such men is that they gave a tone to the court, and to the people in general. If such master minds as Turenne, Condé, and Luxembourg, had established a military character; while Louvois, Colbert, and others, had raised France both in external importance and internal prosperity; such ephemerals as Marsillac, Lauzun and d'Antin, degraded the relations between prince and people; and it soon became a vain search for that public spirit which could throw up barricades, shout for liberty, or fire the Hôtel de Ville. It is painful to add that the saying "like prince like people" was singularly appropriate. In setting at nought that, without which society would become lax and infamous; and all the duties, all the tendernesses, of relationship would be lost in indiscriminate uncleanness; the ridiculers of the conjugal tie, at once "the solder of life and cement of society," broke down those barriers without which a people become unworthy of respect, and incapable of appreciating the blessings of *home*. In fact, strictly speaking, their very language is destitute of the word *home*; and we see that, being captivated by *glory*, they transferred to the demi-god on the throne that allegiance which was due to their country. The sequel showed that the Scriptures can never be broken, and that long, long years of degradation and fearful misery followed the disregard of those high counsels which declare that "he that worketh righteousness shall never be moved."

Anne of Austria had passed away. After long symptoms of that frightful disease which seems to baffle all remedies, confirmed cancer was evident. Such is maternal influence, sometimes even over hardened sensualists, that Louis had grace enough to manifest respect and affection (if that sacred word suffer not degradation from its application to one whose feelings all centred in self) during her long confinement. He sat up whole nights with his sick and dying mother—paid her every attention in her last hours—listened to her counsels to abandon his vicious courses—and *set at nought all her reproof!* She died Jan. 1666; and we see his accelerated pace thenceforward in the downward road. Many a thorn had he planted in *her* dying pillow; and we shall witness the remorse which distracted *his* breast when his own last hour approached.

The crime of poisoning became prevalent in France, from about 1670 to 1680, and claimed the serious attention of government. For three or four years past, rumours of such horrible deaths were in circulation, and at length were believed. The fate of Henrietta (see p. 122) had awakened suspicions, and it became a kind of fashion to attribute any sudden demise to

that subtle agency. This "revenge of cowards," as Voltaire well expresses it, infected France only when the manners of the people were softened by pleasures and "glory." So *glory* appears to have had *some* evils in its train, even according to his philosophy. Two Italians, one of whom was named Exili, had long wrought with a German, named Glaser, in search of the philosopher's stone—an *ignis fatuus*, which for ages seems to have captivated the minds of many clever persons. It is needless to say that, instead of enriching themselves by the discovery, they lost the little they previously had, and then were tempted by guilt to replenish their empty exchequer. The grand penitentiary of France had learned, in receiving certain confession, that some persons had died by poison. (Does this function correspond with the recently revived office of "confessor to the royal household" in England?) Feeling it his duty to inform the government, these two Italians were sent to the Bastille, where one of them died. But Exili continued imprisoned.

Maria-Margaret D'Aubrai, a young beauty, having captivated the Marquis de Brinvilliers, had been united to him in marriage in 1651, and for some time maintained a character for prudence and chastity. A young officer of Gascony, named De St. Croix, was introduced to the house of the marquis. She is said to have hinted to her husband a fear of the consequences, but he disregarded the warning. By allowing this gay young man, who was attractive and very good looking, always to be with his wife, a criminal passion arose between them, which is understood not to have affected the husband, as might have been expected. But her own father, alive to the family dishonour, procured a *lettre de cachet*, and caused St. Croix to be incarcerated. He was confined in the same room with Exili, who taught him the fatal secrets which caused such awful consequences. At the expiry of a year the paramour was liberated, during which time Madame de Brinvilliers, as if penitent for her incontinence, had devoted herself to religious duties, and assumed the appearance of sanctity. Soon after his release he visited the marchioness, and communicated the fearful acquirements he had made. Actuated by revenge, she applied this wicked knowledge to the destruction of her father, her two brothers, and her sister, sparing her husband because of his indifference to her lewdness.

She was farther accused of poisoning a number of people totally inoffensive to her. Such was her gratuitous criminality that she carried poisoned cakes and food to the sick in the hospitals, and distributed like condiments to the poor in pretended charity. This is understood to have been by way of experimenting on the strength of her noxious mixtures. St. Croix was one day concocting a subtle poison, and, becoming overpowered with

the effluvium he dropped down dead! As no relation appeared to claim his property, it was sealed up by the proper officers. But there was one box which the marchioness importunately demanded; this created some suspicion—it was carefully examined, and found to contain instructions for these deadly mixtures. Making her escape from Paris, she fled to England, thence to Holland; and being at length taken at Liège, a general confession was found upon her. Amidst all her awful crimes, she had been full of religion, or rather its profession, and went often to confess. Admitting that there was not legal evidence, under the French very sensible criminal code, which casts a favourable eye on all that tends to establish truth, as there was strong presumption, leading to farther proofs, she was convicted most satisfactorily. How unlike our own mode of proceeding, which, as a late eminent public writer has ably put it, is viewed by the lawyers—as a fox hunt is by sportsmen—more for the *run* than the *death*!

This abandoned woman was beheaded, and afterwards burnt in 1676, Pennantier, receiver-general of the clergy, and her *friend*, was accused of having practised her secrets, and it cost him half his possessions to suppress the charge. This dreadful crime became systematic. Voltaire, while he well condemns the criminality, endeavours to pare down the national disgrace, and repudiates the testimony of a noted work called the “*Causes célèbres*.” That work depicts the frightful extent to which it went; and Voltaire somewhat curiously runs it down as having been written by a barrister “without practice.” But one cannot help thinking that such a practitioner therefore would have much greater opportunities of investigating the circumstances, and so be more entitled to credit. At least, as one of the “common readers,” for whom the philosopher says the work was only written, so it would strike me. These poisons became an article of sale by several wretches; La Voisin, La Vigoureux, a priest named Le Sage, and others, traded with these secrets of Exili, under pretended powers of divination as to things lost, or concealed, and predicting certain events. What a melancholy thought it is, that in almost all that militates against the peace and welfare of society, in all ages of the world, and in all conditions of man, the criminality of some of the priesthood should be so prominent! Spiritual appearances were got up, the pruriency of the minds of many were gratified by astrological discoveries; and, for three years after the execution of the infamous Brinvilliers, sudden deaths, in a number of the most powerful and important families, alarmed society. A stir being made, the above notorious characters, and forty of their accomplices, were arrested.

A new tribunal, named the *chambre ardente* was established

to hold its sittings at the Arsenal, near the Bastile, in 1680. It consisted of eight counsellors of state, and six masters of requests, to whom was added the king's attorney-general of the Châtelet, to direct proceedings. This *burning court* seems to have held a very roving commission, for they fell upon cases of witchcraft, poisoning, coining, profanation, sacrilege, &c. Another priest! Stephen Guibourg (the old villain was 71 years of age), made a confession, whereby we see he was the most degraded of men. It furnished evidence which, added to that of many of the compounders and retailers of these poisons, exhibited a mass of crime, and number of participators, such as can be paralleled in the history of no civilised state. But it is also true, from the very exciting nature of the affair, that a kind of monomania was prevalent, and people were known to fabricate charges, and even to make confessions, utterly unworthy of credit. One of the preparations bore the ominous title of "powder of succession;" having been used to remove tenacious holders of property from those who were to come after them, and who had become impatient.

Many of great consideration were cited before this tribunal, under charges connected with such hideous crimes, and among them were two of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. One had married the Duke of Bouillon, the other the Count of Soissons, who was the mother of Prince Eugene. The first appears to have been misled by mere curiosity to see some of the juggling tricks of these monsters; much as many of our ladies of distinction formerly followed the disguised, witty, and profligate Lord Rochester, as a fortune-teller, in London. Her examination, ending in her discharge, terminated by a not very complimentary reply to an interrogatory from one of her judges. He had asked this sprightly lady if she had seen the devil? She fixed her eyes on the judge himself, and firmly replied, "I see him now: he is very ugly and horrible, and is disguised as a councillor of state!" It is unnecessary to say that her querist, being satisfied, put no more questions. More serious matters lay against her sister, the Countess of Soissons, who, my reader will remember, was suspected at the death of the unhappy Henrietta of England. Voltaire says, she had before retired to Brussels; if so, she must soon have returned to Paris, for we learn that Louis, remembering his former attachment to her, on hearing of her name being mixed up with these dreadful crimes, sent her word that, if she really was guilty, he would advise her to withdraw. She took the hint, fled from Paris to Spain, protesting her *innocence*, but assigning, as a reason for getting out of the way, a disinclination to be cross-examined! which, indeed, Dr. Johnson says, no body likes.

Charles II. of Spain had married Maria-Louisa, daughter of

Henrietta. On the arrival of the Countess of Soissons, there is no doubt, Charles entertained uncomfortable reminiscences, and wished to prevent her associating with his queen. She had herself been desirous of marrying the dauphin, and Made-moiselle had often said to her father, "Do not bring your daughter so often to court, she will be too miserable in other places." Louis, himself, had said to her, "I make you queen of Spain—what more could I do for my daughter?" To which she is said to have replied, "Ah, Sire, 'tis in your power to do more for your niece!" It was thought the Austrian ministers of Charles II. would get rid of her because of her love to her own country, that might prevent the king her husband from declaring for the allies against France. Voltaire says, she was furnished from Versailles with what was believed to be a counter-poison against any attempts that might be made upon her life—an uncertain precaution, which however did not arrive till after her death. Whether or not the countess *con amore* effected the destruction of the young queen, whose mother she had long before poisoned, as it were to fill up the measure of her iniquity:—or whether, as is more probable, she was employed by the ministers, certain it is that she presented a cup of milk to that unfortunate lady, which soon produced death.

Charles endeavoured to arrest the countess, but she had prepared every thing, and was gone. The memoirs of the Marquis de Dangeau inform us that Louis XIV. at supper communicated the intelligence to his immediate circle thus: "The Queen of Spain is dead—poisoned by eating of an eel pie; and the Countess de Pernits, and the Cameras, Zapieta and Nina, who ate of it after her, are also dead of the same poison." Voltaire declares the king never said so, and attributes the mistake of one like Dangeau, who was always about the palace, to its being inserted by one of his domestics; because he was informed by persons of consideration in Spain that those three ladies survived their mistress for years. The vile criminal herself, shunned and detested by all, flitted about Europe, an object of scorn and hatred till her death, which took place at Brussels twenty-seven years afterwards. At the time that her son was covering himself with fame, by victories over the armies of that monarch who had once been the lover of his mother, he was so convinced of her guilt that he would never more see her, and suffered her to live in poverty and die in want.

The Duke of Luxembourg, so known for his great services to the crown of France, in the execution of his duties, had given offence to the infamous Louvois, whose enmity, it has been suggested by some writers, caused the great marshal to be summoned before this burning tribunal. Enough is thought to have transpired to implicate him in dealings with some of the infe-

rior agents, whom he consulted as to the destruction of one who had fallen under his displeasure. But Louvois' malice was traceable in shaping the evidence, by tampering with the witnesses. The duke himself exhibited a great degree of unexpected weakness, and by his equals he was blamed for submitting to a tribunal from which his privilege of nobility exempted him. The indecision manifested in the management of his trial was nothing compared with the folly he was proved to have shown relative to credence in supernatural agency. Most absurd documents were produced, signed by him: and even assuming that Louvois had caused these to be interpolated, quite enough remained to leave a degree of astounding infatuation and revengeful disposition. Although, no actual criminality was brought conclusively home to him, he was fourteen months in confinement in the Bastille. After endless examinations, the trial terminated in his release, yet the king required him to confine himself in one of his country houses, and not to come within 20 leagues of Paris. His intendant, Bonard, was declared criminal, in many ways, and condemned to the galleys.

In the evolution of the wheel of fortune, or caprice, Louis subsequently buried all in oblivion, and even at length distinguished the marshal with greater marks of his regard. La Voisin and many accomplices suffered the penalty of their crimes, being publicly burnt in the *place de Grève*. It is said that the excitement and alarm in the minds of the Parisians at these shocking occurrences exceeded all possible conception. It is lamentably true that very many were involved in this unheard-of atrocity, yet the mass of society did not fall into such abominable wickedness. The fearful examples, the searching investigation, and the just indignation of the more virtuous, produced a salutary reaction. If rumours still were murmured of similar crimes, it does not appear there was foundation for them in point of fact; and, though the *chambre ardente* continued its existence, other matters occupied its attention, as at length it had succeeded in putting an end to these frightful crimes, terrifying reports, and severe penal retributions.

At p. 129, I mentioned the sound advice given by Pomponne to Louis on occasion of the terms he should grant to Holland. He had become a sagacious and experienced minister, and in 1671, was appointed to the head of the department for foreign affairs. Of an unpretending character and gentle spirit, it annoyed Louis that his elegant mind sought the repose of the country, and the circle which eschewed the high flying churchism of the Jesuits; indeed his family were distinguished for the better and more enlarged views of the Jansenists. One, Anthony Arnaud (this was the family name, the minister for foreign affairs, being Simon Arnaud, Marquis of Pomponne), Abbot of

Chaumes, lived with his uncle the Bishop of Angers. Anthony was an author, and died very old in 1698. One of the brothers of the marquis was Francis, abbot of Grand Champs, distinguished by his literary labours, especially for having aided the *Gazette Literaire de l'Europe*, the *Journal Etranger*, and having written a work on philosophy, literature and the arts. He lived to a great age: indeed longevity seems to have characterised the family; for the marquis lived to be 81, and his son and successor died in 1756, in his 87th year. This son, by the bye, trod in the steps of his family, and was distinguished both as an ecclesiastic and a statesman, having been an able ambassador at the court of Vienna, and attained afterwards to the dignity of chancellor.

Tempted by the celebrity of this family to this little digression, I must return to inform my readers that Pomponne was too scrupulous, and probably too indolent, for the haughty tyrant. When it became his duty to send to the Court of Bavaria on the subject of a royal alliance, Pomponne contented himself with depending on the ordinary channels, and meanwhile went down to his country-house to superintend the planting of some trees. A despatch, in the interim, had reached Louvois; who wanted to displace this honourable minister. He persuaded Louis that Pomponne was neglectful, and as he belonged to a section of the church which savoured of a little freedom, a prejudice had been created in the king's mind, and Louis signed at once the dismissal of this just and able man, November 18, 1679. Colbert de Croissy took his place, at the suggestion of his able brother—to the great vexation of Louvois, who was thus completely outwitted.

The Chevalier de Rohan, a descendant of Henry, Duke of Rohan, born 1579, had fallen into debt and difficulty. This had driven him to desperation; he met with another son of Belial, one Fraumont, and the two concocted a scheme to let the Dutch into Normandy. A Chevalier Preaux, and one Mde. de Villers, joining the two desperadoes, to form a quattrain committee, aided by a Jesuit and a schoolmaster, had kept up a correspondence in the Low Countries. They had so far proceeded as to have organised a revolt in Normandy, which arrived very near to its completion when discovered to the king. Rohan was arrested and taken to the Bastile, and Fraumont was taken at Rouen. In a rencontre arising partly from the guard mistaking the word of the captain, he was mortally wounded, and dying within a very short time, he said nothing to compromise his accomplices. The name of the Duke of Bourbon-Condé, one of the king's illegitimate children, who had married the grandson of the great Condé, was implicated; but Louis forbid all farther enquiry so far as he was concerned. Preaux, Vanenden, Madame de Villers,



and Rohan, were found guilty upon indisputable evidence, and all four were executed, spite of every effort to save them; affording the only example of high treason throughout this long reign! Rohan's ancestor, it may be as well to inform our readers, secured the friendship of Henry IV. by his bravery at the siege of Amiens, and afterwards distinguished himself so honourably at the head of the Huguenots, for whom he obtained advantageous terms from Louis XIII. He wrote on several important subjects with great success. Having joined his friend, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, against the imperialists, and being mortally wounded, he died, six weeks after the battle, April 13, 1638.

One of the most important characters France had produced was unquestionably COLBERT; he is now approaching his end. But this truly great man must not be suffered to move off the stage as one of the common herd of men. I therefore present to my reader a short memoir of the Marquis of Segnelai, gathered from the "Vies des Hommes Illustres de France," the "Eloge of M. Necker," the "Biographie Universelle," and Voltaire. He was born at Rheims, Aug. 29, 1619. On the side of both parents he was connected with the civil service, which may have helped forward his introduction to public life, and have led to his study of statistics, and investigations of the causes of national wealth and greatness, to which abstruse points his attention was directed from a very early age. In the year 1648, he entered the service of the secretary of state; Le Tellier introduced him to Mazarin, whose esteem he soon gained; and, as Colbert remained firm in his attachment to the cardinal throughout the stormy period of the Fronde, he was at length rewarded by honourable and lucrative employment. On his death-bed, Mazarin said to the king: "I owe every thing to you, Sire; but, in presenting Colbert to you, I regard my debt as in some sort acquitted." We have seen how useful he soon proved to Louis, and that he rose on the ruins of the able, but corrupt, Fouquet, in 1661, having a new title created for his function—Comptroller-general of finance.

He did not wholly escape censure in his dealings with Fouquet; but it always appears to bystanders an invidious task to be compelled to expose the man one is to succeed; and all that can herein be laid to Colbert's charge is, that the *modus operandi* of his detection of Fouquet's frauds was not pleasant. On the other hand, we are to remember, in acting for such a master as Louis, he was at work for no common man. It certainly seems as if Colbert could have done something to mitigate those sufferings of Fouquet which he endured in the tower of Pignerol for many a long year. But again we must bear in mind the sovereign he served—a breast impervious to any generous sentiment—the abstract personification of selfishness. I cannot

say that it is clear to me the character of this high-minded man incurred any stain in the affair of his predecessor's dismissal. In 1669, in addition to his other offices, Colbert exercised the functions of secretary of state, and minister of marine. About a year after this his influence was on the wane, as the haughty and polluted monarch clung to Louvois. Being nearly as immoral as his master, by their consummate wickedness they kept each other in countenance. To estimate correctly the character of Colbert, we are to go back to the days of Sully, since when, no minister had seriously endeavoured to lighten the public burdens, to reform the system of taxation, nor to introduce order and economy into the public expenditure. And the good which Sully had done was neglected or undone in the succeeding long administrations of Richelieu and Mazarin.

When Colbert came into office, my reader has seen that all was confusion—taxes levied without system, money lavishly expended, new taxes created and let out to collectors as fresh wants arose. Such was the intricacy and disorder that, notwithstanding the imposition of fresh taxes, the money paid into the treasury was diminished. The whole was a round of temporising shifts, and barefaced corruption; and so was it felt by all the servants of the crown that *saue qui peut* seems to have been the motto on which they all acted. Feeling the insecurity of their position, as such a system must unavoidably wind up, they were pretty much unchecked in making the most of their opportunities while they lasted. We have seen how searching was the manner in which the new comptroller-general commenced his career—introducing order where before confusion reigned, and exacting responsibility from all under his authority.

Under the pernicious system that exempted the nobility from the payment of direct taxes, a great number of persons had fraudulently assumed titles and claimed rank, while another class had obtained immunity from taxation by the prostitution of court favour, or the abuse of official privileges. These Colbert caused to be investigated, and such as failed to establish their immunity were compelled to pay their share of the public burdens; to the relief of the labouring classes, on whom nearly the whole weight of taxation fell. The public imposts were greatly reduced, which approximation towards free trade gave a vast stimulus to industry; and provincial tolls were abolished. He mitigated the *taille*, a burden peculiarly oppressive to the poorer cultivators of the soil; he improved greatly the internal facilities by making new roads, repairing old ones, cutting canals. By all which agriculture and commerce were greatly benefited. His own powerful mind led him to do all he could in accordance with the doctrines of free trade, but the state of society in general, and of France in particular, compelled him to maintain

prohibitory laws and protecting duties. He is warmly praised by Necker for practically maintaining a sliding scale relative to corn. We cannot estimate Colbert from this; for, if the prejudices and mistaken class interest of the owners of land in 1844 preclude the benefits of unrestricted importation, how could one master-mind possibly emerge from the fog of ancient restrictions, when political economy was no better understood than by our present *clod-polery*? Moreover, he had to think and work out for himself the principles which conduct nations to wealth and happiness.

We have also witnessed the strides he made with what we call the shipping interest. Under his able administration, the colonies of France were extended, fisheries encouraged, trade opened with foreign nations, increased advantages procured from the Levant, and the piracies of the barbarians of the northern coast of Africa repressed. This proved the commencement of a task, that France has now well finished, by taking possession of Algiers. In the subjugation of that predatory race, the gradual, but complete introduction of civilization, and the permanent and beneficial maintenance of this large colony, I sincerely hope she may find her reward. On Colbert's accession to office, he found a debt of 52,000,000 of livres, and a revenue of 89,000,000. At his death, a debt of 32,000,000 and a revenue of 115,000,000; and yet every burden upon the people had been greatly reduced. In forming an estimate of this, we are to remember, he served a most gorgeous and expensive monarch, for vast sums were lavished in courtly pomp, and a series of prodigiously expensive wars.

In the bold taking up and clever extrication of disastrous and ruinous affairs, surrounded on all hands with difficulty and danger, must be traced real ability. In the transition from debt to prosperity is found the best eulogium:—

“With that mute eloquence which passes speech.”—ROGERS.

It has been also shown how he gave opportunity, by his efforts as minister of marine, for the talents of such men as Duquesne, Forbin and others, to be developed in raising the French navy. While strict in attention to economy, Colbert never disregarded the arts and sciences; under him France witnessed profuse expenditure in works of public splendour and utility. The city of Paris is indebted to him for much of its present magnificence, as many of the great works were either constructed by him or improved under his instructions. He took the precaution to prefer a native, to an Italian artist, in the construction of the splendid colonnade of the Louvre. The Louvre he always impressed upon Louis the necessity of embellishing, in preference to wasting large sums on the sandy plains of Versailles. Under his

fostering hand, too, the paving, lighting, and watching, of Paris were remodelled, and taken under the charge of government. To literary and scientific merit Colbert was a liberal and active patron; and at his instance Louis XIV. granted pensions to the most distinguished savans of Europe.

Under his auspices were founded the Académie des Inscriptions, and Académies des Sciences; the Academies of Painting and Sculpture, and the School of Rome, whither the most promising pupils of the Parisian academies were sent to complete their studies. The King's Library, and the Jardin des Plantes, were extended; the Observatory of Paris was founded; and the celebrated astronomers, Cassini, and Huygens, were invited thither. Colbert accomplished much, but the jealousy of the unworthy Louvois, and his conceited master, caused him to leave much undone, and their united opposition succeeded in negating much of the benefit he had achieved. His plans being deranged by their insane projects, to carry on the machine of state, this able minister was compelled to have recourse again to taxes he had abandoned. The good he had accomplished was forgotten by the fickle multitude. His high spirit would have led him to resign, by doing which he would have avoided much unpopularity; but he saw the peril to his country. Hoping yet to serve his ungrateful fellow subjects and opinionated sovereign, he sought his reward in conscious integrity; and showed that he had undergone no change, although his powers had become crippled by adverse circumstances.

That *aristocrats* should hate Colbert can easily be understood, but that he should be turned upon by that *people* whom he had so essentially served, to whose benefit every power of his capacious mind had been dedicated, only affords another lesson of the folly of expecting a grateful return from the fickle multitude. They could bawl themselves hoarse as the heartless and profligate king was passing, with the degradation of misplaced praise and ignorant adulation. While the hatred of the people, in serving whom Colbert's life fell a sacrifice, broke out into open threats and concealed efforts at poisoning him! A *priest* (mark, reader, once more, as a fitting agent at assassination, a minister of religion was employed!) acknowledged on his examination to have administered poisonous drugs to the great minister. Not producing a fatal effect, a slight illness only followed. He, however, was now sinking: doubtless the anguish of his dreadful disease, the stone, kept pace with the moral pain such a mind must suffer from seeing so much of his ability in vain applied to heal the wounds of his country. Still, though sensibly declining throughout the years 1681 and 1682, he continued indefatigable in his official duties; till a fearful accession of his dreadful malady at last forced him to cease from his la-

bours. While Louis could thwart and neglect his able and faithful servant, he could not let pass an opportunity of being praised for attention to a dying minister, whose celebrity filled Europe. He therefore proceeded, with a splendid train, to Colbert's residence: leaving these butterflies without, he went to the sick man's bed-side, and expressed strong wishes for his recovery. This interest soothed the mind of the departing minister, and it is reported that the only tear he shed was one of pleasure for Louis' visit.

He died, September 6, 1683; and, such is the multitude! the hatred of the people towards their benefactor was so great that, from a fear of outrage to his remains, his funeral was celebrated by night, and under military escort! Thus terminated the career of one of the greatest men that ever lived; who was almost the first political economist the world ever saw. He seems to have been a century in advance of the rest of society; and, had his schemes been carried out, France would have been raised to a pinnacle of power and real glory, such as no country has yet been suffered to reach—or, attaining, to preserve. We have seen how his very heart was crushed by the opposition of the inflated and selfish being who wielded the destinies of his beloved country. Louis' appreciation of his servants, eminent as many of them confessedly were, seems always to have fastened on the tinsel and corruption, rather than on the solidity of parts and integrity of character, requisite for the duties of their high functions.

Madame de Fontange, another royal concubine, being with child, was now created a duchess; but "did not long enjoy her good fortune," according to Voltaire. She died at the early age of 20, of an illness contracted during her confinement; and the son she had did not survive his mother. The Abbé Choisi says she was as beautiful as an angel, and as silly as a goose. This removed the last declared rival to the proud Montespan, of whom the "most Christian" king now began to be tired. This period of his life becomes intimately connected with the rise of a new favourite, Madame de Maintenon, whose remarkable history calls for a more than ordinarily careful introduction. Françoise d'Aubigné was granddaughter of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, who filled the office of gentleman in ordinary to Henry IV. Her mother was daughter to the governor of the prison of Trompette, who, commiserating the fate of Constantius d'Aubigné, imprisoned for offending Richelieu, compassed his deliverance. This son of Theodore, actuated by feelings of gratitude and love to the daughter of this Bourdelais gentleman (for such was the governor of the castle), after his enlargement, married her in 1627. He took her and his family to America; whence, after a few years, they returned to France, when they were both, by

order of the court, sent to Niort prison, in Poitou. In this prison, Nov. 27, 1635, Frances was born—to a destiny which embraced all the vicissitudes of fortune. Constantius took all his family once more to America, and settled at Martinique, where he retrieved his fortunes, and would have become independent but for the detestable propensity of gaming. Soon after their arrival, Frances was left by the carelessness of a servant on the shore, and was near being devoured there by a serpent, we are told by Voltaire. Her father died in 1646; her mother returned to France; leaving her daughter *a pledge in the hands of her creditors*. At twelve years of age she was sent back to France, and taken under the hospitable protection of her aunt Madame Villette. As, however, Frances had been brought up a protestant, an order from the court was obtained to remove her; and by artifice and persuasion she was converted to the Roman Catholic church by her bigotted relation, Madame de Neuillant, who was mother to the Duchess de Navailles. After experiencing the utmost severity from Madame de Neuillant, and going through very great hardships, by reason of being subjected to menial employments, in 1651, she preferred, to this irksome confinement, an union with Paul Scarron, who lodged near her in *la Rue d'Enfer* (Hell Street).

He was of ancient family and illustrious by great alliances, but he lowered himself by the burlesque, which he made his profession; he was filthy as an author, and gross, too frequently, in his conversation. In his person he was disfigured, very weak, and had those infirmities that rendered his choice of a young wife worse than absurd. Old, also, and poor, the compensation for these deficiencies and coarsenesses, or at least all that approximated to a set-off, was to be found in the warmth of his heart and the readiness of his humour. At his parties met the wits of Paris, and many distinguished ladies whose fastidiousness would not anticipate being shocked with the “filthy conversation of the wicked.” Before 15 years old, this persecuted girl was handed over to the marital guardianship of this old satyr. Sensitive and discerning, her melancholy prospects caused an involuntary flood of tears to burst from her on first being shown into that domicile of which she then became mistress. Scarron must not, however, be held up too freely to odium, for he had a soul capable of generosity; and having, long before the marriage, admired the beauty and wit of the interesting orphan, he offered, himself to marry her, or to give her a dowry if she chose to marry any other. Those qualifications that had attracted this infirm abbé caused her eagerly to be sought by the best society in Paris on her removal to her husband's house; and it is matter of record—I fear, requiring little corroboration—that she was not much more scrupulous than the French ladies have ever been.

Although after her elevation it became *outré* to disparage the object of the royal choice by reminiscences of early laxity of morals, we are constrained, from the mass of contemporary evidence, to believe what under the circumstances could hardly otherwise have happened. While a vast exactitude was observed in very frequent attendance at church, and other religious externals, as we generally find, a pretty accurate estimate may be formed from the voluntary associations parties make—Madame Scarron chose for her intimate the notorious Ninon de l'Enclos—an open prostitute. Between them a correspondence ensued, and as Mr. James observes, “certainly in Madame Scarron's letters to that *lady* there is not one word which does not tend to establish the belief that the conduct of Ninon de l'Enclos met with full approbation, if not with imitation, on the part of Madame Scarron.” It was reported that a criminal intimacy existed between her and Fouquet—this may admit of some doubt; but, looking to her great intimacy with almost all the infamous women of Paris—Mesdames de Montchevreuil, De Pommereuil, Ninon de l'Enclos, and others; looking at the state of French society; and the marked temptations placed before one so young and courted; I confess, for one, the want of a credence sufficiently elastic to embrace a favourable opinion of the chastity of the wife of Scarron.

She was relieved from this conjugal connexion by the death of the abbé in 1660; and was thereby plunged into the greatest difficulties. Having retired to the Ursuline Convent in Rue St. Jacques, owing to the discontinuation of the pension of her late husband; at the instance of Maréchale d'Albret she was agreeably surprised by its renewal, and even augmentation. She withdrew from the Ursulines; and now appears to have conducted her affairs with discretion. It is said that marriage was offered her by one of great wealth, which she refused because he was an abandoned young man. Immediately after this refusal, she was once more thrown into excess of trouble by the death of the queen-mother, as this again deprived her of her pension. She retired to the Hospitallers' Convent at Paris, where she underwent torrents of abuse from her friends for her imprudent rejection of the hand of the young libertine. We are told by the Cardinal de Fleury that, after long solicitation for a pension of 1,500 livres, the king at length gave her 2,000, addressing her graciously, thus: “Madam, I have made you wait a long time—but you have so many friends that I was resolved to have this merit with you on my own account.” It was a sort of standing remark of Louis', for the cardinal mentions it as the more to be noted by him, the king having made use of precisely the same compliment on presenting him with the bishopric of Frejus. Louis had at length been induced

reluctantly to consider the case of Scarron's widow at the intercession of Madame de Montespan, which that haughty lady had certainly exercised with good feeling. Again possessed of comparative wealth, she plunged into alternate devotion and dissipation—but began to prefer the latter, and to drop hints of giving up the former—because it made her *yawn!*

Madame de Montespan cast her eyes on Madame Scarron, as a suitable person to take charge of the fruit of double adultery in the person of the Duke of Maine and others, born by Montespan to the king. Voltaire says that Louis himself had seen her suitability, and privately sent Louvois to propose the office to the widow. Other accounts state the proposal to have come from the concubine herself, under the thin veil of ignorance of the birth of these children, about which she was merely commissioned by a friend to consult her. Madame Scarron saw through the matter at once, and said, if they were the king's children, and he ordered it, she would take the charge. To the waters of Barege, then, in 1671, did she convey the Duke of Maine. The secret of his birth—he was now a year old—was known to very few. Thenceforward she conducted the royal bastards' education; and in writing to the king, her letters so charmed him that she soon filled an anomalous situation. As the progress of sin is hardening, Montespan had by this time cast off all care of modesty; and, glorying in her shameful adultery, a house was openly taken for Madame Scarron at Vaugirard, with a suitable establishment. The veil of secrecy at length was removed—she was thereby now brought much more into the notice of the king, who had before heard a good deal about her talents and learning. This had created a degree of prejudice against her, as his own neglected education must have caused him, through life, to feel the humiliation of inferiority where letters were concerned.

When the virtue and devotion of Madame Scarron are talked of, we must carry back our eyes to her past life, and to her present position. Daily opportunities were afforded her of spending much time in private with Louis and Montespan; but this never seems to have led to the uncourtliness of exercising her virtue in discountenancing those amours, which seem not to have shocked her piety. Madame de Montespan appears always to have been determined on promoting the fortunes of Madame Scarron; and she endeavoured to effect a marriage between her and a gentleman of high fortune. Mde. Scarron refused, and her motives were differently represented. By some she was said to be so attached to the king's children that she rejected any thing which could separate her from them. Indeed, the Duke of Maine had prospered under her tutelage to that degree that, pleasing Louis by a smart reply on one occa-



sion, the king made his governess a present of 100,000 crowns. About this time the manor of Maintenon, ten leagues from Versailles, was purchased for her by the king, and the widow of Scarron thenceforward was called after her estate; as it appears the king once so addressed her. It is said that shortly after De Montespan first saw reason to notice the growing fondness of Louis for the pious governess of her children; who now had frequent quarrels with their mother.

That that mother was as wicked as it generally falls to the lot of humanity to become; that, farther, she was proud, domineering, and revengeful—lost to all sense of modesty, and actuated by the most selfish considerations, in nearly all the transactions of her lewd life, is beyond a doubt. But, as “none are all evil,” it is unquestionable that the royal concubine had raised from the extreme of degradation, her, who by this time, had created such an impression in the breast of the royal adulterer as alarmed and irritated her benefactress. On occasion of some mortification from the “serious” Maintenon, it is recorded that Louis replied to the remonstrances of his mistress—“Well, if you dislike her, remove her.” Montespan, as a mother, albeit a sinning mother, saw Mde. Scarron’s value to her offspring, and yet prized much about the woman she had lifted from the dunghill. Empowered, as she thus became, to drive her from the court, she contented herself, on some irritation, with hinting to Maintenon her permission to discharge her. Madame de Maintenon so determinately insisted upon acting on this hint as to cause sincere regret to both king and courtesan; nor did she forego her resolution, until the king had condescended to implore the indignant governante to continue her esteemed services. To these entreaties he added the encouragement of being freed from the interference of De Montespan. It appears to me that Montespan, having made this false step, the more able player, Maintenon, followed up the vantage thus gained; and, by the adroitness of her moves, at length check-mated her adversary. At all events, the edifying spectacle presented by her actual condition, her prospective schemes, crafty struggles, and cunning and contradictory letters, exhibit the far-famed Madame de Maintenon in a most questionable light.

It may now be assumed that an almost avowed contest was kept up between Montespan and Maintenon, not for the heart—they both well knew he had none—but for the control of the royal profligate. Louis, like our own Henry VIII., had occasional scruples. And if, when tired of the gentle and virtuous matron who carried the sympathy of Europe, and at length, to use her own expressive words, reached the kingdom of heaven through troubles, the English tyrant could affect to have felt his

conscience pricked, Louis XIV. too had periods of remorse. By the preaching of some of the court divines—who, we may guess, did not probe the royal wound very deeply, Louis had his feelings in some degree awakened—these fits of remorse, we may readily assume, were soon assuaged. One in particular had been allayed by the addition to the harem of the young lady, in connexion with whom, I introduced the early career of Madame de Maintenon. The Marquis de la Fare records another instance of evanescent repentance and alarm: “the king met the host one day, as it was being carried in procession to one of his officers, who was at the point of death; and, to set a good example, turned round and followed it to the chamber of the dying man. The spectacle of the chamber of death so struck and affected him as to awaken thoughts long excluded from his bosom; and on his return to Madame de Montespan, he communicated to her the remorse he felt in regard to the criminality of their connexion. He found her in the same state of mind as himself, and a separation accordingly took place.” But their goodness was like the early cloud and the morning dew; for, though the piety of de Maintenon was powerfully seconded by the brilliant Bishop of Meaux, to dissuade the two criminals from reviving their disgraceful adultery, their repentance was not strong enough against long habits of sin.

However, Madame de Montespan went to Bourbon, leaving her pious rival with her charge the Duke of Maine, about the king, with favour so fast increasing that bystanders, witnessing the new advent, began to trim their courtly sails. She persuaded the royal profligate of her sole desire for his good; and, while the dethroned strumpet had ruled through the power of passion, the more wary and practised widow governed by the empire of mind. In a letter to Madame de Fontenac, her cousin, in whom she reposed absolute confidence, Madame de Maintenon, speaking of the advances of the king, says: “I send him away always in affliction—but never in despair.” The two rivals had agreed to write memoirs of all that passed at court; but this work was not carried very far. These papers are said greatly to have diverted De Montespan in the last years of her life, as she amused herself with reading them to her friends. The king’s self-reproaches became frequent—several times did these double adulterers separate—partly from remorse, real or affected, and partly through the manœuvres of De Maintenon. De Montespan often became furious—scenes of recrimination took place. She brought forward the well known letters found among Fouquet’s papers, to show the infamous connexion between that corrupt minister and this female professor of virtue. The pious governess, denying their authenticity, attributed their concoction to De Montespan; in which it is to be supposed she

convinced the king of her justification. She still rose in the ascendant; and, in 1680, was appointed second lady in waiting to the dauphin's consort on her marriage.

The progress of matters may be divined by learning from her own letters that the king used to send for her from time to time to spend two hours or more with him alone in his cabinet; and proved himself "the most agreeable man in his kingdom." The estrangement of Louis from De Montespan became strengthened by her violent remonstrances: again, however, they were apparently united. The dethroned mistress vented her sharpest maledictions against her whom she viewed as an ingrate—and who, despite their frequent quarrels, on a subject which one would think admitted of no adjustment, really would appear to have had a strong bias towards her benefactress. Again the fondness of the king for De Montespan seems to have made an unexpectedly strong manifestation; but, within three months, the influence once more waned. The Duke of Maine was "the idol of the king, yet the more his fondness for her offspring augmented, the more his love for the mother diminished," as writes De Maintenon in one of her letters. She now interested her mistress, the dauphiness, in a joint effort to detach Louis from De Montespan. But that mistress had a great supporter in Louvois, who having again brought them together, from a letter of De Maintenon's written while explanations were proceeding, we learn her fears. She says: "the king is firm, but Madame de Montespan is very charming in her tears."

In another of her letters she expresses herself thus: "I am devoured by chagrin. I had flattered myself that Madame de Montespan would cease to persecute me, and that I should be able to labour in peace for my salvation with a princess who gives all the court an example greatly admired, but very little followed. Madame de Montespan is reconciled with the king. Louvois managed it. She has omitted nothing to injure me—describing me in the most horrible manner. My God! thy will be done. She came to my house yesterday, and overwhelmed me with reproaches and abuse: the king surprised us in the middle of a conversation, which ended better than it began. He ordered us to embrace, and love each other; but you know the last cannot be commanded. The king added, laughing, that he found it more easy to restore peace to all Europe than between two women, and that we took fire upon trifles." In this state of perplexity, matters proceeded: the king, charmed with her powers, made improper overtures to her: in her letters it is stated she invariably resisted his proposals, nor would she encourage his encreasing passion.

This is certainly strengthened by the great partiality the unfortunate queen felt and manifested for her. That life of distress was fast drawing to a close, and as she was struck by a

disease, judicious treatment for which was not then to be had, Madame de Maintenon attended by her bed-side, and that ill-treated and virtuous royal lady fell into the arms of De Maintenon, and expired. The king was in an adjoining room—stung by another fit of remorse, on contemplating his unfaithfulness to that young heart which had trusted her all with him, who had so cruelly betrayed that trust! At that awful moment, as De Maintenon was retiring from the bed where she had administered such consolation—no longer wanted by the cold clay that alone remained—Louis sent a nobleman to detain her, as “the king had need of her support” at such a moment. She followed, and shortly comforted the sudden penitent, him who, Voltaire says, “was a good son, without being governed by his mother; a good *husband* (!) even without being faithful; a good father, a good master, and always amiable with dignity!”

Of a piece with the adulation of the unbelieving philosopher is the florid eulogy of the celebrated Bishop of Meaux. When called to speak over the dead body of the queen, “whose heart had withered under the wrongs a licentious husband, amidst external respect, had heaped upon her,” Bossuet finds it a fitting opportunity to pronounce at the same time a panegyric upon the king. He recounts the victories won by the French arms, and ascribes them all to the prowess of his hero. But Louis is not only the taker of cities—he is the conqueror of himself. The royal sensualist is praised for the government of his passions; the despot, for his clemency and justice; and the grasping conqueror, for his moderation!! The nuptials of Louis and Maria-Theresa were celebrated June 9, 1660, and she died in 1683. Her offspring were Louis, dauphin; Philip, Duke of Anjou; Charles, Duke of Berri, also two sons and three daughters, who died young.

Either designedly, or involuntarily, Madame de Maintenon had become associated in the mind of Louis with all that he wanted to fall upon in periods of anxiety and difficulty. He again and again made her the most flattering proposals; and for the space of some months there appeared a degree of incertitude about the movements of this extremely prudent lady which puzzled the by-standers. The secret became explained. What notions soever of virtue belonged to Scarron's widow, she had refused to become the mistress of the king. Now the royal bed was opened by the demise of the queen, she had twisted the meshes of her net too cautiously to fear catching the prize. Father la Chaise secretly married them, in 1686, in a little chapel at the end of an apartment at Versailles. Voltaire says, without the least stipulation whatsoever; but, on the other hand, Harlai de Chamvalon, Archbishop of Paris, and Louvois, declared they exacted a promise from the king that he would never divulge this marriage. Besides, Bontems, governor of Versailles

and Montchevreuil, valet-de-chambre, were witnesses to the private celebration of this wedding: it was matter of long dispute, but is now placed beyond all doubt. Louis XIV. was then in his 48th year, and De Maintenon 52. Whether or not the lady had herein been actuated by ambition, or really at length felt that it would promote her usefulness towards France, the king himself, and his children; or whether a certain sort of quiet domination suited her character, under the specious mask of moderation; we must acquit her of a feeling of passion, which ought long to have been extinct in both their breasts.

Her subsequent conduct was every way respectable; her elevation proved little more than a retreat. Shut up in her apartment, upon the same floor with the king's, she confined herself to the society of two or three ladies, as retired as herself, and even these she saw but seldom; and placed where every desire could now be gratified, she appears to have combined therewith benevolence and religion. She declined assuming the royal coat of arms, but, obliterating Scarron's, she merely adopted her own on her carriage. The king came to her apartment every day after dinner, before and after supper, and continued there till midnight. Here he transacted business with his ministers, while Madame de Maintenon employed herself at the same time in reading or needle-work. She never showed any fondness for talking of state affairs; often seeming wholly ignorant of them, and carefully avoiding whatsoever had the least appearance of cabal or intrigue. She studied more to please him who governed than to govern; and preserved her credit by never employing it but with the utmost circumspection. Neither can she be accused of *nepotism*, for she scarcely asked for any thing for her relations. She conducted herself with such prudence as never to parade the superiority of her understanding, that, at the little councils held in her chamber, Louis felt would often assist their deliberations. The king, when at a loss, would smilingly ask her advice, endeavouring to cover his own inferiority by a jocose manner.

It has already been stated that one of the king's daughters, by Madame de Montespan, had been married to the grandson of Condé. Louis had married two more children he had by her, Mademoiselle de Blois to the Duke de Chartres (afterwards regent of the kingdom), and the Duke of Maine to Louisa-Benedicta of Bourbon, grand-daughter to Condé, a princess celebrated for her wit and genius, and her taste in the fine arts. After the marriage of her daughter, Madame de Montespan appeared no more at court. She had been stung by the success of De Maintenon, and now to behold her occupying a seat in the royal carriage, which she herself had so long filled, madened this haughty woman. Instead of at once abandoning

the scenes of her former triumphs and present humiliation, she hovered about Louis with abject efforts at recovering her lost ground. As she could not be otherwise shaken off, the king and his new wife joined in deputing her own son—perhaps by the cutting nature of such a message, by such an envoy, to shut out all revival of hope—to inform her she had better altogether retire! The king appointed her 1,000 louis-d'ors a month. One of her biographers says, she was rather ashamed of her faults, than penitent for them; and Voltaire remarks that, being past the age when her imagination could be struck with such forcible impressions, she did not go into a monastery. Thus half of her life was spent in princely grandeur, and the other in merited contempt.

As a set-off to those dishonoured priests I have had occasion to mention, it is right my reader should know that one minister of religion to whom the disgraced woman applied to be pointed to the source of comfort, told her that her excessive pride must be replaced by humility, and that, having outraged shamefully her duty to her husband, she must entirely submit herself to his will. Bitter as must have been the medicine, she wrote to offer to join him, if he would permit that; or to go wheresoever he might please to direct, and live in any way he might choose. He naturally replied he hoped not to see her again—all he desired being never more even to hear of her. She wandered about detested by all, for such had been her excessive pride that she had no friends; and the reign of her influence had been regarded as a judgment from heaven. As old age approached, a monarch, who has reigned from Adam to the last human being who has crossed the impassable line, came on with a withering aspect, which all the blandishments of this great beauty could not soothe. Such was her personal attraction that, at the age of 66, her charms remained nearly unimpaired. Death was full of terrors to one who knew no refuge. She would always have four or five women to sleep in the room with her, and engaged them to *talk all night*, that she might be sure they were awake. If pleasantry be permissible on so solemn a subject, this king of terrors was not to be frightened away even with that contrivance—beyond which nothing more likely could be devised. Having lost too much blood by injudicious venesection, she became alarmingly ill. Her legitimate son attended the bed-side of his erring parent; and she was soon removed to a judgment where there can be no mistake; and ushered into the presence of that Almighty King, who, while his word can “dash whole worlds to death,” so terrible is his anger—yet in mercy has given *one* name, and only one, through which sinners of the deepest dye may turn and live.

Madame de Maintenon is reflected on by some writers for

not aggrandizing her family connexions; one of her nieces, who afterwards married the famous Viscount Bolingbroke, reproached her for doing so little. She even told the all-powerful lady, in a passion, "You take a pleasure in your moderation, and in seeing your family the victims of it." This charming woman possessed all her aunt's wit, and far more than her aunt's beauty. She was in weak health; but her vivacity was extreme, and her conversation just what should be the conversation of a woman who shines without striving for it, says Bulwer. Bolingbroke loved her to the last, and she returned his fondness: in one of his letters to Swift, he says, "I am not ashamed to say to you that I admire her more every hour of my life." Voltaire blames De Maintenon for carrying conjugal submission too far, which, by the bye, very few husbands have to complain of. Having a sincere friendship for Racine, she still neglected to protect him from the vexation of the king for some trifling offence. If from coldness, or conviction of the prerogatives of a king, she conferred few benefits, De Choisi tells us, on the other hand, she was free from revengeful feelings. Though Louvois had been the long declared friend of De Montespan, and had thrown himself on his knees to supplicate the king's abandoning the intention to marry so obscure a person as the widow of Scarron, she not only pardoned the interference, but pacified the king towards the minister, on occasions when the unpleasantness of his temper too often chafed Louis. If in marrying this extraordinary woman the king had acquired an agreeable and submissive companion, he had also secured one competent to lead his impetuous and unchastened spirit, and who had the rare art of seeming always to follow him whom in reality she was leading.

It now becomes necessary to record what would have been a rare and striking romance had the matter been fictitious; but which, being true, presents one of the most interesting and painful events connected with those unfortunates who have been banished from the society of their fellow men. The very expression *The Man in the Iron Mask* must have struck us all in our boyhood. The detail has left an impression which classes this heartless piece of cruelty, of the most selfish of monarchs, among the most barbarous of penal visitations. If indeed the word penal be applicable; for at present we are wholly in the dark as to who was the prisoner, and what was his offence. The public were excited by extraordinary popular rumours respecting a masked prisoner who appears to have been young, of noble appearance, distinguished bearing, and beautiful person, sent in profound secrecy to an island on the coast of Provence.

Voltaire informs us that, "some months after the death of Mazarin, there happened an affair the parallel of which is not

to be met with in history; and, what is not less strange, all the historians seems to have been ignorant of it. There was sent with the utmost secrecy to the castle of the island of St. Margaret, on the coast of Provence, a prisoner unknown, of a stature above the ordinary size, young and of a most noble and beautiful appearance. This prisoner wore upon the road a mask, of which the lower part had steel springs, contrived so that he could eat without taking it off. Orders were given that, if he showed any inclination to discover himself, he should be immediately killed. He remained in this island till St. Mars, governor of Pignerol, an office of great trust, being made governor of the Bastille in the year 1690, went and brought him from the isle of St. Margaret to the Bastille, observing always to keep his face masked. The Marquis of Louvois went to see him in the island, before his removal, where he spoke to him standing, and with the utmost respect. This stranger being carried to the Bastille, had the best accommodations which that castle could afford: nothing that he desired was refused him: his strongest passion was for lace and linen of extraordinary fineness.

“His table was always served in the most elegant manner, and the governor seldom sat down in his presence. An old physician of the Bastille, who had often attended this remarkable person in his disorders, declared that he had never seen his face, though he had often examined his tongue and other parts of his body. The physician said he was very finely shaped, his complexion somewhat brown, his voice agreeable and engaging. He never complained of his condition, nor gave the least hint who he was. A famous surgeon, who was son-in-law of this physician, is ready to attest the truth of this narrative, which has been so often confirmed by Bernaville, who succeeded St. Mars.

“This unknown person died in 1704, and was buried in the night, in the parish of St. Paul. What increases the wonder is that at the time when he was sent to the island of St. Margaret no considerable person disappeared in Europe. This prisoner was doubtless so: for this remarkable adventure happened the first days of his being in the island. The governor himself set the dishes on the table, and then withdrew after having locked him up. The prisoner one day wrote with the point of his knife upon a silver plate, and flung it out of the window to a boat that was ashore near the foot of the tower. A fisherman, to whom the boat belonged, picked up the plate, and carried it to the governor. Quite astonished, he said to the fisherman. Have you read what is written on this plate? has any body seen it in your hands? ‘I can’t read,’ replied the fisherman, ‘I have but this moment found it, and no creature has seen it.’ The fellow



was detained until the governor had been thoroughly informed that he had never learnt to read, and that the plate had been seen by nobody. 'Go,' said the governor to the fisherman, 'it is very lucky for you that you cannot read.' Among the assertors of this fact, there is one of very great credit still living. Chamillard was the last minister who knew this strange secret. The Marshal de Feuillade, who married his daughter, has told me that, when his father-in-law was dying, he conjured him, on his knees, to tell him who this person was, who had been known by no other name than that of *the man with the iron mask*. Chamillard answered him that it was a secret of state, and he had sworn never to reveal it." Thus far Voltaire—he elsewhere says that "there are many of my contemporaries remaining who can prove the truth of what I assert; and I do not know any fact either more extraordinary or more clearly established. Some days before the prisoner's death, he informed his medical attendant that he believed he was about 60 years of age." Almost all that is *known* about this mysterious personage is ably conveyed in the foregoing extract. Of course, conjecture has been busy as to who could be the object of such close and cruel sequestration; and six have been selected from amongst those who figured in the days of Louis XIV. by the various writers, who have been represented with confidence as the individual who terminated his life under such mysterious circumstances:—

1. "The Count de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV., by Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

2. "An elder, a twin, or a younger brother of Louis XIV. himself.

3. "The well known Duke of Beaufort, celebrated in the wars of the Fronde.

4. "Ardewicks, the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople.

5. "The celebrated financier Fouquet.

6. "Hercules Anthony Mathioli, secretary to the Duke of Mantua."

I have copied the last few lines from Mr. James's valuable work, the well-known writer who has gone so deeply into the history of this period — ransacking every one who has at all treated upon the subject. In my opinion, he has sensibly demolished *every* theory at an extended length which a mere condensation will not admit of. I shall avail myself of a few of his conclusive remarks; and content myself with but little of my own, except to make some comments on a miserable article which appeared on Sept. 20, 1834, in "the Saturday Magazine." It would be hardly worth notice but for the weight the respectability of that journal may throw around it, and for the unbecoming *ex-cathedrá* tone that characterises those puerile conjectures. I refer such of my readers as wish to go more

into detail to the most able and interesting pages of the queen's historiographer.

1. Louis of Bourbon, Count of Vermandois, was born Oct. 2, 1667. He became vicious, and, for misconduct to his mother, Louis forbade his appearance at court, about the middle of the year 1683. This severity produced a salutary effect; he became regular in his conduct, and in his attendance at church, and at the academy. The king now sent him to the army at Courtray, where he took a fever, and died Nov. 19, 1683. It was said that, in a passion, he had struck the dauphin, who was 22 years old, for which offence, and previous misconduct, he was condemned by Louis to the iron mask. Abundant materials disprove this romance—there being not one word of truth in his relapsing into his former misconduct, and unquestionable evidence of his death, and being sincerely mourned for by the king.

2. As to a brother of Louis XIV. (besides the Duke of Orleans) we have no evidence of the existence of such a person. Some say Anne of Austria bore him to the Duke of Buckingham (see pages 2 and 3 of this work); some describe him as a twin-brother of Louis XIV.; some as a younger brother, by many years, in consequence of a criminal intercourse with Mazarin. If such a person ever existed, the supposition of his being the unfortunate prisoner acquires a degree of probability. Even Louis' own legitimacy was often called in question—perhaps not without foundation.

3. The Duke of Beaufort had rendered himself offensive by a long course of insolent and factious opposition; but hardly enough so to receive the renown of being the man in the mask. He was unquestionably killed at Candia, and although, amidst the multitudes who fell and the consequent confusion, his body was not found, funeral services were instituted in his honour. Moreover his age forbids the thought—for he would have been about 90 at the time of the death of the mask. This conjecture therefore is as worthless as that of the Saturday Magazine—and cannot possibly be more so.

4. The Armenian patriarch, who had rendered himself conspicuous in his opposition to the Jesuits when they tried to reduce the whole Greek church to amalgamation with the Roman. He was driven from Constantinople, inveigled on board a French ship, and carried to the island of St. Marguerite. All this may be true; and more, that the Porte tried to procure his discharge, remonstrating that the French king should take upon him to detain a subject of theirs. Without farther refutation, it would seem ridiculous to affect such a mystery about a person whose confinement was publicly known, concerning which governments corresponded, and relative to whom the discrepancy of dates is fatal.

5. Mathioli, secretary to the Duke of Mantua, was stated by the Baron de Heiss, and Sénac de Meilhan, to be the real Simon Pure. M. Delort, in 1825, published a work to establish the identity of this secretary with the mask. This was translated by the late Lord Dover, who with taste and care worked up his own observations, adding that which he considered useful from the works of Roux Fazillac, and others. It appears that Antonio Mathioli was a native of Bologna, a B.L., at that university, and a senator of Mantua. He had filled the post of minister to the duke's father. Being a designing, meddling character, d'Estrades selected him as a fit agent to persuade Ferdinand that it was his wisdom to place Casal under the power of France, as his only security against Spain and Austria. The goose of a prince was caught by the speciousness of the idea, as part of the plan was to pay him a good round sum of money—but certainly no part of the plan was to vacate after the French should have garrisoned Casal. It seems that it was an impromptu of d'Estrades—to gratify unexpectedly his ambitious master. Louis was now however made acquainted with the negotiation; and, after certain arrangements were made, it became necessary for the duke and d'Estrades to meet at midnight at Venice. Mathioli was despatched to Paris, where the scandalous compact was drawn up, he receiving a handsome reward, and promises of preferment for his relations. Italian like, he went to the agents of Spain and Austria, divulged the iniquitous secret; and, being offered a higher bribe, instead of carrying out his engagements with d'Estrades, he sent to say his master had been obliged to execute another treaty, which disabled him from keeping his engagement with France. It was now too late for remonstrance; and at length the mortifying truth was plain—the great Louis had been duped by the *obscure minion of a petty Italian prince*—these are the very words of the Saturday Magazine. The ruin of the offender was determined, and d'Estrades, by order of Louis, seized Mathioli, allowing him no intercourse with any one. The instructions of his master were successfully carried out, Mathioli was entrapped and carried to Pignerol. From which period, quoth the writer, to the day of his death, a space of more than 24 years, *Mathioli* remained under the close and watchful custody of St. Mars; first at Pignerol, next at Exiles, then at the Isle of St. Marguerite, and lastly in the Bastille.

After two or three questionable, and, if correct, unimportant, statements, the writer says, with wonderful complacency, “we are warranted in concluding Mathioli was the man in the iron mask.” And in the remaining paragraphs of this article, taking it for granted as placed beyond dispute that the identity is established, the editor drops the designation of *the man in the iron mask*, and, whensoever it is necessary to speak of this per-

son, he calls him *Mathioli*. Towards the conclusion of this very feeble piece of reasoning, the writer, as if a little fidgetty lest his pretty card-house should be blown down, anticipates a formidable and *fatal* difficulty—by a tremulous remark: “If it appear strange that a person of no greater consequence than the Duke of Mantua’s agent should have been the object of these anxious precautions, it must be again observed that fiction has thrown false lights on the history of his fate!” If this line of argument, *pro re natá*, be admissible, all that appears in the shape of history, which we ourselves do not *know* to be true, may be thrown out. We are to remember that the *first* and the *best* account was published by Voltaire, telling us the simple narrative. I can see no “false lights” therein. The writer himself, under the signature of M., records such points as Louvois being known to treat the prisoner with so much reverence, the invariable respect he received from the governor, and the solemn refusal of the minister of state, Chamillart, even to his son-in-law (years after the death of *Mathioli*) to divulge this important state secret when on his death-bed. How glaringly inconsistent with himself therefore is M., to attribute all this remarkable effort at concealment of the unimportant charge he represents the miserable man to be in other parts of his unsuccessful paper. How futile to attempt to identify this long mysteriously designated prisoner as “the man in the iron mask” with *Mathioli*! He calls him an “Italian intriguer,” an “obscure minion,” a “person of no great consequence,” a “mean Italian adventurer.”

To have affected a mystery about *Mathioli* would have been ridiculous, as numbers, both in the north of Italy and France, and a great many in Venice, Turin, Milan, &c., knew of his detention at the Bastille. But in the penny publications of the day, it is so much the fashion to solve all mysteries, and deny the existence of what cannot be reasoned away, that it is easy to see how such writers are led into these insuperable difficulties. This critic forgets that the account of what he calls “false lights” comes accompanied with the sole record we have of the transaction; so that if *part* is to be thrown overboard, *all* may be abandoned. We had then better openly state—because we cannot find out who was the unhappy prisoner so treated—that it is all a fiction, and that there *was no* man in an iron mask. In short, gentlemen, painful as it is to demolish the fabric constructed with so much vain elaboration, if you will fairly reconsider this decision, although delivered on the tripos (Lord Dover, the Quarterly Review, and the Saturday Magazine) of the priestesses of Apollo at Delphi, you will perhaps see it to be worth little more than many of the howlings resulting from the mephitical exhalations of that famed subterraneous cavity.

On Aug. 13, 1681, just as St. Mars was about to remove the man in the iron mask to Exiles, he received directions to suspend his journey, in order to receive Catinat (who with d'Estrades and Montesquieu had arrested Mathioli) at Pignerol, he being sent for the purpose of concluding a new arrangement in order to obtain possession of Casal. This arrangement was fully concluded, Casal was given up to France; and, from that moment, says Mr. James, the name of Mathioli never once occurs, nor is the slightest reference to him whatsoever to be found in the whole correspondence of St. Mars and the ministers. So far from the reasonable identification of the noted prisoner and this "Italian intriguer," whereas all accounts agree as to the respect which was invariably shown towards the former unfortunate, the French ministers spoke of Mathioli with sovereign contempt. The governor was repeatedly told that he should be severely treated, and be allowed, "except the absolute necessaries of life, nothing which may make him pass his life agreeably;" adding elsewhere an order "to treat such a rascal as he deserves," &c. These words were penned by Louvois—concerning Mathioli, no doubt, but *not concerning the mask*, whom he himself treated with such marked reverence. In short, the imprisoned Mantuan secretary was of too little importance for his life or his death to be recorded. We know not the period of his imprisonment; but the probabilities are that, after Casal was given up to the King of France, he was liberated, as unworthy the farther notice of the French government.

6. Fouquet would have been about 90 years of age had he been the man; and could hardly be supposed to have had any motive to say he conceived he was about 60 just before his death. Moreover, supposing there to be any doubt as to Fouquet's notorious demise in 1680, there can be none of the gradual relaxation of the rigour with which he was treated by order of Louis. Amidst the wild conjectures of a probable motive for so marked a recurrence to severity, the assumption that it arose from the discovery of what had always been alleged since his papers were made public—his criminal intimacy with Madame Scarron, appears one of the most unlikely of conjectures. The notoriety of that lady's character could not have been hidden from Louis; and her friendship with notorious prostitutes and public mistresses, who at an early period of her spiritual profession formed that religious lady's exclusive coterie, could hardly have left a person so experienced in female frailty as was the king in the dark. Nor can we imagine the refinement of his singularly chaste mind incapable of sustaining the shock of so delicate a discovery! In short, we must consign that supposition to the same grave in which must be interred the trashy deductions of the Saturday Magazine; and, beyond that

absurdity, there is no presentable case. The ex-minister of state doubtless went down to the generation of his fathers at the alleged period, 1680; although (see p. 103) there is great difficulty in determining the time and place of his sepulture. The statements connecting that ambitious financier with the dark and distressing fate of the man in the iron mask have mainly arisen hence. Again, all the particulars we can learn, connected with this black page in the history of Louis XIV., leave the probabilities greatly in favour of the notorious velvet mask with steel springs being adopted as a *precautionary*, rather than as a *punitive*, measure.

These six theories, so improbable that we may almost call them impossible, being dismissed; as such a prisoner, and under all the mysterious circumstances stated, really did exist, the question remains—who could he be? And, after the candid statements of Mr. James that, notwithstanding all his investigations, the subject appears to be as dark and mysterious as ever, I am sure it would be presumption in any other writer to place vague suspicions in place of historical facts. We may rest assured that no farther discoveries will be made, relative to this exciting event, “until the publication of the whole of the letters referring to that epoch in the archives of the various ministerial offices of France, which would confer the greatest benefits on the science of history; even if we could not trace therein the real secret of the man in the mask, a secret that still remains undoubtedly to be discovered.” The only suggestion connected with which, that I will throw out, is, when these lights shall be thrown upon this dark subject, it will be found connected with private family matters.

Events now carry us to England. The bigotry of James II. to his religion led him to extravagant exhibitions of zeal. The difficulties of his position required a degree of profound ability; with which, and a favourable concurrence of circumstances, it is yet to be doubted that he could possibly have succeeded. For if history affords remarkable instances of success in such bold endeavours, there have been none, happily, in this country, of extensive retrogression towards abandoned superstitions. Unless, indeed, we allow the present almost universal tendency to uphold, forgone errors, and to revive abandoned claims, on the part of the clericals of England, to be an exception. If the minds of so large a portion of those members of the universities in preparation for our parochial pulpits seem fascinated with the Circean cup, it would seem, however, at present to leave untouched the mass of the laity. Still, if the course of events would point to a revival of ancient affinity with Rome, the dormant energies of a vast mass of our reflecting people may yet be roused; and the strong protestant feeling of our fore-

fathers be brought into action, spite of the courtly support of by-gone ceremonials and deposed crudities. Merited as would be our national fate, for regardlessness of God's word and commandment, in being once more turned into a land of graven images, there is still much of that salt that preserves from putrefaction. The solution of the important problem may yet be that the sound part of the public mind will make a mighty heave, and thereby carry off those things that offend. Instead of reconstruction of the *viæ antiquæ*, in the plenitude of priestly dogmatism, it may be given to mankind eventually to become free from the shackles which at once repress devotion and chain down intellect; and a vast re-action be destined to hurl down Babylon—never more to rise!

In sketching the wretched reign of James, and his strict friendship with France, I must endeavour to do so without forgetting that it is only *quoad* Louis XIV. I have to deal with our justly deposed monarch. The absorbing nature of the subject renders it so natural for an English writer to slide into the history of his own country, that I must endeavour to keep to the designs of William III., relative to achieving the English throne. If indeed the sequel will tolerate that expression, and it shall not rather appear that, by common acclaim, he was put upon an office that was never prompted by ambition; but to which he was impelled as one to whom the alarmed and determined protestants looked up both as a protection against their own false king, and their powerful and dangerous neighbour, Louis.

The reader has seen how the wind-up of the last general war left the King of France surrounded with enemies. In the natural order of things, the Prince of Orange, who had experienced the melancholy effects of Louis' ambition, exerted himself to concoct and mature an European league, to circumscribe that dangerous power, and humble that towering ambition. The emperor, the Duke of Lorraine, the Italian princes, Sweden, and the Pope, aided by Spain and Savoy, were prepared for any confederation against France. She had also to contend with nearly three quarters of a million of her own children, the protestant outcasts whom the vile persecution of the king and priests had cruelly driven from the bosom of their beloved country. These, being planted indiscriminately all over Europe, carried with them, and fostered in the breasts of those who received them, implacable hatred against the king. So that Louis was righteously beset on all sides with enemies, the King of England being his only friend and ally. James procured about half a million of money—an immense sum in those days—which he applied to put the English fleet in a condition to go to sea, though we were in entire peace with Europe. There

can be no doubt it was with the connivance of Louis, and that the intention was to join the French king in a sudden war upon Holland, as the Dutch fleet had been neglected during the peace.

The priesthood were always at work to promote the interests of France, which ever led to the embroiling of England with Holland. As it was thought little likely that the queen of James II. would have a son (that alone could exclude the Prince of Orange from the succession to the British throne, in right of his wife), they were always scheming to get up a war, the effect of which they fondly hoped might lead to an act of excluding William and Mary. At this time, we are informed by Burnet, who had repaired to the Hague, at the express invitation of Prince William, during his abode at Geneva, he had heard of a report that a brutal Savoyard, who had fled thither on account of a horrible murder he had committed, had laid before the French minister a plan to secure the person of the Prince of Orange. He offered to go in a small vessel of 20 guns that should lie off a little distance at sea. He was to land in a boat with seven persons besides himself, and as the prince used often to go in his chariot, to ride on the sands near Scheveling, attended by only one companion and two pages, they were to seize William, and carry him on board the ship, and then convey him to France. Louvois encouraged this scheme, and advanced money on account to the adventurer; who, being a talking man, divulged the secret, and showed Louvois' letter on the subject, which M. Fatio, the celebrated mathematician, procured, and gave it to Burnet. He laid the matter before the court at the Hague, and the princess became greatly alarmed. Not without considerable difficulty (on account of William's strong predestinarian views) could he be prevailed upon to use extra precautions, which were imperatively required by the States, who were much struck with the clever design and its facility of execution.

In a letter from the Jesuits of Liege to their brethren at Friburg, in Switzerland, is a long account of the affairs of England. "That James II. had been received into a communication of the merits of their order; that he expressed great joy at his becoming a son of the society; and professed as much concern for their interests as his own. That he wished they could furnish him with many priests to assist him in the conversion of the nation, which he was resolved to be bring about, or die a martyr in the endeavour; and that he would rather suffer death for carrying on that, than live ever so long and happy without attempting it. He said he must make haste with this work, otherwise, if he should die before he compassed it, he would leave them worse than when he found them. They added, amongst many particulars, that, when one of the them kneeled



down to kiss his hand, James took him up and said, since he was a priest, he ought rather to kneel to him, and to kiss his hand. And, when one of them lamented that his next heir was a heretic, he said, 'God would provide him an heir.' " James saw that absolute power was necessary to the accomplishment of his favourite scheme; and, witnessing the despotic sway of so many European princes, Louis as much encouraged him to make a push for unlimited monarchy as the Jesuits were urging him forward to re-establish popery.

So rash was his conduct that some of the cardinals at Rome used to say, in humour, "that they ought to excommunicate him as a man who was going to destroy that little of the catholic religion which remained in England." Innocent XI. is understood to have expressed himself strongly against James's enterprise, as grossly impolitic, for he said, "The very air they breathe in England is protestant." He constantly refused James's earnest requests for a cardinal's hat, for Father Peters, his confessor. That forward and ambitious character, in hopes of the coveted honour, and of becoming primate of all England, urged on his royal master to extremes. Matters were fast proceeding to a crisis. James' conduct towards the church of England turned that powerful body into determined enemies. The University of Oxford now discovered that their voluntary tender of obedience to James, "without limitations or restrictions," meant so long and so far as the king attempted nothing contrary to their conception of "religion established by law," which the clergy declared "was dearer to them than their lives." And as James was driving matters with a high hand to the establishment of popery, it was pretty clear that they were not unlikely to lose this which was dearer to them than their lives. And although one would suppose it matter of indifference to those who had been moved in the apostolic spirit to forsake all, to follow Christ, yet a considerable attraction existed towards the glebes, tithes, parsonages, and other *agrémens*; hope of quietly possessing which had led those holy men to engage to obey "without limitation or restriction." As this perpetual engagement and unconditional submission seemed not likely to work for their peace, a new light broke in upon their minds, and they speedily "turned round upon themselves," as Castlereagh used to call it.

Concocting a plan to get rid of the gloomy tyrant, they now joined the heads of the nation in a secret confederacy. A deputation to the Prince of Orange was sent with such privacy as to baffle the court; although Burnet's residence at the Hague was notorious, and that he was engaged in forwarding the good work, and fostering constitutional sentiments in the breasts of William and Mary. James had a check for £3,000 drawn, ready to be signed, as the Duke of Ormond declared he saw it at the secre-

tary's office, to be paid to a person who should seize or destroy the bishop! It is too well known in England, to permit here recapitulating the circumstances, that the vile attempt to punish the seven bishops for declining to recognise the dispensing power of the king, in its merited failure, gave the *coup de grace* to the fate of James. Amidst all these disorders in England, Admiral Russel went over to the Hague to prepare matters with that court.

Just at this time it was discovered, to the surprise of everybody, that James's queen was pregnant. It was generally believed to be altogether a popish plot—but, in due course, she appears to have been delivered of a son. William was thus thrown out of succession, by his wife, to the British throne; and, strengthening the hopes and hands of the papists, this created the greatest ferment in England. If Burnet's account be true, there was a long tissue of deception practised; and it must be confessed that many circumstances conspired to corroborate these tales, that appear to have been much credited at the time. But, as it is a wise child that can tell his own father, the truth can never be elicited by the fact that James-Francis-Edward, this disputed boy, afterwards became the pretender, and always passed for the son of James and his consort. The allegation is that the queen miscarried three months before the pretended birth of the Prince of Wales, but that it was kept a great secret. She had still to maintain appearances; and that, at the right time, she should feign parturition—a child being provided. The very strong motive of the papists needs little to explain, nor can there be a doubt of their willingness to lend themselves to any likely plan for the establishment of their religion. On the other hand, the difficulties were great of perpetrating such a bare-faced deception, in the case of royalty, which must pay the penalty of losing that peaceful repose and decent seclusion, in the hour of nature's sorrow, allotted to all females of inferior rank. The very purpose being to prevent the affiliation of spurious offspring—a queen submits to a public delivery—one can but believe this negatives the strong assertions of unfair play. However, the curious may derive a fund of entertainment from consulting Burnet, who goes into a class of minutiae concerning warming-pans, clothes, &c., that would be a little too free for modern fastidiousness. The professional kind of knowledge our worthy ecclesiastic seems to have possessed, to his well-merited bishopric, might have added, in the new reign, to bring about the advent of which he had so long and so honestly laboured, the title and office of *groom of the close-stool*.

The conduct of the whole design of displacing James was entrusted mainly to Sidney, the brother of Algernon Sidney. Nine years before, he had been envoy to Holland, and had en-

joyed a greater intimacy with the prince than any other of his countrymen had: suspicion having been excited, he was apprehensive, and spent a year in Italy. Matters were now fast ripening, and Sidney cautiously sounded the Lords Halifax, Danby, Nottingham, Devonshire, and Churchill, with many other leading characters, bishops, army officers, &c. But, as the bespeaking of so many stands of arms, although covered by a pretence of their being for the King of Sweden; and other necessary arrangements, albeit conducted with surprising secrecy, could not delude the active emissaries of Louis; the alarm being taken by the court of France, soon was communicated to England. James was not without fears: he ordered 14 more ships to be put to sea, and many fire ships. But the seamen were universally sulky, the complements of the ships could not be procured without great difficulty. There was a marked spirit of discontent in the army; and James's attempt to infuse so large a portion of Irish catholics into the Duke of Berwick's regiment, tried as an experiment upon the whole body of the troops, turned out a failure. The lieutenant-colonel and five of the captains refused to receive them; these officers were put under arrest, taken before a court-martial, broken, with reproach, and declared incapable of serving the king any more. But all the officers of the army had shown such sympathy as that no farther attempts were made.

Louis XIV. offered his "good brother" any forces he might require. All the English papistical priests were for receiving 15,000 at Portsmouth, and so were most of the popish lords. Sunderland was strong in opposing it—saying, that less than 40,000 would be of no use; and then it might prove that, after having been James's servants, they would turn out his masters, and the king become a mere viceroy of France. This caused a suspension, but not a total abandonment, of the proposal. Barillon, the French ambassador at our court, believing matters would proceed to a civil war, trusted that the balance might then be effectually turned by assistance from France. Therefore he encouraged his master to go on with his designs that winter, in the hope that spring would be time enough for helping James. This advice was destructive of the king of England, and fatal to himself; for, on his return to France, Louis being angry with him, the ambassador so took it to heart as to fret into an illness which proved mortal. Barillon's powers were quite mistaken by both courts: Voltaire says he was only competent to advise and assist the two kings about their mistresses. The French ambassador at the Hague informed the States that his master understood the vast preparations he heard of were designed against England, and that, being in strict alliance with

that country, he should consider any thing the Dutch might do as an invasion of his own crown.

The world were at this time surprised with a manifesto, in the name of the King of France, against the emperor. As it was the prelude to that long war which only terminated with the peace of Ryswick, it may be proper here to present my reader with an abstract of it. The emperor's evil designs against France were set forth; it complained of the Elector Palatine's injustice to the Duchess of Orleans, in not giving her the succession that fell to her by her brother's death; and charged him with the disturbances in Cologne, with a view of securing that for one of his own sons. On which and other accounts, the King of France, seeing that his enemies could not enter France by any other way but that of Philipsburg, determined to possess himself of it, and then to demolish it. He resolved also to take Kaiserslauter from the Palatine, and to keep it till the Duchess of Orleans had justice done her in her pretensions. And, with two or three other minor points, he declared he would only wait till January, for the conditions he now offered to be accepted or rejected. This manifesto was followed by another against the pope, which the Cardinal d'Estrées presented to his holiness. Herein Louis complained of the partiality he had shown against France, in favour of Austria. After other reasons, he wound up by separating the character of the most holy father from that of a temporal prince; and therefore he should seize on Avignon and on Castro, until the pope should satisfy the pretensions of the Duke of Parma.

Louis affected to consider the pope's conduct in not joining him heartily in the extirpation of heresy, as giving great scandal both to the old Roman Catholics and to the new converts. The King of France in some measure attributed the boldness of the Prince of Orange in venturing to invade the King of England with the view of destroying the Roman Catholic religion to this, which he had also affirmed had led to the spreading of the report that the birth of the Prince of Wales was an imposture. Marshal Schomberg, a German by birth, being a protestant, had asked leave, at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, to return to his own country. This had been refused him, and he was sent to Portugal. Such is the spirit of popery that, though he had been the instrument of achieving the independence of that slip of a country, yet as he was known to disapprove of the extreme measures of his wretched government, the inquisition set upon him as a "heretic," and forced Louis to recal him. He went to England, whence he departed for Holland, and there he formed an intimacy with William. Proceeding to Berlin, he was placed at the head of the Prussian army,

and now went to Cleves, to command the troops sent from the empire for the defence of Cologne. By these means, a stop was put to any progress the French could make: thus the States were safe for the winter, which gave time for the consolidating of the plans William was arranging against England.

A fleet of about 50 sail of Dutch ships was now put to sea, most of them third or fourth rates, commanded by Dutch officers; the English admiral, Herbert, was commander-in-chief. The Dutch resisted this, considering a stranger ought not to be placed at the head of their fleet; but Admiral Herbert would take nothing less, and it was conjectured, nothing was so likely to cause the English fleet to join the enterprize. About 500 transports were secured for conveying over 4,000 dragoons and their horses, and there were 3,000 more horses for artillery and baggage, also arms for an addition of 20,000 more to their army. It now became necessary to have a public document, declaratory of the prince's intentions, drawn up; and such a paper was sent from England for the consideration of the States. After long attention, weighing well the civil law, and the law of nations, they made great alterations, and took it to Burnet, to be by that divine put into good English. This declaration recapitulated the grievances of the English, relative to common and civil law, religion, &c. Upon multifarious grounds, William, seeing it the only hope for civil and religious liberty, as the ruin of the protestant religion, and the constitution of England was imminent, at the earnest invitation of all ranks, resolved, both on the princess's account, and his own, to go over to England. He proposed to seek for a redress of these growing evils, in a parliament to be freely chosen, with which to concur in all that might tend to the peace and happiness of the nation. Dissenters were promised protection; the church, preservation; the question of the queen's delivery to be examined by a parliament, and its decision should be binding.

This celebrated manifesto was signed and sealed on the 10th of October, 1688; and accompanying this were letters inviting soldiers, seamen, and others, to come and join the enterprize. A paper was drawn up by Burnet, justifying this departure from the line of obedience, anticipating and answering the objections which might be made; many thousands were printed, and distributed on the English coast. The good bishop accompanied William to England as his chaplain. Not comprehending the force of the claims of that tenacious and comely old dame, the church of England, the prince had nearly made a sad hole in his manners by signing at the Hague another document drawn up by the canny Scots there resident. By implication, in this paper William declared what steams up in the nostrils of the orthodox church of England divines as the decoction of verjuice—

even presbyterianism—cold, calculating, and shifty as it is—to be the only booth in the fair. Even before they all started on their redoubtable expedition, a very awkward fracas broke out between these venerable sister churches, and Burnet was called in to adjust the dispute. This he accomplished by altering the prince's favourable views of the claims of the sharp-visaged vestal of the north, who was therefore compelled to draw in the horns of her assurance. After existing in slow and icy atrophy for 150 years longer, it gladdens many minds to witness the approaching agonies of death, the indication of which, it is hoped, the rattles now heard in her throat may prove!

The claims and consistency of popery are at least intelligible. The unbending adherence to forms and ceremonies, and upholding of strong toryism—mixed up with so much vital religion and open-handed charity, good breeding and almost universal respectability of the Anglican priesthood, presents much that may be admired, although alloyed by courtly alliance with this world. But for the meagre, cold, and grasping kirk of the bleak north, that lays claim to freedom, while one section of her "priesthood" are howling at intrusive patronage, and biting and devouring the other division, who are content to jog along the dark and downward Erastian road—what shall be said for this extraordinary edifice? Experience having proved this divided kirk to be a failure, it now seems that the rivals will fight on till, like the two Kilkenny cats in the saw-pit, at last nothing will be found but the tail of one of them. And then may real and undefiled religion cover that land once so renowned for a bold struggle after the *power*, and not the lifeless *form*, of godliness!

William had too much knowledge of human nature to trust to the assurances that were held out to him of James's army coming over to the invaders; neither did he feel more reliance on the expectation of the country people joining him. He therefore prudently told Sidney and the other advisers of the enterprise that he would not act without adequate strength, as failure would be the ruin of both England and Holland. Some proposed that Marshal Schomberg should command a portion of the forces, and land in the west, while William, with another, should land in the north. The prince readily consented that Schomberg should accompany the expedition, but declined separating the army. Herbert and the other seamen opposed landing in the north, on account of the dangers of the coast for a fleet in an east wind: he was therefore ordered to stand over to the Downs, to watch the English fleet, to see whether or not they would come over. Contrary winds prevailed above a fortnight, which damped the courage of the invaders. However, in the beginning of October, the troops were put on board in the Zuyder sea, and got out of the Texel in ten days, and within

three days the 500 transports were got together. Burnet tells us he waited on the princess a few days before they all left the Hague: he found her much depressed in spirit, she was very solemn and serious, and prayed God earnestly to bless and to direct the leaders. On the 16th, the wind veered to the east; so orders were sent in all haste to prepare.

That morning the prince went into the assembly of the States-general, to take leave of them. He assured them he was extremely sensible of the kindness they had always shown him; he took God to witness he had served them faithfully; and ever had the good of his country before his eyes. He now went to England with no other intentions than those stated in the declaration; committing himself to the providence of God, not knowing what might become of him. He left to them the care of the country, and recommended the princess to them in the most particular manner, even with a tone of feeling which seldom broke through his phlegmatic manner. At the conclusion, almost all the members were greatly affected: many attempting to speak—all were melted into tears—and they could only express themselves in abrupt, broken, and tender speeches. In short, William's was almost the only dry eye: but even this moving scene could not disturb his cold nature. After various ill-timed delays, during which these tardy adventurers had consumed much of their provisions, and lost three days of fair wind, on the 19th, the prince went on board; and the whole fleet sailed out that night. But the next day the wind veered to the north, and settled in the north-west. At night a great storm arose; they worked against it all that night and the next day, but it was in vain to struggle any longer, and at length the signal was given to retrace their steps. Several of the ships were missing when they assembled together again, but by degrees they all came in, though some were sadly shattered by the storm. The religionists viewed this check according to their faith: some blessing a merciful God who had preserved all this vast fleet in a terrible storm, and, by this his gracious care, they took courage to trust Him for the future. Others considered it a token of the Lord's hand being shown against the enterprise. During the prevalence of the storm, there was great anxiety at the Hague, and the princess caused public prayers to be offered four times a day for their preservation from so great a danger.

In England, the court saw that it was vain longer to dissemble. Great consultations were therefore held. The Earl of Melfort and the leading papists proposed seizing on all suspected persons, and sending them to Portsmouth. This was stoutly opposed by the Earl of Sunderland, as certain to drive such to favour the prince: it would be much wiser, he thought, for the

king to do popular things, and thus try to allay the popular fermentation. This judicious counsel did not suit; and Sunderland was turned out of all his employments, Lord Preston being appointed secretary of state. The English fleet was sent out in great strength, and if they had met the Dutch fleet, who had to cover their transports, had an attack been made, the English would doubtless have been victors. The troops were fetched up from Scotland, that kingdom being left in the hands of the militia; several regiments were likewise brought from Ireland, so that the king's army was about 30,000 strong. James sent for the bishops, and to them depicted the injustice of this unnatural invasion, assuring them of his affection for the church of England. He protested he never meant to carry matters farther than equal liberty of conscience; desiring they would declare their abhorrence of this threatened invasion, and give him their advice. They suggested the summoning of a parliament, that the ecclesiastical commission should be given up, the proceedings against the Bishop of London and Magdalen College might be reversed, and the law restored to its ancient channel—declining to express their abhorrence of the expected descent.

The straightforward conduct of these divines greatly delighted the people. The king ordered them to prepare a service for the occasion, which they obeyed so judiciously that *either party* could use the form—as it fitted like a shirt! The church soon snuffed the wind politic, and expressed their grief to see the wind natural so cross; and, wishing it to blow from the east, the clergy named that “the protestant wind.” In short, all was confusion here—now nothing could be done enough to please the people: but it was too late—the court was distrusted. The *interests* of the clergy pointed to the new advent; the time was come to “cast away the works of darkness;” and the “ministers and stewards of the mysteries made ready and prepared the way” of the Prince of Orange, “by turning the hearts of the disobedient”—that, on his arrival, they “might be found an acceptable people in his sight” who was coming to “reign over them.” After all the concessions James now made (and a portion might, at an earlier period, with a kindlier spirit, have quieted a people like the English, little fond of change, and ever ready to kiss the rod), that was experienced by James, the truth of which it has fallen to the lot of many others to find out, that

“He that will not, when he may,  
When he will, he shall have nay.”

This was the state of matters in England, while the fleet of Holland lay off Helvoet-sluis, till November 1. The weather was most unpropitious; the men of war were still riding at sea, and though boats were sent out to them, they could not reach



them. After dreadful storms with great danger to the shipping, at last "the protestant wind" came, and even then it took two days to get this large fleet out so that they should move in order. They tried to sail northward, but the weather prevented, and the signal being given to steer westward, they were thereby spared meeting the English fleet, which could not leave the river by reason of the east wind, so that the Dutch had the sea open to them, with a fair wind and safe navigation. On November 3, they passed between Dover and Calais, and before night came in sight of the Isle of Wight. The 4th being the day on which the prince was both born and married, he fancied, if he could land on that day, it would look auspicious to the army. But the English who accompanied him considered that the day following being gunpowder-treason day, to land then would have a better effect on the minds of the English nation, and so were well pleased that it turned out impossible for him to land sooner. Torbay was thought the best place for so large a fleet to lie in, and it was resolved to land the army where it could be most readily accomplished near that spot. It being reckoned that, at such a distance from London, they could provide themselves with horses, and put every thing in order before the king could march his army towards them, and that the prince's army should remain some time at Exeter to refresh themselves.

Burnet tells us he was in the ship with the prince's "other domestics,"—a singular allocation for a bishop. This vessel went in the van of the whole fleet. At noon, Admiral Russell went on board, with the best of the English pilots they had provided. This pilot, during the night, carried them beyond Torbay and Dartmouth; so that from the state of the wind, it seemed necessary to sail on to Plymouth, where the Earl of Bath, who was governor, had sent by Russell a promise to join the Prince of Orange. Admiral Russell was greatly disturbed when he discovered the pilot's mistake, and begged Burnet to fall to prayers—for all was lost. After which, as he was ordering a boat to be lowered, that he might go to the prince, on a sudden, to the wonder of all, the weather changed, and a soft and happy gale of wind carried the whole fleet into Torbay within four hours. Immediately, as many landed as conveniently could; and as soon as the prince and Marshal Schomberg got to shore, they were furnished with such horses as the village of Broxholme could afford. Riding up to view the grounds, they found them as convenient as could be for the foot at that time of year. As soon as Burnet landed, he hastened to the prince, who took him heartily by the hand, and asked him if he did not now believe in predestination? Burnet replied, that he would never forget that providence of God which had appeared so signally on this occasion. William was elated in his

spirits, but soon returned to his wonted gravity. He now sent for all the neighbouring fishermen, to ask which was the proper place for landing his horse. It was thought this would prove a tedious business; but they showed him a spot where the ships could be brought very near the land, so that the horses had not above twenty yards to swim.

Favoured by a dead calm, they landed all the horses within three hours, with enough baggage to last till they got to Exeter. The artillery and heavy baggage were to go to Topsham (close to Exeter) by sea: so that all which was immediately necessary was landed; and by the next day at noon they were in full march, having gone four miles that night. The king's fleet had got out, and were in full sail after the Dutch fleet, when the wind suddenly shifted, and a great storm blew from the west. This did not damage the fleet of the invaders, as that was covered by the land; but the king's fleet were driven back, and so shattered as to be compelled to put back into Portsmouth, being no more fit for service that year. This they had reason to view as a special providence, for there is no doubt the sailors would have fought heartily for James. Thus the winds and the waves fell, just to suit the protestant cause, and to call forth grateful ascriptions of praise to Him whom they obey. William hastened to Exeter, where he stayed ten days to refresh his troops, and to give opportunity for the country gentlemen to show the course they meant to pursue. The clergy and magistrates at Exeter were very backward; the *bishop* and the *dean* ran away. The doctrines of passive obedience had so entangled them that they were ashamed of so "*quick* a turn;" it was hard they should be hurried—it did not look pleasant. Their houses were protected, and William ordered every respect to be shown those believers in providence who waited to see which side would be the conqueror, and on *that* to range themselves. The army of the prince behaved very well, offering no violence, and scrupulously paying for every thing. A week elapsed before any of the neighbouring country gentlemen came about the prince, but every day persons of condition arrived from other parts: the first were Lord Colchester, Lord Wharton, Lord Russell's brother, and the Earl of Abington.

James went to Salisbury, and sent on his troops 20 miles farther. Three regiments of these, induced by their officers, Lord Cornbury and Colonel Langston, turned over to William. James was so excited that he bled greatly at the nose every day; and it was found necessary to bleed him by the lancet four times that week. He paid many spies largely, and sent them into the invader's camp, but none ever returned to him; so that he could get no information but by common rumour, which magnified William's strength and nearness, and James's

spirits sunk extremely. He heard that London was very unquiet; and now news was brought that the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, and Lord Lumley, were drawing forces together, and that the city of York and the town of Newcastle had declared for the prince; and Lord Delamere had also raised a regiment in Cheshire. The body of the nation now so evidently declared against James that he saw his only dependence was the army, and even these he mistrusted. The Duke of Grafton, his nephew, and Lord Churchill, now deserted him, and joined William within twenty miles of Exeter. The Duke of Ormond, the Duke of Queensbury's eldest son, and Prince George, joined William at Sherbourne; and when the Princess Anne, his wife, who was in London, heard of it, she told Lady Churchill she would jump out of the window! But, being in a degree pacified, she fled down a back stair-case with Lady Churchill, in such haste that they carried nothing with them, to the Bishop of London, who was lying *perdue* at a house in Suffolk Street. He took the two ladies to the Earl of Dorset's, whose countess furnished them with every necessary. The earl then took them to Northampton, where the country gentlemen soon formed a guard for their future queen.

It is said that when James first heard of her flight, he burst into tears, and emphatically exclaimed, "God help me! my own children have forsaken me." Just now the famous ballad, treating the Irish papists in a very ridiculous manner, was made; the Irish words of it were "Lero lero lilibulero;" it produced an incredible impression on the army. The curious may find it, and the tune to which it was set, in Sterne's works. Burnet says that, perhaps "never had so slight a thing so great an effect." The nobility, gentry, and clergy, now rapidly gave in their adhesion to the new order of things. James, seeing the game was becoming hopeless, precipitately returned to London. And, as all behind William was safe, Plymouth having declared for him, and all Dorsetshire having in a body joined him, he resolved also to push on for London, which was in the greatest agitation. James knew not whom to trust: the apprentices of the city, and other sons of Belial, incited by a false, but highly inciting and clever, declaration, purporting to be from William, fell upon the Roman Catholic chapels, and otherwise committed violence. By the advice of the privy counsellors and peers in London, humilitating as was the act, James reluctantly consented to send the Lords of Halifax, Nottingham, and Godolphin, to the prince, to know what he demanded. William fixed to receive them at Hungerford. A day was taken to consider what answer to give: at last the peers and gentlemen with the Prince of Orange delivered to the three deputies of James an answer to this purport:

A parliament to be immediately called; none to continue in any employment who had not taken the tests; the Tower to be placed in the keeping of the citizens; the fleet, and all strong places to be put in the hands of the protestants; a portion of the revenue to be assigned to pay the expenses of the invasion. During the sitting of parliament the armies on both sides should not approach London nearer than 20 miles, the prince to be allowed to come to town, and have the same number of guards as the king had about his person. The deputation from James were satisfied with this; and, sending it up by express, they themselves went back the next day to London. However, at the instigation of the priests, who told the queen, she, as well as themselves, would be impeached, the queen prevailed upon the king to allow her to fly to France. The child, the midwife, and all who were assisting at the birth, accompanied her, and they were all so disposed of that they never more could be traced. She made the king promise to follow a day or two after; and herself proceeded to Portsmouth, whence she got over in a man-of-war to France.

The king stayed long enough to receive the prince's answer, and remarked, on reading it, that he had not expected such good terms. He procured the great seal from the chancellor, and about 3 o'clock in the morning of 10th December, 1688, he went away in disguise with Sir Edward Hales, for whose servant he passed. They threw the great seal into the river, which, Burnet says, was found some months afterwards near Fox Hall, by a fisherman. They embarked on board a miserable fishing-boat, people being surprised that he did not go in a frigate, rather than in so ignominious a manner. Thus terminated the reign of a great king, who had a good army and a strong fleet—which he had ordered to be disbanded. It was thought, with the idea that almost endless confusion and mischief would result from letting this large body loose, and discontented, for want of their pay. His boat had not proceeded far when some fishermen of Feversham, who were watching for waifs and strays, came up; and, knowing Sir Edward Hales, took both him and the king, and conveyed them to Feversham. The king told them who he was; and it being bruited about, a vast crowd soon assembled to see this instance of the mutability of human affairs. To the praise of the people, it should be mentioned that he was treated with respect, not insult.

Upon its being told William that they had secured the person of the king, that prince sent Zuytlestein immediately to him to assure him of his safety, and that he was at full liberty to go whithersoever he pleased. There now appeared a considerable re-action of feeling—the privy council met: some moved that the king be sent for—others said the coaches and guards were

at his own disposal. Finally it was left to the Earl of Feversham to do what he thought best; and he went for the king with his coaches and guards. On his return, James was welcomed with expressions of joy by great numbers—such is the stability of the *vox populi*: he went to Whitehall, and a large court assembled about him. At first he began to talk very big, but a little sober reflection convinced him that his fortunes were irretrievable; and he sent to desire William to come to him at St. James's. William's counsellors objected to this course, and decided to stand upon the point of the king's moral abdication by flying. It was seriously contemplated to make James a prisoner—even rougher measures were hinted at, but William always said that, having conducted this expedition upon fair and open grounds, now that he had the person of the king in his power, he despised taking advantage thereof. No violence should be offered to him—he should have a guard to attend upon him for protection, but not for restraint.

The king, having caused the “moving wardrobe” to be sent before him, was attended by the Count of Solms to Rochester, at his own request. The troops commanded by the count, as well as himself, were Roman Catholics; and when they were asked how they could serve in an expedition intended to destroy their own religion, one of them answered, “his soul was God's, but his sword was the Prince of Orange's.” This so delighted James that he repeated it to all who came about him. On the day William went to St. James's it was very rainy, and yet numbers went to see him; but, disliking anything which looked like a show, he disappointed them, and the Londoners were not best pleased. The public bodies now waited upon William; and amongst them old Sergeant Maynard, the celebrated lawyer, went up with his fraternity; he was nearly ninety years old. The prince took great notice of him, and said he must have outlived all the men of law of his time. Maynard answered, “he should have outlived the law itself if his highness had not come over.” (Although between a parenthesis, I may here be allowed to record, for the amusement of my “gentle reader,” an anecdote of this *venerable*. He was engaged on a trial of importance, and the opposing counsel corrected him by saying he must have *forgotten* such a point of law—the old sergeant replied, “Alas! Sir, I have *forgotten* more law than you ever *knew*!”)

Compliments over, it had to be settled what farther steps should be taken. After much discussion, it was decided to call together all the peers, and the members of the three last parliaments, with some of the principal citizens of London. William asked their advice: it was unanimously agreed to request him to take the reins of government into his hands for the present: and letters-missive were sent round the nation to call together a par-

liament. Meanwhile the king remained at Rochester: many pressed him to stay and see how matters would turn out—he hesitated, but at last determined to obey the wishes of the queen, strongly expressed in a letter reminding him of his promise to join her. James had a vessel prepared, and departed from Rochester very secretly on the last day of 1688, and safely reached France. On his table he left an apple of discord in the shape of a paper addressed to Lord Middleton, reproaching the nation for forsaking him, declaring he was going to seek foreign aid to restore him to his throne, that should be based on established religion, law, liberty, &c.

My purpose forbids a detailed account of the affairs of Ireland just then, which were most troublous; nor can I go into the multifarious debates relative to the settlement of the crown, and the demeanour of Prince William. It was thought very mysterious, for, throughout these warm debates, he remained *verdue* at St. James's, difficult of access, hearing all that was said to him, and seldom replying. He neither affected popularity, nor courted any party; and, as several weeks were devoted to the adjustment of the difficulties, and nobody could ascertain his wishes, he at length sent for the Lords Danby, Halifax, and Shrewsbury, and some others, to explain himself. He said he had hitherto been silent, because he would not do or say any thing which might seem to control any person: but, as some were for putting the government in the hands of a regent, he would say nothing against it—only he thought it necessary to tell them *he* would not be the regent. Others were for placing the princess on the throne, and allowing him to reign by her courtesy. Now, no man could esteem a woman more than he did the princess, but he was so constituted that he could not think of holding any thing by apron-strings (these were his own words); that he would, in short, have nothing to do with the government unless it was put in his person, and that for his life. If they objected to this, he should be well satisfied to go back to Holland, and meddle no more in their affairs; assuring them that a crown had very few charms for him, and he could do very well without it. He proposed that the Princess Anne should succeed her sister and himself; and, should he marry again, and have issue, Anne and her children should take precedence. Burnet now thought the time was come to make known that with which the princess had entrusted him at the Hague,—that she was disposed to abandon all personal claims, and to see the power vested in her husband.

At last, in a very full house of lords, after the various other propositions were disposed of, by a very small majority, they agreed with the commons in voting the abdication and the vacancy of the throne. And then, with great difficulty, a final

vote was passed, by which the Prince and Princess of Orange were desired to accept of the crown, and declared king and queen. Every thing being prepared, the princess safely arrived, and immediately justified Burnet for the course he had taken. Her deportment gave offence to the sober-minded people, as her light-heartedness seemed so little to agree with the sober gravity which the occasion of taking possession of the palace, so lately vacated by her father, seemed to call for. Burnet was distressed, and took the liberty of telling her it was noticed that her parent's overthrow, and the sad revolution, made but slight impression upon her. She took the freedom well, assuring him she keenly felt the painfulness of her position, but by letters and otherwise, she had so often been importuned to "put on a cheerfulness," that she had gone too far, she feared, in acting a part not natural to her.

Lord Clarendon also records that he remonstrated with her on the same subject, and that people noticed when the news of the king being gone was communicated to her she called for cards, and was as merry as usual. To this she replied, they did her wrong to make such reflections upon her actions—it was true she called for cards, because, being in the habit of playing, she never loved to do any thing which looked like an affected restraint. Lord Clarendon answered, that he was sorry her royal highness should think showing trouble for her father's misfortune should be interpreted by any as an affected constraint; and that he feared her behaviour would injure her even in the estimation of her father's enemies. Evelyn also says, "Queen Mary came into Whitehall, laughing and jolly as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undress, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from room to room to see the convenience of the house. She lay in the same apartment where the queen lay, &c.; which carriage was censured by many. She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart; whilst the prince has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderful serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affairs." The Duchess of Marlborough confirms these statements; she says Mary "wanted bowels;" and animadverts upon her behaviour when she first arrived at Whitehall, as being "very strange and unbecoming." This was on the 12th Feb., 1689: on the 13th the two houses waited upon them to offer the crown; which may be called the commencement of a reign of what the good old bishop Burnet (to whom I am indebted for the main particulars connected with the finale of James's reign, and the coming over of his successor,) quaintly calls "a double bot-tomed monarchy."

This was the true æra of English liberty (says Voltaire): the nation, represented by its parliament, now fixed the long-contested bounds between the prerogative of the crown and the rights of the people. After acknowledging the Prince of Orange as William III., lawful King of England, they accounted him the deliverer of the nation: but in France he was only styled Prince of Orange, and represented as the usurper of his father-in-law's dominions.

James was now a fugitive, and with his queen, the daughter of the Duke of Modena, and the (suppositious) Prince of Wales, yet an infant, had implored the protection of Louis XIV. This was liberally promised; Louis assuring him that, as they had both the same interests, he would never cease the war till he had re-seated him on his throne. The sum of 600,000 livres was allotted for the expense of his household, besides a number of valuable presents being made to him. The queen having preceded James in arriving at Paris, the King of France went to meet her at Chaton; and, on the occasion, with his usual courtliness, said: "The office I perform at present, Madam, is a sorrowful one; but I hope soon to do you others more important and agreeable." He conducted her to the castle of St. Germain, where she was entertained with as much grandeur as if she had been queen of France: she had many grand and suitable presents made to her, and found on her toilet a purse of 10,000 louis-d'ors. Great preparations were made to effect James's re-establishment: amidst all, he cut but a sorry figure, having no respect either at court or in the city. He used to drive to the Jesuits' house in the rue St. Antoine; and by his brotherhood with them appeared in so contemptible a light to the courtiers that it formed their amusement to write songs upon him. In short, he became the object of general ridicule in France. Louvois' brother, the archbishop of Rheims, said aloud, in his drawing-room at St. Germain, "There's a simpleton, who has thrown away three kingdoms for a mass!" From Rome, says Voltaire, he received nothing but indulgences and *pasquils*. His religion, in short, was of so little service to him that when the Prince of Orange, although head of the Calvinists, set sail on his expedition for England, the Spanish ambassador at the Hague ordered mass to be said for his success!

Amidst the distresses of this dethroned bigot, and the many princely services rendered to him by Louis XIV., it was remarkable to see James touching for the king's evil; and much more remarkable that any dupes could be found foolish enough to be touched. The first practical measure was to fit out an expedition to Ireland, where a formidable body of papists yet remained attached to his interests. At p. 194, I mentioned the visit the



Duke of Lauzun made to England; James had obtained a promise from Louis that, if he should require French troops, that foolish creature should command them. Louvois, either anticipating the miserable figure Lauzun would cut, or wishing his own son, Souvray, to be appointed to command the expedition, sent to James to beg he would solicit Louis to give the preference to Souvray. James thought he could not in honour go from his word, and declined to gratify Louvois; the latter consequently studied in every way to mortify James, and thwarted his views by raising difficulties about the money requisite for the enterprise. In fact little more aid from France was received than 5,000 or 6,000 men, conveyed by a fleet well supplied with arms and ammunition; to this Louis added a profusion of rich furniture. Himself proceeding to take leave of James at St. Germain, giving him a coat of mail, as his last present, he embraced him, and said: "The best thing I can wish you is that I may never see you more."

Upon James's landing in Ireland, he marched his army from Kinsale to Ulster; it now was swelled to 30,000 foot and 8,000 horse, including the French. Excepting the latter, they were in a state of undisciplined wildness, attempting to coerce the counsels of their leaders; and, to make matters worse, the French and the Irish perpetually were quarrelling. His friends in England were pressing his picking out the best he could, and sending them over to land in the north of England, or the west of Scotland. However, it was first necessary to reduce Londonderry: to effect this one of two courses was requisite; either to march with great strength and take it immediately by a vigorous attack; or to blockade it, and so force a surrender; meanwhile turning to other important designs. Either of these plans might have answered, but, apparently under the influence of that fatality which seemed to hang over the Stuart race; they adopted the injudicious mode of merely sending a few to press the town with a slow siege. These were often changed, and thus they proceeded for two months, during which period the poor inhabitants formed themselves into great order, and came to the determinate resolution of enduring the last extremities rather than surrender. In the sallies they occasionally made, the Irish troops under James invariably ran away, leaving their best officers to be slaughtered. So dreadful were their sufferings that nearly two-thirds of their number were destroyed by hunger and disease. Having had supplies promised them, and been deceived by the governor, Lundy, who was in the interest of James, the poor creatures still resolved to hold out. Across the river that came up to their town the Irish in James's army had laid a boom and chains, and had planted batteries for defending it. At length a convoy of 5,000 being sent to their relief,

one of the ships, sailing up with wind and tide, broke through, and so the town was relieved, and the siege raised in great confusion.

From the parliamentary debates by Grey; Ware's works, by Harris; and the true account of the siege of Londonderry, by Walker; we learn, in addition to the few particulars of this siege picked out of Burnet, that the chief instrument in persuading the inhabitants of Londonderry to such a gallant defence was Dr. George Walker, a protestant clergymen: he was a native of the county of Tyrone. As soon as ordained, he was appointed to the rectory of Donoughmore, where he raised a regiment when James II. landed. He threw himself and his men into Londonderry as soon as he understood that the ex-king had determined to besiege it. Colonel Lundy, the governor, either a traitor, or a coward, or both, shut himself up in his chamber, and would not interfere in the defence. He was consequently turned out of the town by Mr. Walker; who, in conjunction with Major Baker, was appointed governor. The siege commenced April 20; the town was miserably fortified, and the besieging army large; yet it was defended for 105 days, and eventually relieved. For his bravery, Walker received the thanks of the House of Commons; and the University of Oxford made him a Dr. of Divinity. He was afterwards nominated to the bishopric of Derry, but, accompanying William III., was drowned in the Boyne, in July 1690. Enniskillen met with the same fate, through the undaunted resolution of the inhabitants; although a considerable force was sent against them, they held out till relieved.

That able general Schomberg had been raised to a dukedom in England, and parliament had voted him £100,000 for his services. He was now appointed to command an army of inexperienced levies, hastily got together in England; and having been favoured with a quick and safe passage, landed at Belfast with 10,000 men, to which he drew the forces of Ulster. He could not muster above 14,000 altogether, 2,000 only were cavalry; with these he now posted himself at Ulster. James went to Ardee, within five or six miles of him, with an army of three times that number. Schomberg had met with shameful neglect, or treason, in having supplies detained; and, being overtaken by the rainy season, was forced to lie upon the defensive for six weeks, during this time half his numbers perished from want and disease. He was blamed for inactivity and remonstrances were made to the king, who twice wrote to urge him to action. But Schomberg showed his wisdom, for, had he attacked James, there is no doubt it would have proved a failure, and the cause in Ireland would have been utterly ruined. Thus quiescent matters remained till the end of October, when the army went into winter quarters.

No sooner had James landed in Ireland than he was followed by another fleet of 23 men-of-war, with a considerable number of transport ships, under the command of Chateau Renaud. The English fleet, under Herbert, followed them; after the French had landed their stores, as they came out of Bantry Bay, Herbert attacked them. But the wind was so in the teeth of the English that they could not work up their ships; and the French gained some advantage. However, they either dared not, or could not, pursue the English ships, though they made a wonderful gasconade about it; and Herbert conveyed his damaged vessels to Portsmouth. He went out again, lying before Brest for several months, during which not a Frenchman would come out. In their return, the French took some Dutch ships, so that they reached Brest "covered with glory." Soon after, there was a third embarkation at Brest, Toulon and Rochefort: the ports of Ireland and the channel were now covered with French ships. Tourville, the French admiral, having under his command 72 ships, fell in with a Dutch and English fleet of merchantmen, of whom the French took several. By their courage and improved science they obtained more important advantages over some of our men-of-war and the Dutch, who were surprised by overwhelming numbers. The enemy had thus profited from having been encouraged in the art of naval warfare by our wretched ex-king, as well as from the nobly-directed efforts of Colbert. The French were so exhilarated by these successes that they thought they were to be masters of the sea. Privateers, galleys, fishing boats, the few prizes they had taken, all clubbed their strength together and made an impudent descent at Tynemouth, attacking our merchantmen in the bay. Oh! how they have paid, and ever will pay, for daring thus to rouse the British lion.

While his supporters were thus gaining fresh "glory," James had not earned much in Ireland. Although the position of William's affairs in that country, by reason of the continued civil war; and in England, by reason of the factious conduct of the bishops and the clergy; left a general impression of melancholy. I must avoid farther notice of the condition of England than as bearing upon the settlement of William, the deposition and final expulsion of James, and the aspect of these circumstances upon the history of Louis XIV. Forbidden, therefore, to enter minutely into the causes of the great difficulty William unexpectedly encountered from those very clergy who had dethroned James II., I can only generally say that it arose from the liberality and tolerating spirit of the king. He had been trained in Calvinistic views, and could never so far forget the excellence of those catholic principles as to sacrifice truth to outward ceremonies. Burnet informs us "the king was suspected by them

by reason of the favour shown to *dissenters* (*horresco referens!*) but chiefly for his abolishing episcopacy in Scotland." The church now formed a great party of obstructives, spreading about reports that the king wanted to pull down that sacred edifice, and to denominate such of the clergy as saw their true interests, and were for strengthening the hands of the king, *Soci-nians*; which slanders were mainly encouraged by several of the bishops.

In short, the universities and the church were in a flame; as with the revivers of "godly discipline" now, so then, to be *moderate* was to be *marked*, and the Jacobite party were at work, sheltered by the wings of the church. For so "quick a turn" had she again made that all sorts of reflections were thrown upon the king—his name was cast out as evil. Having acumen enough to restrain these spirits, who "took fire" at his efforts "to make the terms of communion with the church as large as might be," his authority was denied, and common decency and respect to his office was lost sight of by those who teach the children in the catechism to reverence their betters. Just as it was, four or five years ago, the fashion for the clergy to misrepresent our beloved queen—while the Whigs held the reins of government. The most impartial reader of history must discover a tone of narrow selfishness and unchristian domineering, that leaves an indelible stain on the church of the period of the "glorious revolution," which they had brought about essentially for their own protection. If it become necessary to point with scorn to the high-flyers of that day, to the credit of the establishment be it recorded, there were many of a contrary mind, who busied themselves in softening down asperities and forwarding the true interests of their church and country.

It now became necessary for William himself to go over to Ireland, for the purpose of opening the campaign. The day before he left, he sent for Burnet into his closet, and under a great weight of spirit from the cloudy state of affairs, he told the good bishop that, "for his own part, he trusted in God, and would either go through with his business or perish in it. He only pitied the poor queen, repeating that twice with great tenderness, and wished that those who loved him would wait on her, and assist her. He lamented much the factions and the heats that were afloat, and that the bishops and clergy, instead of allaying them, did rather ferment and inflame them: but he was pleased to make an exception of Burnet. He said that going to a campaign was naturally no unpleasant thing to him: he was sure he understood that better than how to govern England. He added, though he had no doubt nor mistrust of the cause he went on, yet the going against King James in person was hard upon him, since it would be a vast trouble, both to

himself and the queen, if he should be either killed or taken prisoner: he desired Burnet's prayers, and dismissed him, very deeply affected with all he said." Oh, if all the bishops had been like this disinterested, gentle and heavenly-minded man what a different structure might have been the church of England! To the praise of William it should be told that a clever scheme was now got up, under a feigned pretence to entrap James on board a ship—the individual who was to be the disgraceful actor was to have had £20,000. Although the king doubted not its success, he refused to soil his hands with treachery; and stated, among other objections, the danger to James's person, in short, he would sanction no such underhanded measures.

William III. had a quick passage to Ireland, where he found matters little improved: James's army was in good condition, zealous and energetic. William lost no time, but advanced in six days from Belfast, where he landed, to the river of Boyne, near Drogheda. With the fatality attending his course, James abandoned the passes between Newry and Dundalk, that are so favourable by nature for defence as to have enabled him easily to have disputed every inch of ground. James and his party had been so much elevated with the distractions the clergy had created in England that they had not credited the possibility of William's leaving London under the excitement. He had arrived six days before it became known to James, who now passed the Boyne, and posted his army on the south. He had 26,000 men, of whom 5,000 infantry were French, in exchange for whom he had sent Louis over 500 of the finest *pisentry*. By the bye, if an exchange of 5,000,000 could *now* be effected, might it not tend to the quiet of that emerald isle? A council of war was held as to the propriety of deciding all by a general action, or abandoning all the country on to Dublin. Amidst the conflicting opinions, James himself was positive to stay and defend the Boyne, and at length was glad to have a battle for the crown. He seemed urged on by an almost desperate weariness of his life; alarming his friends, lest he should plunge into some fatal rashness, which the sequel showed they had, however, little occasion to dread.

William went to the banks of the river, and as he was riding along, and making a pause in one spot to observe the grounds, the enemy spied him, and, immediately planting two pieces of cannon, directed a shot to his person. The aim was so true that it tore off some of his clothes, and about a hand-breadth of the skin off his shoulder; a spoonful of blood came out, and that was all the harm it did him. On which occasion, he coolly uttered the memorable saying, "Every bullet has its billet." Having had the wound washed, and a plaister put on, he

mounted his steed again, and remained on horseback that day for 19 hours. He considered himself the more compelled to show himself to his soldiers as they had been panic-struck with his accident. Seeing the disaster, among the enemy it was said he was killed, and that news being carried to France, it was generally believed he was dead. Upon which the French commemorated the event with more public rejoicings than had been usually adopted on the greatest victories. So that their mortification, on hearing of his safety, was only to be equalled by the gratification of his friends at the disappointment of his inhuman enemies, for his confessedly important life being spared.

William sent a large body of cavalry to cross the river higher up, whilst he resolved to pass in the face of the enemy, and the Duke of Schomberg was to go over at another place, a little lower. The Irish behaved most shamefully, and perplexed the French, whose ability and courage were rendered useless. James followed the cowardly flight of the Irish, or rather ran before them, as he had the unenviable honour of being the first to quit the field, and reached Dublin before the fight was over. William, with the horse, pursued the Irish till all were literally spent with weariness; and, as they had so far preceded the ammunition wagons, they were also exhausted for want of support, neither could a supply of food be procured till the next morning. King William expected and wished, as the Irish were deserted by their officers, that they would disperse, and so spare the need of a slaughter, which he always abhorred. The Duke of Schomberg was carelessly riding along, driving the Irish before him, when a large body of the enemy suddenly fell upon the small party accompanying him, and in the *melée*, he received what is called a chance shot, which terminated the career of this able commander, and proved a sad alloy to the victory.

James told them, on his arrival at Dublin, all was lost: he contrasted his English army with that just dispersed; and made some disparaging remarks concerning their want of spirit—not very decent from the foremost of those who had fled, and apt to remind one of the vulgar adage that the worst spoke of the wheel calls out first. He had grace enough, however, the next morning, to observe that too much blood had already been shed, and that God was evidently with their enemies; and, as William was a merciful man, he ordered all to submit to him, and to set the prisoners free. On the other hand, it must be told to his reproach that, on passing through Galloway, on his retreat, he had caused some of the inhabitants to be hanged because they had talked of shutting their gates against him. Voltaire, commenting on this, attributes the difference of the

fate of the two men, William and James, to the difference of their characters, commending William for a contrary line of conduct in proclaiming a general pardon. James rode from Dublin to Duncannon Fort; still, though a place of great strength, he would not trust himself to sleep there, but lay aboard a French ship, anchored there at his special direction by Sir Patrick Trant. His courage sunk with his affairs—Dublin was forsaken by his party, and the protestants declared for King William: Drogheda also capitulated. A plan was suspected to have existed by which the Jacobite party, amidst this state of things in Ireland, were to have contrived for our fleet to fall into the hands of the French. Indeed the destruction of the Dutch men-of-war nearly happened by the treachery of the Earl of Torrington, who kept from action, instead of assisting the Dutch, when the greatly superior force of French ships fell upon them near Beachy Head. The Dutch ships would have been lost, had not Calembourg, their admiral, ordered them to drop their anchors while their sails were all up. As it was, they lost many men, and sunk some of their damaged ships, that they should not fall into the hands of the enemy.

The French fleet was now so situate that, had our admiral done his duty, it would almost have been all taken; and as the French admiral was equally inert, it looks very much as if the suspicions of underhanded work were not without foundation. The Earl of Torrington was sent to the tower, and his command of the fleet was transferred to three of our best sea officers. Suspected persons were arrested, the Jacobites kept out of the way; and as we had not above 7,000 troops in England, it had been necessary to call out the militia at this inconvenient time, for harvest was approaching, and people could not well leave their labour. Yet the nation manifested much more zeal and affection to the new government than was to be calculated on, as there was a general expectation of a great rising of the Jacobites. Throughout these troubles the queen exhibited great firmness, and, under dismal depression of spirits, she kept up an apparent cheerfulness in public. Burnet tells us he saw her every week, for that summer he resided at Windsor, and admired her heroic conduct, which kept pace with the extent of the danger. She committed herself to God, and told the bishop she would herself make a campaign in England, while her royal consort was in Ireland, if need be.

The king, on entering Dublin, was pained by the intelligence of the damage to the Dutch navy. The Earl of Tyrconnel had been the leader of the Jacobites, and all his papers and those of James II. were secured. From this transpired the design of burning the fleet by the French, that indeed there appeared every likelihood, during the panic of the people and the treachery

of the Jacobites, of their succeeding in. Among these papers was a letter of James's to his queen at St. Germain, in which he expressed his fear that all was lost; he concluded, "I have now no hope in any thing but in Jones's business." The explanation of this is that one Jones, an Irishman, had agreed to murder William. This ruffian was introduced to James, who at first affected scruples, but was finally "satisfied both in conscience and honour," that, although the assassin's terms were high, "every thing should be done that Jones desires." Deagle, James's attorney-general, personally furnished this worthy with money and a poinard of a particular construction; and they gave him a bible, bound in a particular manner, that he was to carry in his pocket, so that if the scheme miscarried, and he should be apprehended, he was to pass for a protestant *dis-senter*.

The end of this nefarious business was that King William left Ireland before the appointed time of his murder; and, as James at once absconded, his exemplary co-adjutor, having received a large part of his wages, made off, and never more was heard of. But, although the particulars were all officially got together, and prepared for publication, out of tenderness for the reputation of their royal relative, the king and queen quashed the affair. We again see the difference between the two characters, and recur to Voltaire's remark. Burnet tells us that on this business King William observed privately to him that God had preserved him out of many dangers, and he trusted he would still preserve him; he could truly say he could never retaliate in such a way. The remarkable escape the king had from the cannon ball at the Boyne was so talked of that smaller perils were little regarded; yet it should be generally known that, in the same battle, a musket ball struck the heel of his boot, and, recoiling, killed a horse near him. At another time, one of his own men, mistaking him for an enemy, came up to shoot him; upon this William gently turned aside his pistol, and only said, "Do you not know your friends?" James II. now sailed away from Duncannon, and was forced by contrary winds into the road of Kinsale, where he met the French fire ships; he told them all was over, and used them as a convoy back to France. He met with a cold reception, as his miscarriage was attributed to his personal cowardice; but, though the French despised the fugitive king, Louis continued to befriend him.

Limerick contained 12,000 of James's army; from its insular position it was easy to secure supplies; and as William had been compelled to leave garrisons in several places, and had sent some of his best troops back to England, he had not now above 20,000 soldiers left. Louis still resolved to support that cause which James had so ingloriously abandoned, and to that



end embarked 3,000 regular troops for Limerick, sending also necessaries for the inhabitants as well as the soldiers. Notwithstanding the consternation of the besieged, they resolved to hold out; and though William passed the river, that was then very low, and viewed their posts, not having sufficient force, he was constrained to press the town on the Munster side. His difficulties were increased by treachery among the officers, who seemed much more to play into each others' hands, thereby to enrich themselves by the continuance of the war, than to establish William's throne in power and safety. The king's tent was pitched within reach of their cannon, they often shot over it, and beat down a tent very near it; so he was prevailed on to allow it to be removed to a greater distance. Once, upon receiving a packet of letters from England, he sat down in the open field for some hours reading them, while the cannon balls were flying round about him.

The Irish could do wonders, according to Burnet, when they were behind walls, how little courage soever they showed in the field. William was forced by the heavy rains to raise the siege of Limerick; and, as Marlborough had written over to propose that 5,000 men lying idle should be sent back to Ireland, and try to take Cork and Kinsale; the king approved, and ordered him to come with them. He was delayed by contrary winds until October; but, very soon after his arrival, he took Cork by storm, and 4,000 of the garrison were made prisoners of war. In this action the Duke of Grafton received a wound, of which he died in a few days. He was the most hopeful of Charles's bastards; his mother was the Duchess of Cleveland. He had seen a good deal of service, naval as well as military; and when the Duke of Somerset declined introducing the pope's nuncio at James's public audience, the Duke of Grafton performed this unpopular act. He after that served James in various capacities; but, when the king's insane courses destroyed all hope, upon the arrival of William, he and Marlborough joined the prince. He adhered to his establishment, and bore the globe at the coronation of William and Mary. He was born in 1663, and killed in 1690, heading the grenadiers at the breach. In 1664 he had been created Baron Arlington, in 1672, viscount and earl, and raised to the Dukedom of Grafton in 1675. His body was taken to Euston Hall, Suffolk, which continues to this day the family seat of his descendant, the fifth duke.

From Cork, the Earl of Marlborough marched to Kinsale, where he found he had been misled relative to the strength of that place; and had he known it, he would not have undertaken a siege at so late a season of the year. The enemy plundered, burnt, and destroyed in all directions, but feared to concentrate their forces, so as to compel the earl to raise the siege, notwith-

standing, in a few days, Kinsale capitulated. The reduction of these places so promptly was of great advantage, as thereby the communication between France and Ireland was cut off. My reader will remember (at p. 194,) my winding up the history of Lauzun, who commanded the French in this expedition. I was the more tempted to do so from the insignificance of that vain character; so that I have scarcely alluded to him in this sketch of the French effort to subdue Ireland. It merely remains to say that, on learning the approach of William to Limerick, Lauzun left that place, embarking all his equipage for France, and it was all sunk in the Shannon. He himself, with the troops entrusted to his command, lay all this while about Galway, without attempting any thing. Sending over to his court an account of his desperate condition, he required ships to fetch them away. This was done; and the Earl of Tyrconnel, and the Count Lauzun, weary of the service, sailed away.

The former wanted to renew the war, and, as the men could not agree, he suggested that, instead of sending French troops, if the French would send officers, with all other ammunition, the Irish would yet stand to it, if supported by France. Another campaign was opened in Ireland by the taking of Baltimore. It had been but slenderly provided by St. Ruth, one of the most violent of the persecutors of the protestants in France, who had been, according to Tyrconnel's plan, sent over with 200 French officers. Ginkle, who commanded the English, thence advanced to Athlone, St. Ruth being posted on the other side of the Shannon, with an army equal to ours. The English passed the river, entered the breaches, and took Athlone, at the cost of 50 men, while of the Irish 1,000 perished. St. Ruth retired to Aughrim, where he posted himself most advantageously, and was superior in numbers, having concentrated his forces from the small garrisons abandoned, and the larger places from which they had been driven. To make the wild Irish stand, the priests went among them and made them swear on the sacrament that they never would desert their colours, which produced a temporary effect upon them, for in the next encounter they stood much longer than usual. But the Irish at length ran away; the French general St. Ruth and many more officers were killed; about 8,000 soldiers, and all their cannon and baggage were taken. Ginkle proceeded after this great success to Galway, which soon capitulated, leaving Limerick the only place that stood out. The celebrated Earl of Tyrconnel died of grief about this time, but not before lamenting the extremities to which matters had gone, and advising the Irish to accept such terms as could be procured, for he began to see that they were being sacrificed to the ends of France.

The French had sent relief to Limerick, and another squa-

dron of their ships, much stronger than our naval force there, now stood over to that coast. It was feared they would sail up the river, and destroy our shipping there; so that another squadron of English was ordered thither. The French however did not venture their ships within the Shannon, where they could meet with no shelter; and as the misunderstanding between the Irish and French daily widened, and they anticipated no farther relief from France, Limerick resolved to capitulate. This was equally acceptable to Ginkle and his army, as they were much straitened, the country being exhausted from the long war, and their horses almost worn out. But the Irish were urged by the French to make high demands; and Ginkle had been privately instructed by King William to grant almost any thing they asked, that the war might be brought to a conclusion. All were pardoned here, and elsewhere in Ireland, upon their taking the oaths of allegiance to their majesties; restored to all they had enjoyed in Charles's time; and admitted to the full privileges of subjects, without being bound to take the oath of supremacy. Not only the French, but as many Irish as pleased, had "free liberty and a safe transportation" to France; upon which Burnet says 12,000 Irish abandoned their country, but Voltaire rates the number of refugees as at least 20,000.

Thus terminated the civil war of Ireland, and with it that of England. Ginkle returned to England covered with glory (as the phrase goes); in reality having entitled himself to the praise and noble rewards that we have never been backward to bestow on successful commanders. The historian of the commonwealth, Mark Noble, calls him "a man of many titles." His names and titles were, Godart-de-Reede-de-Ginkle, Baron-de-Reede and Ginkle, Lord Amoronger, Middachiez, Liversall, Elst, Stewelt, Roenberg, &c.; knight of the royal order of the elephant, general of the cavalry of the United Provinces, grand commander of the Teutonic order, general of the dukedom of Gueldre, and the county of Zutphen; and Earl of Athlone and Baron of Aughrim, in the peerage of Ireland. The House of Commons voted him thanks: such were his *honours*. His more substantial rewards were the confirmation of a grant of land given him by the king, the forfeited estate of William Dougan, Earl of Limerick; but four years afterwards the parliament voted this grant of more than 26,000 acres "too extravagant." Godart de-Reede-de-Ginkle was disgusted—left England—kept all he could hold—entered the service of Holland, in which he again distinguished himself, and died in 1703. He left a line of successors who have rejoiced in these euphonous names, the possessor at this moment, being ninth earl, George-Godart-Henry De-Reede-de-Ginkell, for so they spell the last now. In the direct line, and in the collateral branches, both males and females con-

tinue to be adorned with these uncouth and foreign cognomens. Apposite and edifying as I trust my reader will find it, "let us read for our instruction" the following little poem, which we may entitle

DIFFIDENT MERIT.

Proud as a peer, poor as a bard,  
 A footsome Spaniard late one night  
 Knock'd at a tavern-door so hard—  
 It roused the family in a fright.  
 Up sprung the host from his bed-side,  
 Open the chamber-window flew :  
 " Who's there? What boisterous hand," he cried,  
 " Makes at my gate this loud ado ?"  
 " Here is," the stately Spaniard said,  
 " Don Lopez, Rodriguez, Alonzo,  
 Pedrillo, Gusman, Alvarade,  
 Jago, Miguel, Alphonso,  
 " Antonio, Diego,"—" Hold ! hold ! hold !"  
 Exclaim'd the landlord, " pray forbear—  
 For half the numbers you have told  
 I have not half a bed to spare."  
 " Sir !" quoth the Don, " 'tis your mistake,  
 If names for men of course you count :  
 Though long th' illustrious list I make,  
 In *me* still centres all th' amount.  
 " Worn down with tramping many a mile,  
 Don Lopez, Rodriguez, Pedrillo,  
 With all the et-ceteras of his style,  
 Will sleep upon a *single pillow*."

The government of William was now established : he went over the following March to Holland to prepare for an early campaign : and intimated in his speech to parliament the design of a descent upon France—which our exhaustion of men and money prevented. Meanwhile James was preparing another on England, that was intended for the end of April ; he had yet about him 14,000 troops, English and Irish, and Marshal Bellefonds was to accompany the expedition with 3,000 French. They were assembled between Cherbourg and La Hogue, 300 transport ships being got ready at Brest ; and were promised horses by the English Jacobites at their landing. Tourville, the gallant French admiral, with 44 men of war, waited for them on the coasts of Normandy ; and D'Etrées was on his way from Toulon with another squadron of 30 sail. The wind suddenly chopped about, and prevented his joining Tourville, who was attacked by nearly 100 ships of the united fleets of England and Holland. But so adverse was the wind that not half of ours

could be brought into action: after an engagement of several hours, the combatants were separated by a fog. Admiral Russel pursued some of the French for two days, while Ashby followed another squadron. The latter was much reflected on for want of spirit, whereby 26 French ships escaped: and Russel unfortunately pursued too far, so as to cause several of our ships to be stranded on the French coast, while only two or three of the enemy were then destroyed. Rock burnt 16 more before La Hogue.

In Noble's Continuation of Grainger, it is said, Louis XIV., knowing that Admiral Russel was avaricious, sent him £20,000, requesting him not to fight on this occasion, but to manœuvre. Under pretence of deliberating, he sent to William III., to know how he was to act? he received this laconic answer: "Take the money, and beat them." This Russel was raised to the peerage in 1697, by the title of Earl of Orford, in Suffolk, and Viscount Barfleur, in Normandy. On one occasion he gave a nautical treat: he had a *cistern* made to hold punch, composed of 4 hogsheads of brandy, 8 of water, 25,000 lemons, 20 gallons of lime-juice, 1,300 lb. of sugar, 5 lb. of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and a pipe of mountain wine. Persons in a small boat filled for all comers, and more than 6,000 partook of this Caspian bowl. He lived till 1727. Whether or not treachery was practised, certain it is that the English commanders were much reflected on. They pleaded cross winds and contrary orders; and the common remark was that God had given a victory which man knew not how to improve. Russel complained of the Earl of Nottingham, the ministers complained of Russel, the merchants complained of the admiralty, saying they had provided neither ships nor seamen sufficient for a great fleet, and to send out convoys for securing trade. James was standing on the shore, a spectator of this calamity which, while in England it was complained of as so imperfect a victory, plunged him in the depths of despair.

A vile project was now discovered to assassinate King William, approved and encouraged, if not primarily suggested, by James and Louis. The wretched tools were discovered, one of them, Grandval, was tried, condemned, and executed; his confession was printed, implicating the two kings, and indeed they took no pains to refute the charge. Abetting or concocting such schemes was all that was left to the detestable James; and Voltaire sensibly remarks on the certainty of the throne never more being opened to him, even had his dastardly and wicked attempts succeeded. The Earl of Middleton went over to France, deputed by a considerable body of English Jacobite gentry, to request James to resign his title in favour of his alleged son, and to send him to be brought up in England. James would not

fall in with this scheme. At the time of the proposed descent on England, the failure of which I have just recorded, James had prepared a declaration, printed ready for distribution. In this he spoke in the style of a conqueror, not limiting himself by any promises: it was much blamed, even by his own party, and although some copies were abroad, they got up another, promising every thing, and pardoning all. In February another serious plot to assassinate King William was discovered and defeated: in fact, conspiracies and schemes on the life of the king rapidly succeeded each other—so that the interpositions of Providence were manifest in his preservation: and many were tried and executed, from time to time.

In such occupations—in perpetual plots with his Jacobite friends in England, living in the undisguised contempt of the French people, who could never tolerate the mixture of fanatical devotion with crime, did this wretched son and brother of a king—himself for a short and unhappy space also a monarch—pass the dishonoured remainder of his days—the salaried dependent of a great king, of whom both brothers had been pensionaries during their possession of regal power. I pass on, leaving sundry historical events afterwards chronologically to take up, for the purpose of conducting my reader to the close of the mortal career of this dark character—as his public life is ended—that he may no more encumber us in the recital of the interesting events of Louis' reign. He himself seemed little concerned at those misfortunes that would have destroyed a sensitive mind; indeed, his only disquiet seemed to be when his queen was engaged in one or other of the many wild schemes which still engrossed her vain thoughts. James lived at St. Germain, upon the bounty of Louis, and was so mean as secretly to receive a pecuniary allowance from his daughter, Mary, by whom he had been dethroned. He went sometimes to the monastery of La Trappe, edifying the poor monks with his humble and pious deportment. His chief diversion was hunting, and his time thus passed on between his devotions, his harmless amusements, and encouragement, active or passive, of plots against his son-in-law.

In the beginning of the year 1700, he had appeared to be very near his end, and it was thought he could not live through the year: he went to the waters of Bourbon, but derived no benefit; and in September fell into such fits that it was evident he could not live long. Burnet informs us that he solicited the favour of the French king towards his family. In the "Stuart Papers," the account somewhat varies: "His most Christian Majesty went in to the king, and coming to the bed-side, said, 'Sir, I am come to see how your Majesty finds yourself to-day!' but the king, not hearing, made no reply. Upon which, one of

his servants telling him that the King of France was there, he roused himself up, and said, 'Where is he?' upon which the King of France said, 'Sir, I am here, and come to see how you do.' So then the king began to thank him for all his favours, and particularly for the care and kindness he had shown him during his sickness; to which his most Christian Majesty replied, 'Sir, that is but a small matter; I have something to acquaint you with of greater importance.' Upon which the king's servants, imagining he would be private, the room being full of people, began to retire.

"His most Christian Majesty perceiving this, said aloud, 'Let nobody withdraw!' and then went on, 'Sir, I am come to acquaint you that, whenever it shall please God to call your Majesty out of this world, I will take your family into my protection, and will treat your son, the Prince of Wales, in the same manner as I have treated you, and acknowledge him, as he then will be, King of England.' Upon which, all that were present, as well French as English, burst into tears, not being able any other way to express that mixture of joy and grief with which they were so surprisingly seized. Some indeed threw themselves at his Most Christian Majesty's feet; others, by their gestures and countenances (much more expressive on such occasions than words and speeches) declared their gratitude for so generous an action; with which His Most Christian Majesty was so much moved that he could not refrain from weeping himself. The king all this while was endeavouring to say something to him upon it, but the confused noise being too great, and he too weak to make himself be heard, His Most Christian Majesty took his leave, and went away; and, as he got into his coach, called the officer of the guard who waited upon the king, and gave him directions to follow, and attend the Prince of Wales as soon as the king was dead, and show him the same respect and honours he had done to the king his father when he was alive."

In the "*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Orléans*," we are told "King James died with great firmness and resolution, and without bigotry; that is to say, in a very different manner from what he lived. I saw and spoke to him exactly 24 hours before his death. I told him I trusted very shortly to see him restored to health. He turned to me with a smile, 'And if I die,' he said, 'shall I not have lived enough?'" To this the author adds:—"Such were the last moments of King James. Whatever may have been his errors, whether in faith or conduct, however the man of the world may laugh at his folly, or the bigot scorn his tenets, the true christian will admire him for his sincerity; the philosopher will envy him his resignation; and the wise man, whatever his creed may be, will pray that in the hour of dissolution, his last end may be like his."

Feeling unfavourably myself towards the character of James, I have thought it right to give my reader the best means of judging for himself, therefore I have given the foregoing extracts. I shall add one from Voltaire, bearing generally upon the unhappy race of Stuart: "It was pretended by some Irish Jesuits that there were miracles wrought at his tomb; there was even a report that Rome intended to canonize this prince after his death, whom she had entirely forsaken during his life. Few princes have been more unfortunate than James; nor have we an instance in history of a family so unhappy for such a number of years. The first of his ancestors who reigned over Scotland, and was likewise named James, after having been eighteen years a prisoner in England, was, together with his queen, murdered by his own subjects. James II., his son, was killed in a battle with the English at the age of 19. James III., being first imprisoned by his people, was afterwards killed in the field by the rebels. James IV. likewise lost his life in an unfortunate battle. Mary Stuart, his granddaughter, having been driven from her throne, took refuge in England, where, after languishing in prison 18 years, she was condemned to death by English judges, and, accordingly, beheaded. Charles I., her grandson, king of England, as well as Scotland, being betrayed and delivered up by the Scots, was sentenced to death by the English, and suffered publicly on a scaffold. James, his son, the seventh of the name, and second of England, was driven out of his three kingdoms, and, as a farther aggravation of his misfortunes, even the legitimacy of his son was disputed. This son likewise made efforts to regain the throne of his ancestors, but they proved fruitless, and were only the occasion of many of his friends suffering death by the hands of public executioners. We have also seen Prince Charles-Edward in vain exerting the virtues of his royal ancestors, and the courage of his mother's father, King John Sobiesky:—this youth has performed great exploits, and undergone the most incredible hardships, but all to no purpose. If any thing can justify the opinion of those who believe in a fatality, according to which the affairs of mankind are governed, it is this continued series of misfortunes, which has persecuted the Stuart family for above 300 years."

Burnet says James was a prince made for greater things than will be found in his life or reign. He was once esteemed a man of courage, and always had a turn for business; while he had no vivacity of thought or expression, he had a good judgment, when unbiassed. But from the high notions instilled into him of kingly power, he seems to have taken up as strange ideas of the obedience due to priests, so that the principles nature instilled into him were absorbed in the concerns of his church. Naturally, the bishop thought him a person of truth, fidelity, and justice; he was a gentle master, and easy to all who came



near him, yet, as God's vicegerent (such is the phrase of the good churchman), he was not so apt to forgive as He who is slow to anger. While wandering from one amour to another, he yet had a real sense of sin, and was ashamed of it; but the priests engaged him more entirely to their interests by making him compound for his sins by zeal for holy mother church. He was undone by the priests, so that to popery may be attributed the principal errors of his inglorious reign, and its fatal catastrophe. He had the kind of funeral he himself desired, private, and without any sort of ceremony. When dying, to the surprise of many, he said nothing about the legitimacy of his alleged son. But to him he addressed himself, recommending firmness in religion, and justice in government, if ever he came to reign: he said that, by his own practice, he recommended christian forgiveness to him, for he heartily forgave both William III. and the emperor.

James died in the 68th year of his age. His alleged son James-Francis-Edward, we have seen, was born May, 1688; being in France at the death of his reputed father James, the French king declared him King of England. In England that which was much more to the point took place, for the houses of Lords and Commons passed a bill of attainder of the pretended Prince of Wales, and of his mother as queen-regent for him. The title of "pretender" was first applied to him in a speech of Queen Anne's, at the time of his insane attempt in 1715. He died at Rome, Jan. 2, 1766, leaving two sons; the elder, Charles-Edward, known also as the Pretender, in 1745, at the age of 25, landed in Scotland, supported by many factious noblemen and gentry, and followed by all the tag-rag-and-bobtail of Highland savages, made an invasion so far as Derby. The attempt might be called absurd, but for the awful calamity it entailed on his deluded followers; who, half starved and destitute of breeches, gathered to his standard in hopes of plunder, and although characterised by the fierce animal courage which pertains to the nomadic tribes, and fighting with desperation, at the approach of the Duke of Cumberland, the Pretender and his breckless rabble retreated. Overtaken at Culloden, a desperate action ensued, which resulted in the destruction of "King" James-Francis-Edward's army, 3,000 being left dead on the field of battle, the rest dispersing. The unhappy young "prince" passed through surprising and interesting adventures, that more belong to the province of the writer of works of imagination than to the stream of history, and which seem greatly endeared to the *romantic* Scotch. To their honour be it told—and it should be recorded as a set-off to their conduct to his great-grandfather—though a large reward was offered for the head of the misguided fugitive, thus combating against want and temptation, the peasants of

Scotia, pitying his misfortunes, kept the fatal secret; and even those of his enemies who were acquainted with his various retreats maintained an honourable silence. He escaped to St. Maloes, and never revisited his "dominions."

The unfortunate "prince" latterly gave himself up to wine and brandy. This failing, if so mild a term—(that to an Irish labourer we should not apply, but describe him as a beastly drunkard—) is required when speaking of a royal outcast, appears to have preserved our country from a third attempt to restore the Stuarts to the throne of their ancestors. "I know, from high authority," says Sir N. W. Wraxhall, in his Historical Memoirs, "that as late as the year 1770, the Duke de Choiseul, then first minister of France, not deterred by the ill success of the attempts made in 1715 and in 1745, meditated a third effort for restoring the house of Stuart. His enterprising spirit led him to profit by the dispute which arose between the English and Spanish crowns, respecting the possession of Falkland island, in order to accomplish this object. As the first step necessary towards it, he despatched a private emissary to Rome, who signified to Charles-Edward the duke's desire of seeing him immediately at Paris. He complied, and arrived in that city with the utmost privacy. Having announced it to De Choiseul, the minister fixed the same night, at 12 o'clock, when he and the Marshal de Broglie would be ready to receive the pretender, and to lay before him their plan for an invasion of England. The hotel De Choiseul was named for the interview, to which place he was enjoined to repair in a hackney coach, disguised and without any attendant. At the appointed time the duke and the marshal, furnished with the requisite papers and instructions drawn up for his conduct on the expedition, were ready. But, after waiting a full hour, expecting his appearance every instant, when the clock struck one, they concluded some unforeseen accident must have intervened to prevent his arrival. Under this impression, they were preparing to separate, when the noise of wheels was heard in the court-yard; and, a few moments afterwards, the Pretender entered the room in such a state of intoxication as to be utterly incapable of even ordinary conversation. Disgusted, as well as indignant, at this disgraceful conduct, and well convinced that no expedition undertaken for the restoration of a man so lost to every sense of decency or self-interest could be crowned with success, De Choiseul, without hesitation, sent him the next morning a preremptory order to quit France.

Charles-Edward married a German princess, by whom he left no issue. He also had a brother, Henry-Benedict, Cardinal York. When plundered and ill treated by the French revolutionists, this priest was honourably relieved by the King of England, and his declining years were soothed by his bounty.

Charles-Edward died at Florence in 1788; and the sorrows and misfortunes of this celebrated family terminated by the death of the last of the Stuarts, Cardinal York, aged 84, in 1807. George IV. caused a handsome monument to be erected to commemorate the death of Henry-Benedict, and the extinction of the Stuart line.

As James was the father of two queens by his first wife, it will here not be inappropriate to devote a page or two to herself and family. The late Alexander Stephens, Esq., devoted an active life to the collection of curious anecdotes, that stand alone as cabinet pictures of men and manners. Of course the particulars will often offend, more especially on matters connected with the great; but as it is my desire to describe things as they were, which too often is not as they should be, I shrink not from the record of any matter likely to be true, whether or not it turns out gratifying to family pride. This industrious collector has the following anecdote: "The grandmother of Queens Mary and Anne.—About the year 1625, there came to London a poor country wench, to get employment; and, nothing better offering, she engaged herself to convey beer, by the gallon, on her head, from a brewhouse. Being lively and handsome, her master fancied her, and made her his wife; soon after, he left her a widow with considerable property. Unable to read or write, she called in the aid of one Hyde, an attorney, who, liking her fortune, made her his wife. By her, Hyde had children; and afterwards, being returned to Parliament, he was made chancellor, and created Earl of Clarendon. James, Duke of York, having debauched one of his daughters, the earl compelled him to marry her; and the fruits were the Queens Mary and Anne, whose grandmother was, of course, the very country wench of 60 years preceding." At the death of Stephens, some of his papers were published in 1823, in a work of considerable literary celebrity.

Immediate attention was paid to this statement by one "E. Duke," of Lake House, Wilts, who took up the cudgels from personally having the honour of a lineal descent from the illustrious Lord Clarendon's grandfather, and because Clarendon was a native of Wilts! Reminding one of Fluellen's *reasoning*, that "the situations, look you, is both alike between Macedon and Monmouth: there is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river in Monmouth." He spurns the imputation of Clarendon's having achieved greatness from a humble condition, and insists that the earl sprang from a most respectable family of that name, seated at Hyde and Norbury, County of Chester. He says that, under the auspices of his uncle, Chief Justice Nicholas Hyde, he entered as a student at the Middle Temple; that he ever moved in the first ranks of society, &c.

Having defended the honour of the father, E. Duke next devotes a few lines to the vindication of that of the daughter, the account concerning whom he confesses "is become a very prevalent error, and sanctioned by many of our *later* historians." The real circumstances, Mr. Duke states to be, that Miss Hyde, being abroad with the royal family during the exile, as maid of honour to the princess royal, attracted the attentions of the Duke of York; and, successfully resisting all attempts on his part to assail her virtue, she only assented at last—under the perhaps almost venial ambition of a future crown—to the honourable union of marriage. This took place privately, in the presence of the Earl of Ossory, and was afterwards proved to the satisfaction of the king, of the nation, and of her father. The latter, so far from being privy to the affair, deeply deplored it, prognosticating that it would ultimately ruin himself and his house. This marriage was celebrated in November, 1659, and their first child, Charles, who died in his infancy, was born in October, 1660.

This is not the place for a family history of the Hydes, but as I have inserted that which derogates from the high ideas Clarendon's admirers entertain for his memory; and have given the contradiction from one of his "family;" it is fair to state that Sir Philip Warwick, who knew him well, says, "he was cheerful, active, industrious, and confident in his abilities, which were sound. He was agreeably eloquent, both with his tongue and pen, although his written style was a little too redundant." The Duke of Ormond, from his youth, till death separated them, was the intimate friend of Clarendon. Carte says he was "a man so accomplished that he had either no enemies, or only such as were ashamed to profess they were so." The author of the Continuation of his Autobiography says, "he was looked upon amongst those lords who were least inclined to the court, and so most acceptable to the people. He was not only an exact observer of justice, but so clear-sighted an observer of all the circumstances which might disguise it, that no false colour could impose upon him." The same able writer testifies to the earl's piety, loyalty, and courage. Burnet thought not so highly of him; nevertheless, he calls him "a good chancellor, only a little too rough, but very impartial in the administration of justice." His conduct, said by another judicious biographer to be virtuous in the extreme, became so suspected that the king, in 1667, dismissed him from the office of chancellor. Impeachment immediately followed, but he fled to France, and consequently an act of banishment was passed against him. From Rouen he retired to Evreux, in 1668, where, one night, he was attacked by a body of English seamen, who dragged him from his bed into the yard, and were going to dispatch him, had not

their lieutenant arrived in the midst of the violent scuffle, and saved his life.

He afterwards went to Montpellier, and then returned to Moulins in 1672, and the next year settled at Rouen, where he died, December 9. His body was brought to England, and interred in Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey. By some his disgrace and dismissal are attributed to the ridicule of Buckingham and Charles's other dissipated favourites, who amused their licentious monarch by mimicking the personal consequence of the chancellor. While with a pair of bellows before him to represent the purse, and a fire-shovel for the mace, Buckingham thus insulted the dignity of Clarendon, Charles shamefully forgot in the jest the services of his faithful and loyal servant; and listened with greater pleasure to the vile insinuations of his concubines than he respected the integrity, the wisdom and the virtues of the friend of his father, and the supporter of his throne. His son and successor, Henry, at one time became viceroy of Ireland; but refusing to take the oaths of allegiance to William he was for a short time imprisoned; after which he retired to the country, where he spent the remainder of his days in peace and privacy, dying in 1709, aged 71. The second son of the first earl became eminent; and through various political changes, filled the offices of master of the robes, ambassador to Poland, and plenipotentiary at Nimeguen. He became first lord of the treasury in 1679, was raised to the peerage in 1681, as Viscount Hyde, and afterwards Earl of Rochester. In 1684 he was president of the council, lord treasurer and knight of the garter. In 1700 he was lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Under Anne he was again president of the council; and in 1711 he died deservedly respected. The family of Clarendon is extinct; for the present earl of that name is of the Buckingham family, descended from Barbara Villiers, one of Charles's many concubines.

## SECTION V.

The Dauphin commands an army in Germany—Infamy of Louis as regards cruelties in the Palatinate—A new pope—Death of Louvois—Waldeck—Louis desires peace—Catinat—Luxembourg—Luxury and vanity of Louis XIV.—Battles of Steenkirk and Landen—French testimony to the merit of William III.—Starvation in France—Namur—Remarkable exploit and death of Luxembourg—Indian possessions of France—The buccaneers at Tortuga, the Cayos, Cape Tiburon, Panama, Chagre, Porto-Bello, Jamaica, &c.—Distress of France drives them to make fresh overtures for peace—Peace of Ryswick—Charles VI. of Lorraine—Death of Sobieski, King of Poland—Election of a new king—A general peace—Peter the Great—Goes to Holland, England and Austria, whence he is hurried to Moscow by a rebellion—Frightful punishments—Charles XII. of Sweden—Peter and the kings of Poland and Denmark join to attack Sweden—Defeated—Russian resignation—Anticipations from the death of Charles II. of Spain—Intrigues—Final appointment of Philip V.—Declining state of William III.—Gradual drawing together of European powers to humble France—Another pope—Arrival and first measures of the new King of Spain—Great treats prepared for Louis XIV. and Philip V.—Spanish pride and indolence—A sheep's-eye cast at church property—Marriage of Philip to Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke Savoy—Intrigues and surveillance—Agonies of the queen and court at the king's becoming bald—Philip at Naples—Treated with miracles—Distress of Philip.

THE manifesto of Louis XIV. against the emperor produced important consequences. Suspecting that the Duke of Savoy had allied himself by a secret treaty with the emperor, France forced him to declare it: and then required he would put Turin and Montmelian in their hands. This, in fact, was little less than to make him a vassal prince: he therefore refused, and the French sent an army to take possession of Savoy. They marched into Piedmont before the duke could prepare; and his only resource was to ask aid from Holland and England. The empire was already embarrassed by the loss of Belgrade and other damage at the hands of Turkey; and from having elsewhere to encounter the force of Louis, who had sent an army of 100,000 men into Germany, under the dauphin. That prince was 27 years of age, and greatly resembled his mother in the sweetness of his disposition, and the modesty of his behaviour. Louis had abstained from entrusting him with command till assured, from his temper and other qualifications, that he would not make

a bad use of it. At his departure, on September 22, 1688, the king said to him in public: "My son, in sending you to command my armies, I give you an opportunity to display your merit: go, and show it to all Europe; so that, when I shall descend into my grave, I may appear to be still living in you." A commission was made out for his command in the same manner as if he had been any other general whom the king had chosen, directed to him thus: "To our son the dauphin, our lieutenant-general and commander of our armies in Germany." Every arrangement, Voltaire informs us, was made to preclude the fear of any disaster in a campaign honoured by the name and presence of the son of Louis XIV.

The Marshal de Duras, in reality, commanded the army. Boufflers headed a body of troops on this side the Rhine; and Marshal d'Humières was posted with another towards Cologne. Heidelberg and Mentz were taken: the siege of Philipsburg was commenced by Vauban, under whom was Catinat as lieutenant-general, a courageous and able man. His royal highness arrived six days after the trenches were opened. He imitated the conduct of his father, exposing himself to danger when necessary, with intrepidity, without rashness; being liberal to the soldiers, and affable to every body. The king felt a sincere joy in having a son who imitated, without eclipsing, him, and who, without raising the jealousy of his father, made himself universally beloved, says Voltaire. Mr. James informs us that, from all he could gather, so far from coming up to this florid description, the dauphin displayed neither the talents of his father, nor the virtues and sound judgment of his own son. However, he was renowned for hunting wolves, and catching weasels in a barn! Philipsburg was taken in 19 days, Manheim in three, and Frankendal in two. Spires, Treves, Worms, and Oppenheim, surrendered as soon as the French appeared before them.

Another indelible spot was fixed on the character of Louis. He resolved to reduce the palatinate to a desert, rather to cut off all subsistence from his enemies, as his apologists say, than to revenge himself on the elector-palatine, who had only done what was natural and just, in leaguering with the rest of Germany against France. It makes one's blood curdle to think on the heartless cruelty that can devote whole districts to slaughter and destruction!—but we must try to leave the adjustment to One who will judge with righteous judgment. It is of little use to rebel against that which He permits, although we may condemn the wickedness and brutality of these conquerors of the earth. The abominable Louvois, now hardened in crime, signed an order from the king to reduce all to ashes. That rich and fertile district had recovered from the devastation of Turenne; the towns had been repaired, and were then flourish-

rishing. To them, to the villages, and to above 50 castles, the French generals now sent notice that they must immediately quit their habitations—though, at the time, it was the worst of the winter—for that all was to be destroyed by fire and sword! Men, women, and children, accordingly moved off in the utmost trepidation: some wandered about in the fields, and others took refuge in the neighbouring countries. The soldiery, who generally exceed the orders of severity, and come short of those of clemency, burnt and sacked the country of this wretched people.

They began with Manheim, the houses and palaces of which they rased to the ground. Nay, the very graves were ransacked by the rapacious soldiery, who even disturbed the ashes of the dead in their search for plunder. In Turenne's time, the atrocities committed here for ever shaded an otherwise respectable follower of the horrible art of war; but now so inhuman was the conduct of the French that one of their own historians confesses the flames that Turenne had lighted up were but sparks in comparison of this terrible destruction, which horrified all Europe! Well may that writer say that "when the king signed the destruction of a whole country, he was seated in his own palace, surrounded with pleasures; had he viewed the affair himself, it must have filled him with the utmost horror. Nations, who had hitherto only blamed, whilst they admired his ambition, now exclaimed aloud against his barbarity; and highly condemned his policy; for if his enemies could have penetrated into his dominions, after his own example, they would have reduced his towns to ashes."

The conduct of Louis had justified in the eyes of the world the accusations of William III. relative to his inordinate ambition, and roused the European powers to resistance. The French king having, in Dec. 1688, declared war against Holland, the league of Augsburg had taken judicious precautions. The Dutch, the Spaniards, the Germans, were fast collecting powerful armies, of which Charles V., Duke of Lorraine, alone commanded 100,000. Assisting the Duke of Brandenburg, he retook Bonn and Metz; Baron d'Asfield, the commander of the former, being killed in the assault. The Marquis d'Uxelles so ably conducted the defence that he made 21 sallies during seven weeks, in which some thousands of the enemy were killed; and at last they only surrendered for want of powder. But, though his conduct was really courageous, the multitude who, says Voltaire, "with so many tongues, and so many ears, has so few eyes, condemned him." He was hooted and hissed by the people at the theatre, who assailed him with cries of "Mentz!" He withdrew, but had sense enough to despise their malignity and ignorance.



The pope, Ottoboni, who about a year and a half before had succeeded Innocent, under the title of Alexander VIII., now died. Louis had been upon better terms with this pontiff than with his predecessor; and in return he had promoted some of the French king's protégées to the purple, which had greatly irritated the emperor. Yet he had refused to grant bulls for those whom Louis had named to the vacant bishoprics in France, as they had in 1682 signed the formulary declaring the pope fallible and subject to general councils. As death approached, Alexander passed a bull in due form, confirming all pope Innocent's bulls—this precluded reconciliation with France. After a long and stormy election, indeed five months were consumed in the squabble, Anthony Pignatelli, a noble Neapolitan, under the title of Innocent XII., was raised to the tiara, in 1691. He issued a bull against the system, adopted by his predecessors, of paying particular honours to the relations of popes, and condemned the "Maxims of the Saints," written by Fenelon. He proved a beneficent father to the people. In accordance with his professions, when one of his nearest kindred, who then was under the King of Spain in Flanders, hurried to Rome upon Innocent's elevation, he received him kindly enough, but dismissed him with no other present than some snuff.

Louvois also had by this time passed away from the scene of his ambition, his cruelty and his crimes, leaving an unenviable reputation for barbarity, both in the Palatinate and towards the poor dissenters extruded by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, at which the mind sickens. For the frightful extent of his barbarity his name is entitled to a niche in the temple of fame with such monsters as Nero, Caligula, and the rest of those who were drunk with the blood of the saints. As regards his actions, a worse could only be found in that master who, having the power to prevent, abetted, or permitted such deeds of horror and darkness. By reading the memoirs of the Duke de Navailles we see how this inhuman minister contrived to gloat over these sufferings of the righteous, and add insult and mockery to their sorrows. This bold bad man, though generally called Louvois, of which he was marquis, was named Francis Michel le Tellier: he was born at Paris, January 18, 1641, and inherited from his wicked father the thirst for persecution (see p. 174). We have witnessed his inattention to business in early life—his change in this respect—and his promotion after Colbert's death. In his various offices and duties he showed great abilities, and proved of signal use to his royal employer, whether as purveyor to his armies or his harem. Destitute of either the fear of God or man, Louvois pursued a splendid course, according to the common and corrupt notions, being devoted to the glory of France, which he served with promptitude, secrecy, and spirit. Having

been instrumental in the promotion of De Montespan, his influence had waned with her fall; and through his pride and arrogance he made himself enemies in all directions, particularly among some of the marshals of France. And as the vile instructions he had given relative to the ravages in the Palatinate had brought down on France the odium of Europe, although the shameful orders of Louvois had been countersigned by the king, it now suited Louis' purpose to pretend anger with his heartless minister; and he availed himself of some unauthorised instructions Louvois had given, whereby Boufflers had been misled to bombard Liège; and complaints of the Duke of Savoy as to Louvois' conduct having placed him in a juxta-position with France; together with some unjustifiable acts, that in other circumstances would have passed unnoticed, to rebuke his once favourite minister at a levée. This so operated on the mind of Louvois that he was seized with illness even while the king was speaking; and as "the sorrow of the world worketh death," on his return home, growing worse, they attempted to bleed him in both arms, but the mortified marquis died of vexation and grief within a few minutes, July 16, 1691.

Louis had opened a conference at the Hague, which he now suddenly broke off, in person besieging Mons. The townsmen forced the governor to capitulate. William III. was in Flanders to command his army. That of Germany was commanded by Waldeck, who distinguished himself against the French, under the Marshal d'Humières; and, leading only 18,000 men, stopped the noted Duke of Luxembourg. The duke was marching with 40,000 to surprise Brussels, and Waldeck so posted his army as to cause Luxembourg to believe him to be in greater strength; thus affording time to William to hasten with his army, not only to cover Brussels, but to relieve Liege, that had been bombarded for two days.

Marshal Boufflers drew off, and the French declining to fight a pitched battle, which William III. did all he could to lead them to, little was done in the Low Countries during this campaign. William stood under a particular tree on one occasion; the enemy, observing him, levelled a cannon so exactly that the tree was shot down two minutes after the king was gone. The French hired a traitor to fire the powder magazine of the Dutch; this wretch fired the matches of three bombs, two of which blew up without doing any mischief. There were 24 more bombs in the same wagon, and a barrel of gunpowder; the vile attempt was discovered at the moment the match was lighted, and before it had taken effect. The mischief would not have been confined to the horrid destruction of those around, but, in the panic resulting from the explosion, the French reckoned on cutting off the whole army. William now retired to England,

leaving the armies under Waldeck, who was reflected on for an incautious march, of which Luxembourg took advantage. But Waldeck recovered himself, and, after a severe action, the French retreated, losing more men than the allies. Auverquerque commanded the body that performed this immediate service. Luxembourg had become one of the most renowned generals in Europe, and in many respects resembled the great Condé, under whom indeed he had been trained in the art of war. He was of an enterprising spirit, showing genius, but unrestrained and irregular; addicted to perpetual amorous intrigues, though of an ugly countenance and deformed person.

Turning to Hungary, we find that the Emperor's affairs took a more favourable turn. In an attack, under Prince Louis of Baden, upon the Turks, the latter were quite routed; they lost the greater part of their army, camp, and cannon, the grand vizier himself being killed. The emperor now could have made a satisfactory peace, but, flushed with this success, and infatuated by prophecies that he should go on from one conquest to another till he arrived at Constantinople, this prince, outwitted by the French, who had thus contrived to turn his credulity to account, neglected the means of strengthening his empire against the formidable power of France. Louis pressed Sweden to offer mediation for a peace, but the king wrote to the Duke of Hanover, that he would take no part in the matter till France should own the present government of England. Hanover, which had been under French influence, now entered into a treaty with the King of England and the Emperor, promising great things if he could be made an elector. Difficulties arose from its being thought by the court of Vienna that this would strengthen protestant power. It took a year before the investiture was given, with the title of Elector of Brunswick and great marshal of the empire; this of course met with all imaginable opposition from France. In the year 1667, in sight of the king at the siege of Lisle, Catinat had performed an exploit which called forth courage and skill, being watched by Louis—from that his success in life is to be dated. He had quitted the bar at the age of 23, in disgust at the unjust termination of a good cause. He was of such ability and application, and so unmoved by the vanities of a court, that he would have done well in diplomacy, war, or in any profession to which he might have addicted himself. Exhibiting neither pride nor selfishness, he was ignorant of amorous or other courtly intrigues. Having joined the army many years before, his qualifications had raised him to the command in Italy.

In Victor Amedeus, Duke of Savoy, Catinat met an opponent equal in wisdom and policy, and well known to have been schooled in misfortunes. Active and vigilant, Victor was a strong

disciplinarian; courageous and hardy, he well knew the nature of warfare in rocky and mountainous countries. Yet, eminent as he became, he was not free from misconduct as a prince, nor always without error as a general. At the battle of Saluces, the ill disposition of Victor's army was taken instant advantage of by Catinat, who lost only 300 French, while 4,000 were slain under the duke. Savoy may be said then to have been subjected, and the victorious French general marched into Piedmont, forced the trenches near Susa, took Villa-franca, Montalban, Nice, Veillane, Carmagnole, and, finally, though defended with obstinacy, Montmelian. The young Duke of Schomberg had undertaken to relieve that place, under the assurance that many protestants in Dauphiné would join him. But Caffrara, who led the imperial army, was intent on raising contributions; and indeed, both he and the court of Turin seemed more afraid of heresy than of France. They therefore preferred letting this important place fall into the hands of the enemy, to suffering it to be relieved by those they did not like. He was recalled, upon strong complaints, and Caprara was sent to displace Caffrara. Louis had sent orders for Catinat's forces to be diminished, while the Duke of Savoy strengthened himself, and the French were compelled to act on the defensive. Having at length received re-inforcements, he descended from the Alps to Marseilles, and there gained a second pitched battle: his "glory" was increased, as Prince Eugene of Savoy was one of the enemy's commanders.

In the Low Countries, Luxembourg, gained the battle of Fleurus: the allies were commanded by Waldeck. The victory was such that the French took prisoners 8,000, after killing 6,000; 200 of the allies' standards, with all their artillery and their baggage, were also taken: in short, the army was destroyed. Such was the devotion and genius of William III. that even Voltaire, who generally speaks most unfavourably of him, acknowledges that he was so fruitful in resources as often to draw more advantage out a defeat than the French could from victory. He soon after appeared at the head of as numerous an army to oppose Luxembourg. The feebleness of the Spanish government in Flanders threw all defence on the allies; and at last they offered to give it up to William, either as King of England, or as Stadtholder of the United Provinces. But he well knew the excessive bigotry of that people to their religion, and, that they would not be contented under a protestant government; he therefore declined it, and advised that the Elector of Bavaria should be appointed. Spain was agreeable, and, although difficulties arose, they were conquered by the court of Vienna; and thus a fresh animation was infused into these miserable provinces.

Louis himself had occasionally visited Flanders, and attended at some of the sieges; but soon departed for Versailles, leaving Luxembourg to carry on the war. This campaign terminated in a grand display by the French at Leuses, attended by great success. The French now took Namur, a place of vast importance: it was alleged that it was owing to the king himself, and was the greatest action of his life. After the surrender of Namur, the king went back to Paris like another Darius—for he always brought the splendour of a Persian camp with him. That he might turn from the bristling front of war to the softness and luxury of Parisian life, he was accompanied by a selection from his harem; with the music, poems, and scenes for operas and balls, &c.; in all of which entertainments *himself* and his actions formed the theme of applause. Reminding one of the visit of his ambassador to Hampton Court, who expressed his astonishment at no decoration nor commemoration of William III. being seen; contrasting such plainness and modesty with the tinsel of gilded columns and decorations, in which *his* master appeared every where; when he was told that William had sense and taste enough to let his actions speak for themselves. The egregious vanity of *le Grand Monarque*, even in old age, caused his own portrait to be universally adopted on the ceilings, in the representation of clouds, between little wings, to represent cherubs! So that it was Louis here, Louis there, and Louis every where. *L'etat! c'est moi*, he had once characteristically observed.

An attack on the French at Steenkirk, by ten batallions, who manifested great bravery, ended fatally, owing to their not being properly supported; but the loss of the French was very great. The disgrace to the allied arms was laid upon Count Solms; he was unsuitable to command the English, whose pride, rebelling against the rule of a foreigner, rendered them refractory. We sustained fearful loss of men and officers in this disastrous action. Count Horn was appointed to the command of several places now taken from the French; and as he was little esteemed, the English were further disgusted at seeing the Dutch preferred, while they were neglected. Horn soon abandoned Dixmuyde discreditably, and the Flanders' campaign was only distinguished on the part of the allies by the loss of Namur; the depreciation of William's reputation at Steenkirk; and the increasing ill feeling between the English and the Dutch. On the Rhine, two small armies had acted separately under the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Marquis of Bareith—they proved unable to protect Germany. Another army under the Duke of Wirtemberg was totally defeated in defending his country; the duke, the cannon, and the baggage, all falling into the hands of the French. An attempt to make a peace between

Germany and Turkey was foiled by French intrigue; and our ambassador, then returning, showed William III. that his best policy was to send a powerful fleet into the Mediterranean to destroy the French trade, and prevent their commerce with Turkey.

In Savoy the French were now losing ground. Luxembourg proceeded to besiege Huy, which capitulated in two or three days. At Landen, Luxembourg, being twice as strong, attacked William, who was censured for not having taken greater precautions, considering the superiority of the enemy. However, he sent away the baggage and heavy cannon to Mechlin, and spent the night in planting batteries, &c. On July 29, 1693, the French began their attack early in the morning; they were frequently repulsed, but by coming on with fresh bodies, from strength and undaunted courage, they broke through the German and Spanish horse, so that the troops gave way, and the French were again victors. But the fight was so obstinate that 20,000 men were killed on the spot—perhaps as many on one side as on the other. Voltaire wittily remarks that the French ought rather to have chanted *De profundis* than *Te Deum!* A brave foe always should be just to his enemy; the French honourably testified to the merit of William; and, in admiring the coolness of his retreats, and the promptitude of his energetic efforts to re-establish his armies, they confessed all these victories procured them more “glory” than advantage; and that though beaten in these battles, the allies had not been effectually worsted.

Luxembourg had been so eminently successful, and sent so many of the enemy’s colours to Paris, that the Prince of Conti named him “the upholsterer of Notre Dame.” Nothing was talked of but *victories*; and woe to a country led to follow such false lights! If, formerly, Louis had conquered Holland and Flanders without a battle—their own historians startle at his inability, after all these grand efforts and bloody victories, to penetrate the United Provinces, or to besiege Brussels. At Steinkirk and Landen, Luxembourg had been accompanied by the Duke of Chartres (afterwards regent of the kingdom), then only 15, who led the household troops, and, though wounded, would not retire. A grandson and a great nephew of the immortal Condé, also served as lieutenant-generals. One was Louis, Duke of Bourbon, the other Armand, Prince of Conti. Another lieutenant-general was the Duke of Vendôme, grandson of Henry IV.; he had served at 12 years of age, and now was 40: he was accompanied by his brother, the grand prior.

All these princes headed the household troops, and were set to dislodge the English, who, Voltaire says, were the best troops in the world, and only to be equalled, if at all, by these picked

men. The English were finally defeated by the immense slaughter of greatly superior force. If William retired, he was still feared—nor would he quit the field. In characteristic humour, the ladies came out to meet the young princes and the flower of French nobility on their return. Their bravery was complimented by the fashion being set of wearing neckcloths thrown on something like a whisp of hay, which, in their hurry for the battle, the officers had been compelled to do! In short, the Parisians may safely adopt for their motto—*Semper eadem*. In striking contrast with Gallic lightness, should be mentioned the gravity and coolness of William. Charging in several places, he was in the midst of those who fell from the enemy's cannon: one musket shot carried away part of his scarf, another went through his hat—but he was preserved uninjured. His dignified conduct called forth from Louis the remark that, if Luxembourg's behaviour was like that of Condé, that of William III. was like Turenne's.

In Spain, the Marshal de Noailles gained a victory at Ter, May 27, 1694; he took several places, but, requiring strength, he could not support himself as could be wished, and he was obliged to retire before Barcelona. Voltaire has a sententious remark here: "the French, victorious on all sides, and weakened with success, found the allies to be a hydra, always springing up afresh." Recruits and money could with difficulty be raised. France was afflicted by two bad harvests, their vintage suffered much, and, having neither bread nor wine, they had little else but "glory" to feed upon. To the praise of the French king it should be recorded (as I have elsewhere on a similar occasion), that he caused the greatest diligence to be used in fetching corn from all parts. Strict regulations were observed in furnishing the markets, and a liberal distribution he ordered to be made to the poor. Burnet here quaintly remarks, "but misery will be misery still, after all possible care to alleviate it." Amidst all the pomp of their victories, great multitudes literally perished for want; and the spirit, and ideas of superiority fostered by their vanity, which was the soul of the French people, were fast sinking. They called out for peace, but the northern powers would not mediate. In William they had to deal with one who rightly appreciated them, and was determined never to lay down his arms till their insolence had been duly chastised, and a guarantee secured for the safety of the protestant cause. Added to this, their demands were too high, and there seemed no hope of a just peace until farther humiliations had brought the French to a humbler posture.

The English are alleged to have been the first who used the art of bombarding maritime towns with fire ships; this infernal art, as Voltaire justly calls it, had been afterwards turned too

often against themselves. They had bombarded Dieppe, Havre-de-Grace, St. Malo, Dunkirk and Calais. But the balance of the campaign was in favour of France. One of the Jacobite party informed the French that we had a very rich fleet of merchantmen ready to start for the Mediterranean, valued at many millions. Some had waited 18 months for a convoy, and the number was increasing; the merchants kept complaining about the delay, and the inefficient convoy appointed. The French were watching, and made many feints. Admiral Rook was to command it, and went out into the main sea with the convoy, and, when the merchant ships were thought out of danger, they came back. He doubled the Cape of St. Vincent, and almost fell in with the French fleet before he was aware of it. The French soon perceived their error in apprehending the whole English fleet was there, and were forming themselves into a line, when Rook stood out to sea. Some of the merchantmen followed Rook, others sailed to Cadiz, some got to Gibraltar, some were burnt or sunk, and a small number taken by the French, who did not follow Admiral Rook, but let him sail away to the Madeiras. The French then sailed along the coast of Spain, and burnt some English and Dutch ships at Malaga, Alicant, and other places. Tourville was reflected on for not making the most of his advantages, which were such that few of our merchantmen or men-of-war should have escaped.

The French had amused themselves at the expense of William III., for his having failed to relieve Namur, with so large an army as he commanded; and, of course, as much flattered Louis for its capture. The tables were now turned, for the King of England attacked that place in the sight of a greatly superior force, and took it, after the manner the enemy had themselves adopted. He had the benefit of all Vauban's new fortifications after he had re-possession of Namur. Villeroy had endeavoured to detach William from this siege by a counter-attack on Brussels. Without a chance of taking that city, he for three days bombarded it, destroying thereby a great part: he then withdrew, and arrived just in time to witness the surrender of Namur. The laurels of William were considered very great, as the French, to the amount of 80,000 according to some—Voltaire owns 100,000—were almost in sight, and the garrison was in fact an army, Boufflers having thrown himself into that strong city, with so many regiments as to raise the force to 16,000. That able general was blameless—and, although party writers have blackened his reputation, those who better understood the matter acquitted him, seeing that he did all that a good commander could do. He was made prisoner, but soon after liberated, having secured the good opinion of William; he lived to a distant period, eminently to serve his



country. Marshal Villeroy was prevented from successfully bringing up his large army, to raise the siege, by various masterly manœuvres of the King of England; for his inability to ward off this shameful disgrace to the French arms he was severely reflected upon.

In the year 1695, the Duke of Luxembourg died. Having exhibited very great skill in manœuvring with William, he was however defeated by the superior and surprising tact of the king, who thus attained his object of out-marching the French armies, so as to reach Flanders first, in order to seize upon Courtrai. Luxembourg just after that, within four days traversed a tract of 40 or 50 leagues, outstripping the enemy, and reaching the Scheldt time enough to frustrate their schemes. Military men consider this a prodigious exploit; and it proved his last—for the marshal went to Paris, and died unexpectedly on Jan. 4, to the grief and dismay of the French army. Francis Henry de Montmorenci, this famous general, was the posthumous son of Montmorenci, Count of Bouteville, who was beheaded for fighting a duel, under Louis XIII. The marshal had been trained under Condé, and was with him at Rocroi when only 15 years old; and, having followed his fortunes, he imbibed much of his coolness and ardour. He was distinguished at the conquest of Franche-Comté in 1668; in the Dutch campaigns of 1672, he performed an unprecedented retreat with only 20,000, in the face of 70,000 men. In 1675, he was appointed marshal, and he acquired fresh laurels at Fleurus, over Prince Waldeck, in 1690. In 1691, we have witnessed his success at Leusen, Steinkirk, and Nerwinde; indeed, his whole career was successful and splendid.

On the subject of the Indian possessions of Europeans there are in Voltaire some remarks so excellent that I need scarcely apologize for quoting that which is honourable to this eminent author, while it ought to cause a blush of shame to every Briton, though penned as a reproach to the French. "It is now two centuries since the restless spirit of the Europeans, not contented to confine their fury within their own continent, has carried the desolations of war to the most distant countries. We now drain ourselves of money and men, to go to destroy one another in the remotest parts of Asia and America. The Indians, whom we have obliged by force or artifice, to receive our settlements; and the Americans, of whom we have butchered such numbers, driving others from their possessions; look upon us as enemies of the human race, who come from the farthest parts of the world to cut *their* throats, and then to plunge our swords in *each others'* bosoms." The Dutch had easily taken, from the French, Pondicherry, which was established at enormous cost by Colbert; and thus their favourite scheme of Indian

commerce was there strangled in its infancy. The English had destroyed their settlement at St. Domingo; the privateers of St. Malo had likewise carried fire and sword into their Newfoundland possessions. Jamaica had been harrassed by the French; our vessels had been burnt, and our coasts there plundered. Commodore Pointis, with many of the French ships, helped by American corsairs, went to surprise the town of Carthage, the grand Spanish magazine. He destroyed property to the amount of 20,000,000 of livres, and, what in vulgar life would be called, *stole* goods to the amount of 10,000,000; but, in these "glorious expeditions" as a French writer calls them, we must dignify these transactions by the milder expression—that the French *gained* 10,000,000. Let us mark the sequel—those that live by the sword often die by the sword—"the result of these expeditions was universal calamity."

The first *Buccaneers* were natives of France. The term was adopted from the Carib Indians, who called the flesh they prepared *boucan*, and the hut in which it was dried on hurdles took the same name. The French themselves called such desperadoes *fibustiers*, probably a corruption of our word free-booters. The Dutch named such *sea-rovers*: others used the term *the brethren of the coast*—till all the distinctive epithets merged into the one term "Buccaneers." These worthies acted in the capacities of privateers in war, and in times of peace their activity followed the occupation of hunting, smuggling, or piracy. In fact, while threatened and punished by the governments of England and France, they were by them indirectly cherished; and, by their ultimate instrumentality, both nations attained settlements in the West India Islands, on which they had long cast covetous glances. At the commencement of the 17th century, by a previous treaty of joint occupation and partition (in 1625), England and France on the same day had landed at opposite points of St. Christopher's: and neither for one moment respected the original rights of the Caribs. In the prosecution of their schemes, those poor creatures offered all the resistance they could think of. The Europeans seem to have soothed any portion of conscience, and it was but a small remainder that gave them any trouble—by regarding the aborigines as "a barbarous sort of people," whom it was necessary to extirpate. Therefore, when their implacable enemies retired to intricate thickets, or other fastnesses, these "Christians" made use of dogs to scent and drive them from their ancient refuges—and then exposed them to the sword or the pistol. After having killed these refractory owners of the soil, because they were impervious to the benefits of "civil society," they quartered their bodies, sticking them up about the high-ways. As such horrors drove the helpless savages to hide in caves and subterraneous retreats, there

they often perished—and travellers attest that they have discovered heaps of the remnants of human bones. It thus had become exceedingly difficult for the natives to discover any great advantage in the religion of the cross over their reverence for “an unknown God,” who in their darkness they thought could be propitiated by exclaiming O! It was a rough course of training, this, of these early missionaries.

The Island of Tortuga had been torn from the Spaniards by these buccaneers, where having established their head-quarters, all European adventurers made for this Goshen. French and English colonists planted settlements on different islands; the new colonists became the allies and customers of these disorderlies, and thus contributed to support their irregular lives. Many of the French settlers, indignant at being left unprotected by their government, subject to marauding expeditions, retired to other deserts, or joined the ranks of the buccaneers. The main settlement of Tortuga was enviously regarded by another “Christian” nation, Spain; who soon had destroyed the spots of comparative civilization, while the settlers were out on one of their long hunting excursions on the western shores of Hispaniola. The more peaceful, who, staying behind, attended to the cultivation of tobacco, were massacred; those who fled were caught and hanged, so that only a mere handful reached their distant brethren. The Spaniards, having destroyed this refuge of their enemies, abandoned the scenes of their brutality. The buccaneers returned, and strengthened themselves by fresh organization, and their ranks were recruited by the roving spirits of different European countries.

Their many piratical adventures must be left to the interesting memoirs which so attracted us in the cheerful days of our boyhood; and in recording all that seems necessary for the purposes of such a work as this, I merely design to convey so much as forms a part of history, or elucidates the manners and the deeds of the age. These lawless people occupied themselves in seeking fruits and fish, lying in wait for the Spanish traders, seizing the men, whom they sold as slaves; while the women were reduced to labour, and every degradation. Their dress comported with their ferocity, but probably resulted from the same stringency which drives the savage to his clothing of skins—or as we say, in pleasantry, causes the miller to wear a white hat. It consisted of a shirt dipped in the blood of the cattle hunted and killed, rough trousers and leggings, a rude cap and a leathern girdle, in which to stick knives, daggers and pistols. Such was their idea of religion that public prayers were offered up for success in their piratical expeditions! This reminds one of the pious reflections of the old Koord, who consoled his companions, under the misery of there being no travellers whom they could slaugh-

ter and rob, by remembrance of the past goodness of Providence, and filial trust that He would yet in mercy remember them, and grant supplies according to their wants—as, he told a Russian captive, He had so long done!

They were no ways shocked at bursting into the sacred edifices of other people, and forcing away their chalices and silver images. But so *particular* was this church in the wilderness that they have been known to shoot some of their number for irreverent behaviour at public worship! They were petted by the Parisians, who, with characteristic naïveté, called them “nos braves!” Nor can *we* claim exemption from the disgrace of hounding them on to shameful excesses—for it was in England the fashion to speak of their doings, as “unparalleled exploits.” Those French of Tortuga found it their interest to betray that island into the hands of the French governor of the West Indies, who took possession on behalf of the crown of France, and expelled the English, who had proved coarse and refractory. Within a few years the French increased rapidly on the west of Hispaniola, and they boast of many brilliant exploits in plundering the Spanish fleets. Under Pierre Legrand many were piloted to fame and fortune. Their success encouraged fresh adventurers; Spain was compelled to arm ships especially for protecting their trade in this quarter.

From plundering merchantmen, they soon proceeded to the capture of ships of war; and, under Pierre François, surprising deeds were performed. Though sufficient force was often sent to capture these lawless corsairs, their stratagems and hair-breadth escapes constitute the charm of records vying with the extricatings of Jack Sheppard, or any other hero of Newgate. In their fearful annals, no names struck greater terror than the two Frenchmen, Lolonnois and Montbar, distinguished for complication of crime which humanity almost shrinks from relating. Such as throwing overboard whole crews of captured vessels; at other times with his own hand striking off the heads of 80 prisoners; and, as the exertion required refreshment, he sucked the blood of his unhappy victims from the dreadful sabre with which he perpetrated his atrocities! Joining forces with other ruffians, Lolonnois became strong enough to storm towns—pillaging and destroying all before him, and carrying off immense booty. His end, after a career of infamy, almost incredible, was to be seized by some Indians—torn limb from limb—burnt, and his ashes scattered to the winds. Montbar was a “gentleman;” almost equal to his countryman in ferocity, and so celebrated in his infamous career as to obtain the soubriquet of “the Exterminator.”

One Morgan, of Wales, became almost as celebrated, and at the Cayos (corrupted by the English into the *keys*) attained

command of about 12 sail, with above 700 fighting men, English and French. They took and plundered Puerto del Principe, in Cuba: shutting up many of the inhabitants; numbers were starved to death; others were tortured to secure ransom. Amidst this shameful success, a dispute arising between the English and the French, by reason of an Englishman snatching away some marrow-bones from a Frenchman, which want of politeness led to a challenge, the Frenchman was traitorously stabbed. Morgan's morality was shocked, and he took the murderer back, and had him hanged in chains. The national animosities led to a division. Shortly afterwards, Morgan contemplated an act of treachery, and, having invited a French commander and several of his best men to dine with him on board a ship, he made them prisoners. The powder caught fire from the wild carousal on board, the ship blew up, and 350 English and French perished in their sins! Morgan escaped: a few days of suspense, for mourning, were set apart; and afterwards the *prudent* commander caused all the bodies to be fished up and stripped of rings, money, and clothes.

Debarred from following these horrible adventures into much farther detail, it may be told that the Spaniards were amazing sufferers from them on almost all occasions; and instances are on record—such was the dread of these unlawful rovers—of their firing their own ships, and all choosing to perish in the conflagration rather than to fall into the hands of these pirates! After their success in plundering, these wretches would retire to the taverns at Port Royal, or elsewhere, spending their ill-got gains with their dissolute companions, and concerting other scandalous expeditions. A treaty between England and Spain, in 1670, threatened for ever to put down this crying grievance; therefore, the buccaneers, as a desperate effort, resolved to call together all the worthies, who, under the name and occupation of hunters, or cultivators, of the English, French, or Dutch, nations, were ready to flock round the standard of the redoubtable Morgan. He appointed Tortuga as the rendezvous: the fleet was victualled by the pillage of numerous hog-yards, the hunters supplied quantities of *boucan*, and 37 vessels, manned by these incorrigible villains, counting 2,000 fighting men, sailed for Cape Tiburon, on the west of Hispaniola. At a council held there, it was decided to attack Panama, on account of its amazing wealth. Taking on their voyage the strong castle of Chagre, at Providence island, by a detachment of 400 men, they learnt that the governor of Panama was prepared for their marauding attack by a force of 3,600 men. After the usual heart-rending scenes of brutality towards the poor women and the prisoners, Morgan, leaving a strong garrison there, proceeded with his great force, Jan. 1671, to Panama.

The Spaniards had left no provisions, in any direction, of which the invaders could avail themselves; and as they had to traverse a considerable tract on landing, the buccaneers were reduced to great straits. Even driven to chew the leathern bags as a substitute for better food, over these *treasures* they quarrelled; and it became matter of serious regret that they could catch no stray Spaniards, as they had resolved to have boiled and roasted a few to appease their ravening appetites. Nor could these terrible brutes have subsisted, but that the powers of endurance acquired under their predatory courses had become almost superhuman. Finding at length a little maize and some plantains, with the soaked leather which remained, they were subsisted thus miserably on the fifth day; and, seeing the distant smoke of a village,

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,  
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,

they viewed it as another El Dorado. But on arriving, discovered, to their dismay, every habitation destroyed by fire, and the only remaining dogs and cats fell an immediate sacrifice to their ravening wants. They yet had eight leagues to reach Panama.

The vigilant Morgan began a cautious look-out for ambuscades, for which the Spaniards were celebrated; nor had they long to wait before they were covered with a shower of arrows from some unseen quarter. Ten of the savage Europeans fell before the attack of these Indians. The ninth day of these sufferings arrived, and the freebooters, from a high mountain descried the sea, and with joy beheld the boats and small vessels tossing about the concealed port of Panama. They feasted by anticipation on the now visible herds of cattle; and, rapidly turning that anticipation into reality, like cannibals they flew at the poor beasts, cutting out pieces with their knives, and devoured the raw meat, while the blood ran down their beards upon their bodies. Refreshed with this disgusting meal, it became their object to take some prisoner from whom to gain information; but they were disappointed. On catching a glimpse of the steeple of the church—whether from its being the first object of the longed-for city, or as inviting them soon to offer up *Te Deum*, the historian does not record—"Templa quàm dilecta"—they became affected to madness, tossing up their caps in the air, leaping, shouting, beating their drums, and blowing their trumpets. They formed a camp near the city for the night: 50 Spanish horsemen, reconnoitring, advanced within hearing, and challenged "the dogs" to come on—then retiring, they left a few to watch the motions of their enemies. The buccaneers made another savage meal; and,

lulled by the sound of the Spanish guns—which, in their imperfect knowledge of the art of gunnery, they kept all night firing, without producing any other effect than to waste a great deal of powder—the band of marauders slept soundly till the dawn of day.

Astir betimes, with some attempt at order, they took a circuitous route to the city, as advised by an Indian guide. On discovering their route, the governor presented a formidable phalanx to check their progress; and, in addition to this military array, caused an immense herd of wild bulls to be driven by Indians among the buccaneers. Too well trained in deeds of violence to be dismayed by this unusual warfare, the lawless invaders drew up on the top of an eminence, and saw, in beautiful perspective at their feet, the city and the open country around. The Spanish cavalry were disconcerted by the marshy ground; and the picked marksmen of the enemy, kneeling down, received them with a terrible volley. Others succeeded in separating the Spanish troops, while the bulls, frightened by the noise of the guns, took to their heels. After a desperate encounter, that lasted two hours, the cavalry gave way, and the infantry, having expended their ammunition, threw down their muskets and fled. All the poor wretches that fell into the hands of the buccaneers were barbarously slaughtered; but, from an officer whom they saved, intelligence of the defence of the Spaniards was obtained, whence they discovered the likeliest point of attack. During a pause, after the destruction of this first opposing band, the invaders solemnly plighted their *honour* never to yield while a single man remained alive. Advancing with their prisoners, they came to close quarters with the soldiers in the streets of the town, where it took them three hours to maintain their standing.

In this murderous assault, quarter was neither given nor taken, and probably about 600 perished on each side. Morgan gave out that all the wine was poisoned, to check their brutal tendency to drink—this produced considerable effect. The Spaniards fired the town in several places; the attempts to check the fury of the flames were abortive, for the houses were built of cedar. The inhabitants had previously concealed their valuables. The city had consisted of 12,000 houses, eight monasteries, and two churches, all richly furnished. The vengeance of these brutal men fell with peculiar force on the ecclesiastics; and the awful conflagration caused numbers of poor negroes and others to perish in the flames. The Spaniards had withdrawn to the neighbouring woods and heights; the poor creatures were followed by the marauders, and made to point out the wells and cisterns where their treasures were deposited. They took some of the Spanish ladies to be their wives; such

was the ignorance of these females that they were surprised to find the English, whom they had been taught to dread more as *heretics* than as *thieves*, properly formed—as the priests had told them they were monsters. If much of the time and attention the Spaniards had bestowed on attempts to horrify the more deluded, by absurd descriptions of the awful and transforming effects of heresy, had been directed to more material defences, it is probable the horrible outrages committed by these members of the reformed church (for they plumed themselves on their protestantism) might have been prevented.

Morgan destroyed all their shipping, secured all their plate and money, spiked their cannon, and, after having wrung from these unfortunates all they could carry away, resolved to depart. To this end, a large number of beasts of burden were collected from every quarter where they could be procured; and scouts were sent out to ascertain what measures the governor had taken to intercept their return. But the depression of the Spaniards was too great to have had any preparation for punishing these dreadful enemies; and on the 24th of February the buccaneers left the ruins of Panama. Having 175 mules laden with their spoils, and above 600 prisoners—women, children, and slaves—driven along by these abominable wretches, the sufferings of the poor captives exceeded all description, or, indeed, conception. The women in vain threw themselves at Morgan's feet, beseeching the poor mercy of being permitted to remain amidst the ruins of their former homes. His reply was to the effect that he came there to get money, not to listen to cries and lamentations—but that he would grant them three days to procure ransom. Some were happy enough to succeed—with the remainder he pushed onwards, making new prisoners, and gaining fresh spoils on the way. At a suitable place, he proposed every one should be searched, to show that all the unjust gains had been placed in one common stock; he was the first to submit to this treatment, which shocked the sensitive minds of the few French who accompanied them, as derogatory to "gentlemen."

Arrived at Chagre, they knew not what to do with their prisoners, and therefore decided to send them off for Porto Bello, making them the bearers of a demand for ransom from the governor of that city for the castle of Chagre. To this insolent message, the governor of Porto Bello replied that Morgan might make of the castle what he pleased, not a ducat should be given for its ransom. They now set about dividing the plunder. As the individual shares fell short of their expectations, they grumbled, and accused the chief of the worst crime of which in their eyes he could be guilty—secreting the richest of the jewels for himself. To each man 200 pieces of eight was



considered a very small return for such a hazardous enterprise. He saw the matter taking a serious turn, therefore, consulting with a few on whom he could depend, they destroyed the walls of Chagre, and carried the guns on board Morgan's own ship. Followed by one or two vessels commanded by those in his confidence, he then sailed for Jamaica, leaving their duped and enraged associates in want of every necessary. All the English accompanied Morgan; the French left behind would have pursued him, says the quaint old historian—"had they dared to venture." As it was, Morgan's vessels separated, the companies seeking their fortunes in different parts, and none the richer or happier for the devastation they had committed at Panama.

Morgan steered for Jamaica; laden with plunder, and elevated by success, he endeavoured to raise recruits for an independent state he longed to establish at Santa Katalina. Of this free nation, of course—Sancho-Panza like—he was to be governor. But Lord John Vaughan, governor of Jamaica, while he proclaimed a grant of land, pardon and indemnity to such of the freebooters as chose to become peaceful cultivators, resolved to enforce the treaty with Spain. Many preferred joining those left at Tortuga, or to become log-wood cutters in the Bay of Campeachy. Next year the war, breaking out between Great Britain and Holland, enabled these worthies to resume their occupation of privateers against the Dutch. In time this clever thief, Morgan, acquired sufficient tact to apply his ill-gotten wealth to the obtaining of the honour of knighthood at the hands of Charles II. (*par nobile fratrem*)! and afterwards he was appointed deputy-governor of Jamaica. In this function, under great severity to his old fraternity, he condescended sometimes to share their booty; nevertheless he caused several of them to be hanged, and others he delivered to the Spaniards, receiving the rewards for their capture. Such was the just hatred of that nation to him that they contrived, after the accession of James II., to get him removed from his office, and imprisoned in England.

The freebooters were at length crushed by the express prohibitions of several countries; nor was it for a long time that these marauding sons of Belial, under one designation or another, were effectually put down. Either as filibustiers, hunters, or wood-cutters, they long proved a terror to the western hemisphere. At one time their power was such that they took Vera Cruz, and other strong places. Of their riches, *devotion*, and loyalty, a curious instance is recorded of one section of them who followed the cutting of logwood. Having captured Campeachy on celebrating the festival of St. Louis, they made bonfires of the logwood, or *blood-wood*, a remarkably valuable product,

worth £30 a load—and consumed enough to be valued at £42,000! Such was their *scrupulosity*, that Raynal tells us a buccaneer expostulated with a hunter for compelling him to work on a Sunday, saying, God had forbidden this practice when He gave the commandment, “Six days shalt thou labour, and on the seventh rest.” I hope the interesting nature of the few particulars I have been tempted to give of the customs and manners of a race long since extinct, (unless we find them merged into the repudiating, slave-holding clamourers for liberty of North America,) will need no apology; more especially as I was led into so much detail from the history of French navigation leading at this period to those seas.

The English and the Dutch merchantmen subsequently were daily made prizes of by French privateers; but especially Dugué Trouin, a man of singular genius, who wanted only the command of fleets to gain the reputation of a Barbarossa. On the other hand, the enemy could not take so many of the French merchantmen, for a reason given by Voltaire, which I suspect few will dispute—because they had fewer to lose, as their commerce had so materially declined by the war, and the death of Colbert. The result of all these expeditions was universal calamity—under which France groaned to her centre, while she laid claim to superiority over her enemies. So that the achievements in Savoy, the Palatinate, on the frontiers of other countries, and at sea, while they fed her vanity, produced no lasting benefits.

And in continuation, we see that Louis' troubled reign finds him in arms against the King of Spain, his own nephew; against the Elector of Bavaria, whose sister had married the Dauphin; against the Elector Palatine, his brother's wife's father; Savoy warring against France, the duke's daughter being now dauphiness, and with Spain, where another daughter was queen! William we have seen deposed his father-in-law—happily and wisely I think. Still all this shows what war is, in carrying feuds and civil discord into the families of Christian princes—slaughtering, plundering, and perpetuating intense misery among the millions—repressing the best enterprises of men; in short, in performing the work of the prince of darkness.

Louis must have increasingly felt the necessity of making great sacrifices to obtain peace; as the brightest period of his reign, and the *beaux jours* of his natural life, had gone by. He missed such powerful ministers as Colbert, Louvois, and others; and remembered that Turenne, Condé, and Luxembourg were no more. Seeing too that the state of the human mind was determinately leading to combination for safety or reprisals—the *Grand Monarque* was brought to long for peace, as well as the European nations, who had for so long a period been kept in turmoil and distress through the ambitious restlessness of France.

Louis therefore sent the Count de Tesse, clever and agreeable, to Turin, privately to sound the Duke of Savoy; and Catinat assisted in bringing the matter to a conclusion. His dominions were restored to the duke, money was given him, and arrangements were soon made whereby the Duke of Burgundy, the dauphin's son, was affianced to the duke's daughter. The pope anxiously desired to join in this treaty, for the sake of freeing Italy from the incursions of the French, and being relieved from continual taxation to support the emperor's armies. The emperor's reluctance was at last overcome, the Duke of Savoy joined his army to the French, and in less than a month the prince became the generalissimo of the emperor as well as of Louis XIV. His daughter was carried into France at 11 years of age, to be married to the Duke of Burgundy but two years older. The league being broken by this defection of the Duke of Savoy, as the emperor had accepted the neutrality of Italy, the allies began to treat for themselves. The Dutch proposed the castle of Ryswick, near the Hague, to hold the conferences in for the general peace. The armies of France were yet strong: Villeroi commanded 80,000 men in Flanders; De Choiseul was at the head of 40,000 on the banks of the Rhine; Catinat commanded as many in Piedmont; the Duke of Vendôme, who had gone through all the different stations in the army, from a volunteer to a commander-in-chief, also led a large army in Catalonia, where he had met with great success, and taken Barcelona.

This position thus left Louis on high ground, and he refused the offer of mediation on the part of the pope: that function being appointed to the King of Sweden, Charles XI., according to Voltaire; but Burnet says the first act of the reign of Charles XII. (the celebrated and frantically brave) was the mediation at Ryswick. On September 20, 1697, the peace was concluded—not with such loftiness as had formerly distinguished Louis XIV. People were at first astonished, but a key to the course of his policy was to be found in the schemes he had formed towards Spain, which monarchy, it was always held, he would do wrong to suffer to fall into the Austrian family. Charles II. was childless, and by one or two severe attacks his life had been endangered. As the vast dominions in Europe and America would cause a royal scramble in the event of his death, the King of France saw that it would best suit his purpose to draw breath—to recruit the finances, to replenish the armies, in short, to be ready for the expected struggle. Such at least are the opinions of most writers on this reign; but it should be told that Voltaire, agreeing with the memoirs of the Marquis de Torci, says how likely soever the idea may seem, it is not true, and that France made peace because she was weary of war.

Such was the influence of William III. that he obtained ex-

traordinary benefits for Holland. Spain gained a restoration of every thing in Catalonia, large tracts in Flanders, comprising the frontier towns of Luxembourg, Charleroi, Mons, Courtrai, Ath, and the Country of Chimei. The towns of Fribourg, Brissac, Kheil, and Philipsburg, were restored to the emperor. Louis also agreed to demolish the fortifications of Strasbourg on the Rhine, Port Louis, Fraerbach and Mount Royal, works on which Vauban had exhausted his art and the treasures of France. The unjust decrees of the chambers of Brissac and Metz (see p. 156) were abolished. William III. was now by France, for the first time, acknowledged lawful King of Great Britain. In short, all Europe was astonished at the moderation of France. That country was indignant at her "glory" being tarnished by agreeing to a peace as if she had been conquered. Harlai, Creci, and Callières, who had signed it, durst neither show themselves at court nor in the city—they were loaded with reproaches for having betrayed the honour of France by nobles and people. As if they had taken a single step without their instructions, which doubtless were given with a view to the really present pecuniary helplessness of France, and the state of matters in Spain!

Lorraine was restored to its legitimate sovereign, the successor of that duke who had rendered such service to Germany. That prince from Lintz had written to the emperor thus:—"According to your orders, I set out from Innsbruck to go to Vienna—but I am stopped here by a greater Master. I go to give an account of a life which I have entirely consecrated to you. Do not forget that I have a wife, who is related to you; children, to whom I bequeath nothing but my sword; and subjects, who are suffering under oppression." At his death, Leopold behaved well—he now embraced the opportunity of helping and befriending those who, having suffered in his cause, had claims which he had generosity enough pertinaciously and successfully to urge. The son of Charles V. now resumed that sovereignty that had belonged to his family for 700 years; and, in repairing the breaches made by the cruel and perfidious French, no prince ever more worthily exercised his power. It should be remembered, to the latest posterity, that one of the petty princes of Germany was he who did most for the benefit of his people. Finding Lorraine desolate and abandoned, he re-peopled and enriched it; he preserved it always in peace, while Europe was ravaged by war.

His conduct was so prudent that he was ever on good terms with France, and at the same time was beloved in the empire. If he saw a gentleman's house in ruins, he immediately had it repaired at his own expense: he paid their debts, and took care to have their daughters properly married. He

mixed the politeness of a friend with the profuse magnificence of a prince. He promoted the arts in his little domains; and formed his court upon the model of France; so that, going thence to Luneville, says Voltaire, one would almost imagine one's self at Versailles. "Encouraging learning, he founded a liberal university, to which the young nobility resorted to receive a first-rate education. There the true and useful sciences were taught; and the principles of natural philosophy ocularly demonstrated by the most curious machines. He searched for men of genius and talent, even in the lowest stations and most obscure retreats; and when he found such, he always encouraged and brought them to light. In short, during his whole reign, his only employment was the care of procuring to his people tranquillity, riches, knowledge, and pleasure. 'I would quit my sovereignty to-morrow,' said he, 'if I could do no more good.' Thus he enjoyed the gratification of being universally beloved; and long after his death," continues Voltaire, "I myself have seen his subjects shed tears when his name was mentioned. In short, he left an example to the greatest princes; and, by his behaviour, not a little paved the way for his son to the imperial diadem."

The treaties entered into at this peace of Ryswick, on the part of Louis XIV., virtually acknowledged, observes Mr. James, "that for nine years he had continued a bloody and destructive war, had ravaged the Palatinate, had cast away the lives of many hundreds of thousands of men, had exhausted the finances of his realm, had brought desolation over wide tracts of fertile and peaceful lands, had ruined commerce and arts, had carried misery to the hearths of his own people, and widowed many a once happy heart throughout all Europe, in vain, if not unjustly. Those who have written on the subject say that his motives in concluding this peace were virtuous. It may be so; but those motives were somewhat tardily felt, and were lamentably soon forgotten."

John Sobieski, King of Poland, after he had long outlived the fame he had earned by raising the siege of Vienna, died at length, contemned by every body. His government was so feeble that the diets ended always in quarrels, without effecting any business. He devoted himself almost exclusively to the heaping up of wealth, which he presumed would carry his son's succession to the throne—the only elective one in the world. How different a character to Leopold of Lorraine, just depicted! The "gallant" and "freedom-loving" Poles put up the crown to a kind of auction, encouraging all candidates to come and bid for it! A party were for John's son, notwithstanding their aversion to his mother. The Prince of Conti, the Duke of Lorraine, the Prince of Baden, and Don Livio Odeschalchi (the

pope's nephew), were all named. As the intrigues of the French party at one time appeared the strongest, and disgracefully failed; and, as neither of the other candidates were likely to succeed, a secret negotiation was effected to place the Elector of Saxony on the throne. When the other parties found they could not succeed, it was agreed by all to preclude French influence. It was necessary for the elector to change his *religion!*—This presented no kind of difficulty—the change was regularly attested by the imperial court: he made all imaginable haste to Cracow, and was soon after crowned, to the great joy of the imperial party: but to the inexpressible trouble of his subjects in Saxony, who, being protestants, dreaded persecution.

As he had no kind of religion himself, the priests could not work him up to persecute those whose profession he had so lately abjured. Indeed he sent to quiet their fears by assurances that he would make no change among them; and his consort, descended from the house of Brandenburg, expressed the most just and praiseworthy sentiments, that greatly comforted the Saxons. The Prince of Conti made an effort to disturb this arrangement. A fleet was ordered from Dunkirk to convey him to Poland; on his arrival at Dantzic, he found that city had declared for the new king, so that they would not suffer his party to land. He had brought the sinews of war plentifully with him, and his partizans suggested a free distributing thereof among them, *before* they assembled the talked-of army which was to place him on the throne. He told them he was limited, and could not exercise a discretion; so that the only point of difference between them turned on the two words *before* and *after*. As he saw no appearance of any force, fearing he should be frozen up in the Baltic, he returned to Dunkirk, taking back his “yellow hussars.”

Voltaire contrives to pick “glory” out of this, observing that he had the *glory* of being elected, although France had the mortification to find that she was unable to make a King of Poland. This disgrace did not disturb the peace of the north of Europe, and the south was restored to quiet by the peace of Ryswick. So that the only remaining war was that carried on by the Turks against Germany, Poland, Venice, and Russia. But at the battle of Zanta, Prince Eugene routed the grand signor at the head of his army; that Turkish prince, seventeen of his bashaws, and 20,000 Turks, were slain. The Ottoman pride was lowered, and the peace of Carlowitz secured the neighbouring countries from the continued irruptions of these barbarians. By this treaty, signed in 1699, Venice had the Morea; Russia, Asoph; Poland, Caminieck; and Germany, Transylvania. War had ceased in Europe, Asia, and Africa—the gates of the

temple of Janus might have been shut—but, alas! not for long.

One of the most extraordinary characters of the period now appears upon the stage. Of him, Voltaire remarks that, though born almost a savage, he arrived to a true pitch of grandeur: by force of genius and labour he became the reformer, or rather the founder, of his empire. Bulwer says, “if Cromwell was the greatest man (Cæsar excepted) who ever *rose* to the supreme power, Peter was the greatest man ever *born* to it.” At 24 years of age, the Tzar heroically resolved to submit to the privations he necessarily must undergo in making himself acquainted practically with naval architecture. He had entered the army as a common soldier, and performed the duties of every grade, until he attained the command of a body of troops; thus personally exhibiting his conviction of the necessity of submitting to discipline. Forming great designs; intending to make a navigable canal between the Volga and the Tanais, to carry both provisions and materials for a fleet to Asoph, he wisely decided to inspect the fleets of Holland and England.

To that end, having sent an embassy to Holland, to regulate some matters of commerce, after the ambassadors were gone, he settled his affairs in suitable hands, and with only two or three servants, followed and overtook his ambassadors. To their surprise, he informed them of his intention to accompany them *incognito*, as a private gentleman attached to the embassy. Nor was it without difficulty he could get away from Russia; for his enlightened clergy were clamorous against his going into foreign parts, as they considered France, England, and Holland barbarous. They said to travel was an abomination before the Lord, and had been so ever since the days of Moses, and therefore contrary to their holy religion! Peter knew his men too well to be deterred by the ignorance of these vermin-covered, train-oil drinking, wretches, and therefore departed with his humble train, which other accounts make to be twelve, among whom Menzikoff was numbered, nor did he forget to take his favourite dwarf. The party visited Riga, and Peter wished to see the fortifications of the town, but was refused by the governor; that want of courtesy was not forgotten by the tzar. Having reached Emmeric on the Rhine, the tzar, impatient to arrive at his destination, left the embassy, and, having hired a small boat, proceeded to Amsterdam; through which, Nestesuronoi says, he fled like lightning, and never once stopped till he arrived at Zaandam, fifteen days before the embassy reached Amsterdam.

The first person seen by the Russian party in the boat was a man fishing in a small skiff, of the name of Kist, who had worked as a smith in Russia, and was immediately recognized by one of the six persons who were with the tzar: this person

called over to him to come to them, which he did. The man's astonishment may be conceived on seeing the tzar of Russia sailing in a little boat, dressed like a Dutch skipper, in a red jacket and white linen trowsers. Peter told Kist he wanted lodgings, and should like to take them with him. Kist was but in poor circumstances, and would have excused himself, but Peter persisted. As a poor widow woman had a small house behind his, she assented to move to a little adjoining hut, in order to accommodate the royal stranger. Peter's lodgings consisted of two small rooms, with a loft over them, and an adjoining shed. Kist received strict injunctions, on no account whatsoever, to let it be known who his lodger was, as he did not wish to be discovered. The tzar could speak Dutch fluently, and he told the crowd collected to see the strangers that they were all carpenters and labourers from a foreign country, who had come to Zaandam in search of work. But no one believed this, as the rich clothes of his companions, who had kept on their proper Russian dresses, sufficiently contradicted any such idea. He visited the families and widows of several Dutch seamen and ship carpenters, whom he had known at Archangel and Plescow, representing himself as a brother ship-builder.

Widow Musch, to whom he had sent 500 guilders, said she was afraid she never could be sufficiently thankful to the tzar for his great kindness, but entreated Peter, if he ever might be permitted to come into the presence of his majesty, to tell him how very welcome the gift was in her widowed state, and that she was most humbly and cordially thankful for his kind consideration. He assured the poor woman that she might rely on the tzar being made acquainted with all she had said. Having been all round to the families of his acquaintance in Russia, he now visited the shops of Zaandam, to purchase carpenter's tools for himself and companions, whom he had directed to clothe themselves in the common dress of the dockyards. Among these, his favourites, Menzikoff and Galitzin, were directed to handle the tools and work as well as himself.

To his annoyance, the next day being Sunday, crowds from Amsterdam assembled before the lodging of the strangers. Peter had an unconquerable aversion to a crowd; besides, it was impossible to keep the secret; for a Dutch resident at Archangel had written home to his friends, announcing the intended embassy, and that the tzar would accompany it in disguise; enclosing at the same time a description and a portrait of him. Among the crowd whom curiosity had attracted, was a barber from Amsterdam, to whom the letter and print had been shown. Like the fraternity in all ages, he had no desire to bury his secret, and, on seeing Peter, he called out, "Dat is den tzar!" —that is the tzar. Indeed no one could mistake him who had



ever heard his person described. The natural bent of his mind had now free scope—his time was passed almost wholly among the ship-builders, and in sailing about, of which he was very fond. I wish it to be understood that these particulars are abstracted from Scheltema; he collected them from several cotemporary writers, who were in the habit of frequently noting what occurred in constant intercourse with Peter—such as Noomen, Calf, Van Halem, Meerman, and several other authors to whom he refers.

After quitting his first cabin, he lodged, not till after much persuasion, with a wealthy merchant and ship builder. Having purchased a new yacht, and fitted her with a bowsprit, made entirely with his own hands, to the astonishment of all the shipwrights, who could scarcely believe their eyes in beholding a person of his high rank submit to work till the sweat ran down his face, or in seeing him handle his tools so dexterously. When this little vessel was ready for sea, he appointed the brother of his deceased friend, Musch, as his captain; this person, as well as the widow, he invariably treated with kindness. Almost wholly on the water some days, he acquired such astonishing rapidity in all the movements connected with the vocation that he fairly *planted* these *boves pigri*, who had never dreamed of such “loopen, springen, en klauteren over the schepen”—running, jumping, and clambering over the shipping. The curiosity of the Dutch to see this extraordinary character brought swarms from the capital on Sundays and holidays, so that all the windows and the house-tops in the street where he lodged were crowded with people. But he confined himself closely to the house at such times, and would not suffer himself to be seen. By the authorities, he was one day asked to be present at the ceremony of dragging a ship over the dam. He drily answered, “Straks, straks”—by and by. But, observing the multitude to have increased, he was visibly annoyed; and, in a violent passion, slamming to the door he exclaimed, “Te veel volks, te veel volks”—too many people, too many people.

The crowds increasing next day so enraged Peter that he went into convulsions, to which he had been subject from his early youth. These are said to have been occasioned by the fright he received during some riots which occurred in his childhood, when a ruffian held a naked sabre over his head. Under the painful influence of these spasms he continued for hours; they were announced by a contortion of the neck towards the left side. Bassevitz, the Holstein envoy, ascribed them to poison, supposed to have been administered by his ambitious sister, Sophia—this is idle, as it was notoriously a family complaint. Now, when the tzar fell into these fits, his attendants sought out and placed before him a handsome young woman,

whose presence, says Scheltema, speedily led to his recovery. Whether the unexpected appearance of female beauty, or the sound of her voice, influenced his frame, it is difficult to say. On the other hand, the sight of a black-beetle had the effect of throwing him into convulsions: why then, argues one who is commenting on the record of Count Paul Jagouchinsky, should not a beautiful object produce the contrary effect of relieving him from them?

On entering himself as a ship's carpenter in the dockyard, he scrupulously observed the regulations under which his fellow labourers worked. Clad as a common workman, if he wanted to speak with any one, with his adze in his hand, he would sit down on a rough log of timber for a short time, but was anxious to resume and finish the work on which he had been employed. On occasion of the Duke of Marlborough's visit to the dockyard, he asked the master to point out the tzar. A number of men were just then carrying a large beam of wood, close by the spot where Peter happened to be sitting at the time. Having shown the duke the object of his curiosity, the master called out, "Peter Zimmerman, why don't you assist these men?" The tzar immediately rose up and obeyed, placed his shoulder under the log, and helped to carry it to its proper place. Writing to the patriarch of Russia, he says, "I am obedient to the commands of God, spoken to father Adam, 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread.'" He could and did lend a helping hand at every thing connected with ship-building, such as rope-making, sail-making, smith's work, &c. At Muller's manufactory, at Istia, Peter forged several bars of iron and put his own mark on each of them. He made the companions of his journey blow the bellows, stir the fire, carry coals, and do all the labouring work of journeymen blacksmiths. The tzar demanded payment from Muller for his work at the regular rate; receiving 18 altins, he said, "This will serve to buy me a pair of shoes, of which I stand in great need"—exhibiting those he wore, that had been mended. Having bought a new pair at a shop, he took great pleasure in showing them, observing, "I have earned them well, by the sweat of my brow, with hammer and anvil."

Menzikoff and the other friends of Peter worked with him in the dockyard, but they complained bitterly of sore hands: except the tzar, they all affected to consider it as mere amusement. But he would not rest till he had acquainted himself with all connected with ship-building. After that, he determined to visit the Greenland ships; he therefore proceeded to the Texel, where were upwards of a hundred, just returned. He went on board several of them, enquired the manner of catching the whales, how the blubber was cut off, the oil boiled, and the whalebone

cut out. Nothing was by him considered too troublesome; nothing about these filthy ships too filthy; that could lead to his acquisition of knowledge. The same spirit pervaded all his other enquiries in the manufactories for expressing the oil, cutting planks, &c. To every new object he went, exclaiming, "What is dat?" His companions record that ten or twelve times a day would he say, "What is dat?" invariably adding, "Dat wil ik zien"—that will I see. He frequently placed himself in peril, and one day was nearly caught by the machinery of a wind-mill. Once he fell from a crane that he had climbed to examine; and in his experiments in sailing he frequently was in the utmost peril of being upset. He was very fond of attending markets, and particularly amused with mountebanks and vendors of quack medicine. Amidst his many acquirements, he compounded medicines and drew teeth: he attended dissections and learned to bleed—which afterwards proved of use in enabling him, in his own dominions, to doctor his army.

He tapped the wife of a Dutch merchant who had the dropsy, but, the operation having been too long deferred, the poor woman died, as the faculty prognosticated; and, to compensate the husband, the tzar attended her funeral! He was ever ready to perform kind offices in a surgical way, to which end he always had his instruments in his pocket, as well as mathematical instruments. One day his valet looked very sad, Peter enquired what was the matter? the man replied, "Nothing, sire, except that my wife has got the tooth-ache and refuses to have it out." "Does she?" exclaimed the tzar, "let me see her, and I'll warrant I'll cure her." She was brought, and made to sit down, while Peter examined her mouth, although she protested there was nothing the matter with her. The dejected husband assured his majesty she always said so when the doctor was present. "Well, well," said the tzar, "she shall not suffer long, do you hold her head and arms." Peter secured that which he conceived was the offending tooth, and extracted it expertly. A few days afterwards, the tzar was informed that the poor woman's tooth ailed nothing, and that it was only a trick of her husband's to be revenged on his wife's supposed gallantries. Now this cut two ways—Peter was a dupe to the superior tact of his valet, and his judgment as a dentist was brought into disrepute. In a rage, he sent for his valet, and with his own hands severely beat him.

Being very intimate with Burgomaster Witsen, the Jews applied to this kind-hearted liberal ship owner to interest the tzar on their behalf, offering 100,000 florins if it should prove successful. The tzar heard patiently what he had to say in their favour, and then replied, "My good friend, Witsen, you know the Jews, and my countrymen's opinion of them. I also know both. They need not think of settling in my dominions. Thank

them for their offer, but tell them I really should feel pity for them were they to go to Russia; for, though they have the reputation of knowing how to cheat the whole world, I apprehend my country would prove more than a match for them." The czar showed his wisdom in nothing more than in keeping these fugitives and vagabonds out of his dominions; for, among other reasons, as they never will work, neither should they eat. And as all they think of doing is "to watch the turn of the market," and there was no allowed gamble from paper money currency in Russia, Peter naturally thought it might be as well to let them cheat and swindle the Dutch and English. But these "ancient people" crept into Russia in the lapse of time, and, even while I am writing, the Russian government have found it necessary to drive them out. Whether or not with cruelty I cannot take upon me to determine. From the accounts, it is matter of rejoicing that England is not to be the sewer for this filth; and that the knavish tricks of the descendants of those stubborn wretches who killed the Lord of life and glory may be exercised in the warm valleys of Siberia, or that they may be fanned by the breezes from the Arctic sea!

Peter was introduced to all the learned and scientific Dutch: he attended regularly professor Ruych's lectures in the dissecting-room; and, being in the habit of sitting close to the table, one day while the lecturer was explaining the different parts of the human body, Peter became so excited that he jumped from his seat, and was about to snatch the scalpel from the hands of the dissector. He visited all the museums of natural history, and saw all the collections of coins and medals; also Leuwenhoeck's microscopes; in short, his thirst for gaining knowledge was inextinguishable. He invited eminent men in legal attainments, engineering, &c., to repair to Russia. He attended the courts of law, whose proceedings appeared too tedious to his prompt notions. Two of his own people having behaved amiss, he ordered them to prison; and would have had both executed, but the Dutch government peremptorily forbade such a stretch of power, unknown to their laws.

One of the priests of the Greek church, who accompanied the embassy, used to drink gin. One day finding his reverence greatly intoxicated, Peter immediately sentenced him to turn the wheel in the rope yard. So that the czar reminds one of the caricature of the old clergyman, made, under the poor laws, to break stones by the road side. He laments his fate to the flinty overseer, observing that they were no respecters of *persons*. "No, nor of *parsons*, neither," the coarse official is made to reply, as the elderly divine, seated on a little heap by the path, giving another crack, breaks but feebly another stone. So, on the priest's petitioning for forgiveness, and exhibiting his

delicate hands, which were never made for such rough employ, wofully disfigured by unaccustomed work, the obdurate tzar severely answered, "Quick, quick, to your work!" We cannot but remember Cowper's sympathy for the priesthood: "Oh, why are parsons made so fine!" Peter was always very kind to his dwarf, whom he took on his knee when there was otherwise scarcely room for him in his carriage.

He was gratified during his stay in Holland by tidings of his army having gained a great victory over the Turks and Tartars; on the arrival of which news the Russian embassy received the congratulations of the representatives of Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Brandenburg. But the French, offended at the part he had taken in the election of Augustus to the throne of Poland, declined this civility, which caused Peter to vow he would not visit France in the course of his travels. His curiosity in Holland being at length satisfied, he went for the last time to take an affectionate leave of his friends and fellow labourers of Zaandam, with whom he had been so intimately connected, and the parting was a mutual source of regret. Proceeding to the Hague, with M. le Fort, he had an interview with William III., when it was arranged that two or three ships of war, and one of the royal yachts, should be sent over to Helvoetsluys, in the early part of the month of January, to convey the tzar and his suite to England. He stayed some months here in the character of a private gentleman, although he was more especially placed under the charge of the Marquis Carmarthen, between whom and the tzar a great intimacy sprang up. The king ordered the archbishop, bishop Burnet, and other bishops to attend upon him.

Burnet describes him, from very frequent opportunities of judging, as of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion; and this natural irascibility was often greatly heightened by his habit of drinking brandy and other strong liquors. At the house, near York Buildings, the Marquis and he used to spend their evenings together, drinking "hot pepper and brandy:" he was much taken with a sort of drink called *nectar ambrosia*. It seems probable that the convulsions to which he was subject were in some measure attributable to his love of spirits. Burnet says that "he seemed more designed by nature for a ship's carpenter than a great prince: but he was resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them." After staying a short time in London visiting theatres; the king at Kensington (where he went in a hackney-coach); a ball at St. James's; a masquerade at the Temple, and such like amusements and entertainments—he went to Deptford. He had found the annoyance of

the crowds about London insupportable. On one occasion, walking arm-in-arm along the Strand with the Marquis Carmarthen, a porter, with a load on his shoulder, pushing rudely against him, drove Peter into the kennel. He was in towering wrath, and wanted to knock the man down—the marquis interfered, and asked the porter what he meant, and if he knew that it was the tzar? The coarse ruffian, turning round, with a grin, said, “Tzar! we are all tzars here.”

If we admire the *liberty* which this anecdote exhibits, we must deplore its constant association with such brutal coarseness. I once knew of a case somewhat similar: Peter ——, Esq., a magistrate in Suffolk, who, thinking there was little in this world beyond being one of the *quorum*, was rather officious, and had the reputation of twaddling, on one occasion, for some trivial offence, justly punished a saucy rogue brought before him. The man insolently told his worship he would *serve* him out some day. Years elapsed—the offender had become a porter in London, and one day was coming down the slope of Blackfriars’ Bridge, when he saw before him the identical little magistrate who had excited his ire. Remembering the provocation, he pushed the old gentleman violently against the balustrades, and on being remonstrated with for his shameful conduct, the porter poured out torrents of abuse on the now powerless magistrate, who, of course, came off second best in such a warfare. The brute wound up his compliments with the usual London interrogatory—“Who are *you*? you’re nobody here, if you are a very great man in Suffolk. I told you I’d *serve* you out some day!”

I do not record such anecdotes—that many refined readers may consider low or poor—with a view to exhibit in a desirable light what coarse and vulgar people deem *liberty*. It is doubtless a blessing to live in a country where offence to a great man in the streets shall subject the aggressor to no more than merited punishment. That we can be clapped into no bastille for trivial matters; and that we cannot be met in the Strand with an official order immediately to stretch out our necks at the command of the sultan for our heads to be chopped off, because we have dared to wear a green turban. But, from all the samples I have had of the *understanding* the lower orders have of what true “liberty” consists in—although a few quarts of beer will call forth thousands of apostrophes to the blessed goddess—I am confident it centres in endeavours to pull down all that is above them. To what this degradation may be attributable, and whether or not the progress of education will cure this evil, I will not now enquire. For the guidance of a numerous posterity, I hesitate not to record the observations of half a century, during which I have had much to do with many hun-

dreds of the working classes; and to add, as one result therefrom, that I would greatly prefer the sword and the musket to rule over us, to seeing a close approximation to democracy. The porter's insolence to Peter the Great, and that of another porter, a century and a quarter afterwards, to Peter the Little, coupled with our own observation, may fairly be taken as proofs of that appreciation of "liberty" and "reform," so often echoed by their "sweet voices."

The purpose of this work forbids my following Peter in all the scenes he passed through in England. His interesting interviews with the Quakers, whom he could not imagine to be of any *use*, because they would not *fight*; his habit when at public worship, or elsewhere, of taking off any near neighbour's wig, and clapping it on his own head, if he felt cold; his resorting to the public-house at Great Tower Street, with his suite, and the workmen of the dock-yard, where they all smoked and drank brandy and water; his visits to, and admiration of Greenwich hospital, which he advised William III. to exchange with St. James's; his exploits in eating so enormously; his amour with an actress; and many such anecdotes, I must omit. But two or three I must make room for. At term time he went to Westminster Hall, and enquiring who all those busy people were in black gowns and wigs, and what they were about? being answered, "They are lawyers, Sir."—"Lawyers!" said he with the utmost astonishment; "why, I have but *two* in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home!" Dining with the king at Kensington, he afterwards accompanied His Majesty to see the passing of four bills at the house of lords. His extraordinary aversion to be gazed at precluded his going into the body of the house, so that he was placed in a gutter upon the house-top, to peep in at the window, where he made so ridiculous a figure that neither king nor people could forbear laughing. This obliged him to retire sooner than he intended. A treaty was proposed with him to allow a free importation of tobacco into Russia. The use of tobacco was considered by his priesthood as an unclean thing; and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, chairman of the merchants, stated their fear that a prejudice might be created by the priests. The czar quickly alleviated their anxieties, by telling Sir Gilbert that "he knew very well how to deal with the priests when he got home; and that he would make them preach, and do, what he pleased."—It was eventually established that this head of his church had not made an empty boast, as he contrived to make them "prophecy smooth things."

Peter's principal object in his short stay at Deptford was to gain instruction how to lay off the lines of ships, and cut out the moulds, though he used the adze while there, as well as the

workmen. Dr. Halley, the celebrated philosopher, resided then at Deptford, at this time famous for famous men—among whom was the delightful Evelyn, author of “*Sylva*,” and the “*Diary*.” Peter requested an interview with Dr. Halley, consulting him as to his plans of building a fleet, and in general of introducing the arts and sciences into his country. The czar was so pleased with Halley as frequently to ask him to dine with him, and with him he visited the Royal Observatory. This learned and scientific character was born October 29, 1656, in Shoreditch: after having been educated at St. Paul’s School, in 1763, he became a commoner of Queen’s College, Oxford, where he devoted himself to those astronomical and geometrical studies which have immortalized his name. His first attempt was to correct the errors of Tycho Brahe, and to ascertain the place of the fixed stars; but finding that those of the northern hemisphere already engaged the attention of Flamsteed and Hevelius, he set out under the protection of Charles II. and of the East Indian Company to St. Helena, where he formed a catalogue of those bodies which never appear above the horizon of Greenwich or Dantzick.

After two years’ residence there, he returned, in 1678, to England, and his planisphere was so well received by the learned that he was honoured with the degree of M.A. at Oxford, by royal mandamus, and was admitted fellow of the Royal Society. In 1677, he visited Hevelius at Dantzick, at the request of the Royal Society, to adjust the dispute between that great philosopher and Hooke in England, concerning the preference of plain or glass lights in astroscopical instruments. On his return he went upon a tour in company with his schoolfellow the learned Nelson; and, in his way to Paris, he first observed that remarkable comet which at that time soon engaged the attention of the philosophers of Europe. After finishing his observations on this wandering body in the Paris observatory, with the kind assistance of the great Cassini, he went on to Lyons, and thence to Italy; where, returning to England in 1681, he left his friend Nelson. He now settled at Islington, after his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Tooke, the auditor of the Exchequer, and devoted himself ardently to his favourite pursuits. In 1683 appeared his theory of the variation of the magnetical compass, and by his acquaintance with the great Newton, whom at Cambridge he consulted on philosophical subjects, he had the opportunity of recommending by an elegant copy of verses, the *Principia* of the illustrious astronomer, then first presented to the world.

In 1698, he obtained from King William the appointment of a vessel to enable him to improve and to mature his philosophical observations on the variations of the needle; and, after proceeding as far as the line, he returned home with the inten-



tion of pursuing discoveries in another voyage. The next year, with bold zeal in the cause of science, he crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and penetrated the south pole till the ice stopped his progress; and, returning to England in 1700, he published, the following year, his general chart, showing the variations of the compass in those seas frequented by European navigators. In a third voyage, he examined the course of the tides in the various parts of the English channel, and accurately ascertained the longitude and latitude of each headland, which in 1702 he published in an elegant chart. At the request of the Emperor of Germany, he was sent by Queen Anne to examine the coast of Dalmatia, where two convenient harbours were to be formed, under his auspices, for the reception of the commerce of the Mediterranean. Though the design failed, through the jealousy of the Dutch, Halley was honourably treated by the emperor, who presented him with a golden ring from his own finger, as a mark of respect.

On his return to England in 1703, he was appointed Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, and honoured with the degree of LLD. In 1713, he was appointed Secretary of the Royal Society, which he resigned in 1719, when he succeeded Flamsteed as Astronomer-royal; and in reward of his services he received by the intercession of Queen Caroline, the allowance of half-pay as a captain of the navy. This great and good man, having done so much for science and philosophy, was in 1737 attacked by a paralytic stroke, which gradually weakened his constitution, though it did not totally extinguish the powers of his mind. He expired easily and without a groan, as he sat in his chair, Jan. 14, 1741, aged 86. The visit of Peter to this celebrated character, who shed a lustre on the age and country to which he belonged, caused me to turn to Dr. Lempriere to extract a few particulars concerning him, and, finding so clear and judicious a summary of his scientific career, I have ventured to follow it to the end, as bearing on the state of science then.

Peter having brought his investigations to a close in England, and received assurances from William III. that there should be no impediment in the way of his engaging such scientific men and artificers as he might desire, engaged Ferguson, the able mathematician, and others, to return with him. Two of the students from our noble national institution, which had produced so many eminent characters, Christ's Hospital, that we vulgarly call the Blue-coat School, were also secured. They at once prevailed on the czar to abolish the old barbarous mode of counting by balls strung on a wire, and to adopt the simple Arabic numerals. Perry, a famous engineer, also joined them: he went to construct harbours, sluices, and bridges, and to superintend the opening of a communication by means of canals

between the Baltic, the Caspian, and the Black seas. Peter also took many of the best artificers in various departments of science. They all however, on their return, in the course of years, complained bitterly of obstructions having been thrown in their way. One of the students from Christ's Hospital was murdered in the street at Petersburg; the other could never get half the agreed allowance.

In short, the semi-barbarous natives did all they could to harass and drive away those scientific men who went to raise them from living in hovels like dog-kennels, and feeding on the raw entrails of fish, to the benefits of civilization. Before he left, the king prevailed on this clever and aspiring barbarian emperor to sit to Sir Godfrey Kneller for his likeness, which excellent picture is now to be seen at Windsor Castle. Having mustered, in all, with the English captains, pilots, surgeons, gunners, mast-makers, boat-builders, compass-makers, carvers, anchorsmiths, locksmiths, coppersmiths, &c., and the Russian embassy and suite, 500 persons, ships were appointed by the admiralty to convey them to Holland. Thence Peter soon proceeded to Vienna, where he and the embassy were received with great pomp by the emperor; and they were entertained with splendid dinners, balls, &c. But these matters afforded him no gratification: he went there to acquaint himself with the dress, accoutrements, and discipline of the army. While at the capital of Germany, he received accounts of great preparations making to receive him at Venice; and that the pope expected the honour of suitably entertaining so high and mighty a sovereign, through whose instrumentality he hoped to re-unite the Greek and Latin churches.

One of the young persons whom Peter had ordered to Venice, of the Golownin family, was a great favourite of the czar's. He had instructed him to learn the Italian language, and to become acquainted with the construction of the galleys. Now, as I have said, the wretched priests, ever at work for evil, had always considered it a horrible sin to quit their own country; so, after Peter was gone, they worked upon this weak young man to promise never to leave his room when at Venice. When Peter took him to Voronitz, to witness his skill, and found he had absolutely learned nothing of naval architecture, the czar good humouredly supposed he had passed his time in closely studying the language? Finding Golownin knew no more of that, Peter waxed wrath, and said, "Then what the devil have you been doing at Venice?" "Sire," replied the young sage, "I smoked my pipe, I drank brandy, and very rarely stirred out of my room." Peter, half angrily, half laughing, told him to get out of his sight--for that he was only fit to be made one of his fools.

In the midst of these efforts to civilize his people, Peter was hurried to Moscow by tidings of the celebrated rebellion of the Strelitzes, who had made the poor savages believe that Peter was going to take away their religion. If he could have accomplished this, it would indeed have added to his fame. This was accompanied with many other extravagant allegations. The poor people, thus worked upon, assembled—about 8,000 reformers—marching towards Moscow. A battle ensued, numbers were slain, and the rest taken prisoners, by General Gordon; most were thrown into the prisons, to await the return of the tzar. The Count de Ségur, in his “*Histoire de Russie*,” says that “Peter’s example, unique in history, is, without doubt, the example of a despot—a despot by birth, a despot by condition, by necessity, by the ascendancy of genius, by temperament, and because slaves must of necessity have a master; but, what is most irreconcilable, a despot more patriotic, more constantly and entirely devoted to the welfare of his country, than any republican citizen—whether ancient or modern.”

As to the terrible punishments Peter inflicted for this ill-advised rebellion, accounts are widely different; but all agreed in their being extensive in degree, and horrible in character, as it appeared to him by extreme severity necessary to crush any future attempt at disturbing his throne. Some were broken on the wheel, and then beheaded. Many were hanged on gibbets; many bodies of the wealthier citizens were laid by the road side with the heads by them, and in a frozen state left the whole winter as a terror and example to all beholders. Pillars were erected to record the crimes and the punishments: 2,000 are, by some accounts, stated to have been put to death. Burnet says, “on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected; some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow, and it was said he cut off many heads with his own hand; and so far was he from relenting, or showing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it.” A writer of the period, then residing at Moscow, does not corroborate this alleged severity; and Peter’s apologists rely on this circumstance to lighten the stain on his character. But it must be owned, that writers with the sabre suspended over their necks have a strong temptation to turn their pens so as to turn away the edge of the sword.

A secretary to the Austrian envoy states that the tzar, with his own hand, struck off eighty heads, while the Boyar Plescow held the hair, to afford Peter a better stroke! Several Russian princes operated in various ways on the unfortunate prisoners. M. Le Fort and Baron De Plumberg excused partaking of the sport, as it was not the custom of their countries. Upon which Peter excused them—but, observed that “there was no sacrifice

more agreeable to the Deity than the blood of a criminal." Printz, a Prussian envoy, stated that, shortly after, Peter gave an entertainment, and had twenty of these unfortunates brought from prison, and at each glass he emptied he struck off one of their heads with his own hands. Levesque, a respectable writer on Russia, gives currency to these and similar statements; another writer, Korb, states numerous and horrible atrocities. As his sister, the Princess Sophia, was supposed to have had some hand in this rebellion, he brutally caused some of the poor creatures to be hung up opposite to the window of her apartment, holding petitions to her in their hands! These atrocities are corroborated by Ségur, Voltaire, and others.

After these shocking scenes had awfully suppressed the rising, Peter set about reforming his barbarians. He had sense enough to use, as his first instrument, the printing press; he published treatises on engineering, artillery, mechanics, history, and chronology. He founded schools for various arts and sciences, and for the Latin, German, and other languages. He encouraged free trade: he altered the calendar to make it correspond with other nations—commencing with 1700. The priests said this was worse than Antichrist, for, as God created the world in September, he meant that the creation of it should date from that period! By the bye, may not this prove a useful suggestion to those modern monks who are so zealous in their attempts to revive discipline, and restore the *ancient* ways? I dare say they sympathize with their brethren of the "sister church," and, like those priests, wonder how Peter was able to change the course of the sun!

Amidst multitudes of beneficial changes, he was struck with grief by the death of his valuable friend Le Fort; who was honoured by a public funeral at Moscow, which Peter attended as a mourner. He was buried in the Dutch reformed church, and is commemorated by a monumental inscription. But his deeds will carry down his name to posterity, as a benefactor to the Russian nation, "when storied urn and animated bust" shall be known no longer. Peter continued indefatigable in promoting the prosperity of his country, encouraging commerce, learning, science, arts, and every useful enterprise. His attention was mainly directed to the attainment of an uninterrupted communication with the great ocean: but as the Swedes possessed the coasts of the Gulph of Finland, and the two banks of the Neva, up to the Lake of Ladoga, Russia was hemmed in. At Riga, we have seen (at p. 289), Peter had been refused admission to the citadel—upon which he merely remarked that he should probably receive more civility at his next visit. Doubtless he then went *backward* in his reminiscences to the time when it had belonged to Russia, and *forward* in his anticipations of its restoration to his empire.

Charles XII., of Sweden, inherited the roughness of his father's temper, with the piety and the virtues of his mother, according to Burnet. Voltaire says he was more courageous than Peter, and yet less serviceable to his subjects—being rather formed to command a soldiery, than a people. On a former disposition of territory, Sweden had been despoiled. These royal despots occasionally partition off countries, much as parochial surveyors measure off our fields and gardens, unceremoniously pushing through our hedges, slamming open our gates, trampling over our beds, and looking as if they would glory in covering their effrontery by pulling out the act of parliament, in virtue of which they are authorised to insult you by trespassing, and flourish it in your face. It reminds one of Cobbett's humorous account of a bayonet being run into the latter end of a man, while, poor fellow, he is soothed with the announcement that it is by act of parliament, and, for the life of him, he cannot discover the difference in the pain, whether done with or without authority! So, on a former *final* settlement of the north of Europe, Livonia and Esthonia had been ceded by Poland to Charles XI.

Augustus, the new king, now contemplated recovering these districts. Peter thought it a good opportunity to strike in for what he could secure: and the King of Denmark fancied his schemes of revenge for having been worsted in arms by Sweden, and the gain of a province or two, by way of *arrondissement*, might now be realised. This seems ever readily to captivate sovereigns, although we must suppose them *all* to be right, as they are stated to arise from ardent longing for the welfare of their people; and, as they are always propounded in the name of the Holy Trinity—whose *blessing* is sought—and to whom praise is publicly offered for victories! The only difficulty for us subjects is to make out *how* it can be, for while they are wrangling and fighting, and all claiming to be just, as their objects and efforts are irreconcilably different—our want of logic, or vision, or some inherent defect, leaves us incapable of appreciating such *justice*! However, Peter was not the man to wait for that; he cautiously concluded a truce with Turkey for 25 years, and concocted this confederacy against Charles XII., that young king being then only 18 years of age. Thus, in the year 1700, commenced one of the most desolating of wars, that lasted 18 years, and drew forth the extraordinary abilities of this remarkable youth, who “was reputed a hero at an age when others have not finished their education.”

Charles hastened to relieve Livonia, where Riga was for some months besieged by the King of Poland: on the King of Sweden's landing at Revel, the Saxons drew off. Having thus opened and supplied Riga, Charles marched for Narva, against

which Peter was stationed with an army of 100,000 men. Peter was no match for Charles in generalship, and was reflected on for the perilous position in which he placed his troops. The King of Sweden marched through ways hitherto impracticable, and, by a surprise, broke into the Russian camp before they were at all aware of his contiguity; and then he totally routed Peter's army. He took many prisoners, with all their artillery and baggage, and then made a triumphant entry into Narva. Charles conducted a campaign of singular boldness and success, being victor in every contest with the three confederated kings. The King of Denmark was soon compelled to sign a peace, restoring Holstein to its lawful sovereign, and paying the Swedes the expenses of the war. The King of Poland having been quite defeated in his objects, Charles had the better been enabled to check the czar. With regular king-craft, Peter issued a manifesto, after his signal disaster, showing the folly of viewing defeat as a mark of the disapprobation of heaven; as success would have led them on arrogantly, and then *they might have more seriously been beaten afterwards!* This unusual logic, and pious resignation, was only to be equalled by as remarkable and edifying a bit of priestcraft. The clergy attributed the Muscovite defeat to the judgment of God, for such innovations as Peter had been guilty of, in forcing the filthy creatures to cut off those luxuriant nests of vermin, their beards; in founding schools; going to other countries to bring home arts and sciences; and all those terrôr-striking movements which so alarm those holy men.

Not a word of the displeasure of heaven for the dreadful massacre of some 2,000 prisoners, on account of the rising of the Strelitzes! Well, these priests were so indignant that they would not pray for Peter and his army! One bishop, however, not to abandon all hope by prayer, cut between the king on the one hand, and his brethren on the other, striking out the intermediate course of an address to St. Nicholas, the patron of Muscovy. This petition is too rich to be omitted:—"O thou who art our perpetual comforter, in all our adversities, great St. Nicholas! infinitely powerful; by what sin have we offended thee, in our sacrifices, genuflexions, reverence, and thanksgivings—that thou hast thus forsaken us? We have implored thy assistance against these terrible, insolent, enraged, dreadful, insupportable, destroyers, when, like lions and bears, and other savage beasts, which have lost their young, they have attacked us, terrified, wounded, slain by thousands; us, who are thy people. But, as it is impossible this could have happened without witchcraft and enchantment, seeing the great care that we had taken to fortify ourselves in an inaccessible manner, for the defence and security of thy name; we beseech the, O great Nicholas!

to be our champion and standard bearer ; to be with us, as well in peace as in war, in all our necessities, and in the time of our death ; to protect us against this terrible and tyrannical crowd of sorcerers, and drive them far from our frontiers, with the reward which they deserve."

This *commination* was not confined to Lent, but was at once read in all the churches. Peter valued his patron and his priests much about alike ; and, while the piety of these barbarians was evoked by their priests, he took the precaution of securing more effectual aid than the saint's. Instead of wasting his time in "denouncing of God's anger and judgments against sinners" and "sorcerers," he had an early interview with King Augustus, to strengthen his hands, and confirm his resolution in maintaining the war against Sweden. Peter prudently watched over his military preparations ; personally inspected and directed the manning of his flotilla, to prevent the Swedes from insulting Novogorod ; and made frequent excursions to Moscow, to cherish his national improvements. Voltaire, to whom most writers on this epoch are mainly indebted says, in his history of the Russian empire, that "princes who have employed their peaceful days in public foundations are mentioned in history with honour ; but that Peter, just after the unfortunate battle of Narva, should undertake the junction of the Baltic, Caspian, and Euxine Seas, is what crowns him with more real glory than he could ever have derived from the most signal victory."

I can neither follow the progress of the vast benefits the tzar conferred upon his barbarous people, nor detail the occurrences of the Swedish wars ; as our attention is drawn imperatively to that which more intimately connects itself with France. So that I must be permitted a long journey, and a quick transit—even from the bleak regions of the north, to the luxuriant valleys and sunny plains of that unhappy country apparently doomed to be the apple of European discord ; and now, isolated from neighbouring warfare, to sink by internal strife, perpetual rebellions, and ceaseless massacres. Spain had long attracted the regards of the European sovereigns, as her childless monarch was rapidly sinking in premature decay. Voltaire pleasantly says, "the powers who already enjoyed in idea this vast succession, acted in the same manner as generally happens during the sickness of a rich old man without children. His wife, his relations, the priests, and the lawyers, placed to receive the last commands of the dying person, beset him on all sides to wrest from him a word in their favour. Some agree to share the spoils, whilst others prepare to dispute them." We learn, from Burnet, that while William III. was at Loo, a new treaty was set on foot concerning the succession to the crown of Spain. The United Provinces saw the danger to which they would be

exposed if they should engage in a new war, while they were groaning under the debt left as the consequence of the former war. And as in the House of Commons it appeared little apprehension was felt at the prospect of the house of Bourbon succeeding—for they argued that it mattered not who was King of Spain, as the occupant of the throne must be governed by the interests of the Peninsula—the ministry were unwilling to undertake to maintain the rights of the house of Austria.

His long contest with France and the Turk had so crippled the emperor that he had more justice in his claim than strength to support it. The French gradually drew their forces towards the Spanish frontiers, resolving to enter Spain on the death of Charles. William, in answer to the French assertions of the right of their claim, and their strength, in conjunction with the Dutch, thought it might be advisable to agree to a partition, that should leave France in undisputed possession of the dominions in and about Italy, and a part of the kingdom of Navarre. It was also deemed desirable to yield up the rest to the emperor's second son, Archduke Charles; while the emperor did not expect the entire succession, he pressed to have the Duchy of Milan added to his hereditary dominions in Germany. France thought it would be better that the Duke of Lorraine should have the Duchy of Milan, for he was the emperor's nephew, and in his interest; and then, as a set-off, Lorraine could be annexed to France. The Germans did not like this proposal, and urged William strenuously to continue the negotiations, and that with great secrecy, lest Spain should take offence. William is represented to have been all along anxious to place the house of Austria and the house of Bourbon in a juxta-position—as quarrels between them strengthened the protestant interest. The said wars in the south would be so distant from England, and might lead to the fleets of England and Holland being arbiters of the matter. The good bishop Burnet says, he had this from the king's own mouth.

Now this provisional dismemberment of Spain was not so indefensible as at first blush might appear. If, on the one hand, the Spaniards could not bear the thought of a partition of their monarchy, on the other, they had neither strength nor spirit to maintain it entire. Moreover, Voltaire observes that Louis XIV. and the Emperor Leopold stood in the same degree of consanguinity—both were grandsons of Philip III.; so that the dauphin and Joseph, King of the Romans, had a double claim by the same proximity. The right of birth was unquestionably in the house of Bourbon; but the emperor's family, in asserting their rights, dwelt strongly on the solemn renunciations of both Louis XIII. and XIV. to the crown of Spain. They pleaded the name of Austria, the blood of Maximilian, the union



of the two Austrian branches, the hatred of the Spaniards to the Bourbons and the French nation. Another claimant existed in the young Prince of Bavaria, whose adherents, for he was only eight years old, put forth his pretensions because he was son of Margaret Theresa, half sister of the first wife of Louis XIV., and nephew to the dying King of Spain. At one period the court of France consented to this arrangement.

But all these politic schemes were doomed to be frustrated: first by the sudden death of the Elector of Bavaria—as was understood, by poison. This is rendered the more probable as Charles II. had been told of the intrigues afloat, and had, in indignation, executed a will, leaving this young prince heir to his dominions. Cabals immediately revived at Madrid, Vienna, Versailles, London, Rome, and the Hague. Treaties were also signed by France and England, but Leopold would not add his name, as he was in great hopes of having the whole succession. The bias of the declining king appears to have been in favour of the house of Austria; and he requested Leopold to send his second son, Charles, to Madrid, with 10,000 men. This could not be done, as the European powers would not thus be disappointed of their expected prey. German hauteur soon roused Castilian pride, for it transpired that the Archduke Charles indulged in the exercise of that dangerous and disagreeable weapon, sarcasm. The women around the sinking Spanish monarch widened the breach—bishops, mistresses, and ambassadors were all together by the ears. Perhaps it may be said that to the hopes of the house of Austria the *coup de grace* was given by the violence engendered by the rejoinders to a caustic remark of the Spanish ambassador at Vienna, who compared the minds of Leopold's ministers to the goats' horns in his country—little, stubborn, and crooked! This sarcastic estimate of the Germans was in a letter, soon made public:—the ambassador speedily *retired* to Madrid, and there heightened the exasperation of the two nations against each other.

The French ambassador, subtle and supple, made capital of this state of matters, and so smoothed down ancient national prejudices against the French as to secure universal friendship in place of jealousy and even hatred. Leopold talked big one while, and descended to entreaties at other times. Louis was very cautious and unpretending. The emperor now recalled his ambassador: however a reconciliation took place, for we soon find him back at Madrid; and messages were sent from Charles II. to Leopold, that the archduke should be his successor. Louis XIV. became impatient, and, ordering an army to the Spanish frontiers, recalled the very agreeable ambassador who had won all hearts, and now appointed him to command this army of observation! Voltaire says, “thus the dying king, menaced al-

ternately by those who laid claim to his succession, seeing that the day of his death would be that of the commencement of a new war, and that his dominions were to be torn to pieces, advanced towards his end without comfort, without resolution, and in the midst of disquiet and anxiety." Mr. James, although he owns the exact nature of the intrigues of Louis, as well as his intentions, must remain in obscurity; and grants that it was natural to suppose he should labour for the nomination of a French prince; yet believes he would not by arms have attempted to set aside the will of the King of Spain.

Burnet attributes to the French the utmost perfidy, in alienating the Spaniards from their allies, that was effected by revealing how considerable a dismemberment of their empire the Germans had consented to—that all parties had engaged to keep a profound secret. In the "Mémoires Politiques" of the Duke of Noailles, we are informed that Charles II. finally decided on leaving his throne to the grandson of Louis XIV., on account of the imprudences of the court of Vienna, the advice of the chief nobles of Spain, the judgment of juriconsults and casuists, and the opinions of the pope himself. The King of Spain appears to have taken great pains to do that which was right, for, ill as he was, he wrote with his own hand to the pope. Voltaire remarks on the pope's answer, not unjustly, that "his holiness, of a case of conscience, made a state affair—while his catholic majesty converted an important affair of state into a case of conscience." A short time before his death, Charles ordered the graves to be opened, in the Escorial, of his father, his mother, and his first queen (see p. 200), suspected to have been poisoned by the Countess de Soissons, and he kissed the remains of their bodies. In this act he might have had an eye to an ancient practice in Spain; or to accustom himself to the fear of death; or had some secret superstitious notions, Voltaire suggests, that the opening of these tombs would retard his fatal hour. It is not unworthy of remark that Charles, in his will, left not only the general departure from the catholic faith—meaning popery—but even his not maintaining the immaculate conception of the Virgin, to be a cause of forfeiture of the crown!

The Count de Harrac, Leopold's ambassador, still flattered himself that the Archduke Charles was nominated successor; but the death of the King of Spain, following closely on the execution of his last testament, caused that document to be produced. Harrac waited till after a grand council was held, anxiously expecting the result: the Duke d'Abrantes approached him with open arms—Harrac then made no doubt his master's son was king. The duke, enjoying his mistake, embraced him, *méchamment* exclaiming, "Vengo ad expedir me de la casa de

Austria"—I come to take my leave of the house of Austria! Thus, continues Voltaire, after 200 years spent in wars, and fruitless negotiations, for only a part of the Spanish frontiers, the house of Bourbon, by a dash of the pen, at last got the whole Spanish monarchy. The Duke d'Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., was thus called to the throne of Spain; and the same will that, in failure of a younger son of the Bourbon family, nominated the Archduke Charles (afterwards the Emperor Charles VI.), expressly mentioned that the empire and Spain must never be united in the same sovereign. The death of Charles II. of Spain occurred Nov. 1, 1700, and the prince was proclaimed as Philip V. a fortnight afterwards; the intermediate time having been employed in discussions whether Louis would abide by the treaty, or accept the testament.

The latter decision had the voices of all Louis' privy council, but one. The chancellor, Pontchartrain, alone perceiving the perils which might ensue, strongly advised the King of France to prefer the treaty. Burnet completely reverses this in his statement. Ambition settled the question, and on the 4th Dec. the new king set out for his dominions, unopposed by either England or Holland. The Duke of Orleans entered a protest against his rights having been entirely overlooked; and the emperor *talked* of a resistance to the will, which the formidable attitude of the French rendered as abortive as the barking of a village cur, running out to stop the mail. One of the principal historians of this important period, who had the best means of informing others, because such a variety of documents were confided to him—original pieces, royal letters, those of the court, ministers, generals, and others, is the Duc de Noailles. The establishment of Philip V. on the throne of Spain, the intrigues of his court, the influence of the cabinet of Versailles on that of Madrid, the conduct of the principal Spaniards under the new government, the still stranger conduct of French ambassadors, the false position in which they placed Louis XIV., the brilliant and yet sad part played by the sweet young queen, with the battles, cabals, and under-currents, in this important revolution, are all ably handled by Noailles—and to his pages I shall resort for much that becomes necessary to the continuation of this history.

Accompanied to the frontiers, then, by his two brothers, the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, with the Duke of Beauvilliers, and the Marshal de Noailles, Philip started to take possession of a throne environed with snares, in which the enemies of France wished he might be caught. Louis furnished him with a paper of instructions in his own hand-writing—first recommending him never to fail in his duty to God. This advice comes with perhaps equal force from one who has had the hap-

piness of following it, and from another who, like Louis, was ignorant of God by wicked works, and who should have taken for his motto "Who is the Lord, that we should obey him!" The one from experimental enjoyment of the blessedness, and the other from pungent grief, at the misery of having run such a course of sin as had characterised this "Grand Monarque." Much of this document was good; but we cannot help exclaiming *Risum teneatis!* to parts where purity, the preference of virtue over vice, conjugal love, the good of his subjects, &c., are enjoined. However, this will perhaps be considered a vulgar sneer at the privilege understood to belong to a certain class, concerning whom, notwithstanding, I shall make free, quoting the words of a higher Authority, to advise that, "all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do: but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not." Philip had storms to fear from without; and, from within, the ancient antipathy of Spain to France, the difference of national character and customs, and the clashing of opposite interests. So great were his difficulties that the experience and power of Louis were necessary to his grandson.

Europe at first seemed to be struck with amazement, and unable to exert herself, when she saw the monarchy of Spain become subject to France, her rival for three centuries. Louis appeared the most powerful monarch upon earth; he was now 62 years old, surrounded by a numerous offspring, and a grandson taking upon himself the sovereignty of Spain, America, half of Italy, and the Netherlands. The breach of faith the King of France had been guilty of, towards those with whom he had entered into treaties on this subject, the court of France now published a resolution to explain. They said they looked to the design, not to technicalities; to the spirit, not the letter; and as the new arrangement would preserve the peace of Europe—why, the treaties could have done no more! William III. was outwitted; the emperor outraged; and a storm was evidently brewing. Louis sent over 6,000,000 of livres, which has always been found effectual to anoint with eye-salve the eyes of our members of parliament, that a majority might be maintained in his interest. To Voltaire's testimony of Louis' bribing our parliament—those "fine old English gentlemen," it may be added that Burnet says "it is certain, great sums came over this winter from France; the packet-boat seldom came without 10,000 louis-d'ors—so many were sent that 1,000,000 guineas were coined out of them!"

Spain, threatened with a war by the emperor, fearing England and Holland would join, delivered all into the hands of France; the Spanish Netherlands and the Duchy of Milan received French garrisons, and the French fleet went to Cadiz; another

French squadron went to the West Indies; so that the whole Spanish empire may be said to have fallen, without a stroke, into the power of France. This was still more formidable, as the Duke of Burgundy had then no children, and therefore the new King of Spain was likely to succeed to the crown of France; thus alarming the world with the appearance of an universal monarchy.

In England, every thing looked very dark; party spirit ran so high that the ministers could not command a majority, and prevailed on the king to dissolve the parliament. William, now 52 years of age, always infirm of body, found himself growing worse, his legs swelled, and it was thought he was sinking. To this was generally attributed his otherwise unaccountable coldness to the threatening aspect of affairs, that made many conclude he had entered into secret engagements with France. The tone of the ministry was that the King of France was ready to give all imaginable security for preserving the peace of Europe. Leopold sent over here a minister to set forth his title to the Spanish monarchy, settled on his house by repeated ancient entails, which now devolved on him by undoubted right. The ministers were scarcely civil to this envoy, and declined entering into consultation with him. The Dutch who were about the king, and all the foreign ministers, held that nothing but a general union of all the powers in Europe could hinder the conjunction of the two monarchies. It now began to be thought that the unusual reserve of William had been designed, that he was quite alive to the necessity for a new war, but that he had been cautiously endeavouring to manage the ministers and their strong party. Meanwhile the Dutch were in increasing alarm, as the forces of the French were pouring into their neighbourhood; and, as the King of Spain gave them notice of his accession to the throne, they replied to him as lawful King of Spain. Our ministers made a handle of this, and pressed William to acknowledge Philip V.: at last they prevailed. Without the knowledge of the privy council, or the two houses, or the foreign ministers in England, the Paris Gazette first announced this strange recognition.

The Spanish governor of the Netherlands at once secured to Philip possession of Flanders, and opened a passage for the French troops through his electorate to Vienna, in case the emperor should declare war. The Electors of Cologne and Bavaria, who were brothers, were strongly in the interest of France, notwithstanding the affair of the Elector of Bavaria's late son. Voltaire wittily observes that both seemed to be right in their judgment, for the house of Bourbon seemed then incomparably the *strongest*. Of the daughters of the Duke of Savoy, one was Duchess of Burgundy, and another was about to be married to

Philip V. The duke himself was to command the French armies in Italy; so that it was not imagined he would ever declare war against such relations. The Duke of Mantua received a French garrison into his dukedom; the Milanese acknowledged Louis' grandson at once; and even Portugal, the natural enemy of Spain, at first joined with her. Thus the interest of the Bourbon family prevailed from Lisbon to Antwerp, and from the Danube to Naples.

Here was a brilliant sun-rise! Scarcely a little cloud to be seen. But, like many a gaudy morning, the prosperous appearance was soon overcast. Holland daily grew more uneasy at witnessing the French occupation of Spanish Gueldres and Antwerp; so that, being apprehensive of designs upon Nimeguen and Bergen-op-Zoon, they began to secure their frontiers. The French rejected all their demands, and would agree to nothing but to renew the peace of Ryswick. Holland appealed to England, but the House of Commons, as I have shown, were secured for the present to the interests of Louis. Meanwhile the Dutch armed powerfully, but wanted marines, so that they were in no condition to make any impression on the enemy: and Leopold went on with preparations for a war in Italy.

In October the pope had died, while all Europe was in such agitation about the fatal illness of Charles II. of Spain. As soon as the hopeless condition of the king was known at Rome, the intrigues of the conclave were quickened; and, to the surprise of every body, John Francis Albani, a learned man, but little practised in worldly affairs, was chosen to the tiara. It never having been expected, France had engaged in no scheme to exclude him. At first the French court were displeased, but it was too late; so they very prudently and successfully set about securing his holiness to their interests. He ascended, in 1700, as Clement XI., after taking three days to determine whether or not he would accept of the popedom. Able as a politician, he did not shine as a theologian; his reign being disturbed by the schism of the Jansenists; and his consistency tested in the condemnation, by a bull called *Unigenitus*, of 101 Propositions of the New Testament by Quesnet—a book which he had originally approved and commended. Like the first Marquis of Winchester, this pope found the virulence of the times forced him to be "*un saule, et non pas un chêne!*" Clement now refused to give the investiture of Naples, or to accept the annual present, for he would not quite break with the emperor. Denmark, having, as we saw at p. 304, been relieved from the war with Sweden, joined the emperor in a treaty. William, whose sense of the danger of Louis' schemes never slept, at the Hague became party to this treaty; nor were the French court by this time without uneasiness as to the Duke of Savoy and the

Elector of Bavaria. Thus, then, the European clouds were working up: and while the nations whose sovereigns were parties to the treaty were preparing to act on their notions of the peril of French influence; and two of the greatest generals the world has ever seen, Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the Duke of Marlborough, are entering on the stage of conflict, to create such an impression on the state of matters throughout Europe as none had ever done before them; let us turn, for a few moments, to take a view of the interior of Spain—that everlasting source of discord.

The will of Charles II. had established a junta, or council of regency, of which the queen-dowager was to be president, while in reality the Cardinal Portocarréro was the main-spring. They deputed the Marquis de Velasco, constable of Castille, as ambassador extraordinary to tender their homage to the new king, while on French ground, and afterwards to proceed to compliment Louis XIV. He arrived at Bordeaux almost at the same instant as did Philip, and was entertained by the Marshal de Noailles and the Duke de Beauvilliers. Wishing to salute the king without ceremony, as ambassador from the queen-dowager and the junta, they told him that, being a Spaniard, he could only be received as such, without any specific character, to which he acceded. Producing his gold key, distinguishing the gentlemen of the chamber, he wished to know if it was his majesty's pleasure he should resign it? To this it was answered that Philip V. would not prevent his carrying the key, as the junta had entrusted him with it—but that all matters, of consequence or unimportant, must necessarily be postponed till the king had the means, in Spain, of judging of what was proper. Admitted to Philip's presence, Vélasco testified the impatience of all Spaniards to behold their sovereign, and his personal gratification to be the first to enjoy that honour. Philip appointed him ambassador-extraordinary to Louis, which was a higher honour than to be the envoy from the junta. Beauvilliers wrote a recommendatory introduction of Vélasco to M. de Torci, the French minister.

On arriving in Spain, Noailles writes to the same minister that the Spaniards seemed as much captivated with their new monarch on the one hand, as they were impressed with veneration for Louis XIV., to whom they professed entire submission. The queen-dowager, whose attachment to the house of Austria had been so conspicuous throughout the late reign, made a haughty complaint of her grand-master of the household, the Comte de San Estevan. Discharging him from his office, she wrote a sharp letter to Philip, demanding his banishment. The king returned a respectful and prudent answer, to the effect that he must suspend, till his arrival at Madrid, all interference in such matters; and that he conceived the queen ought to know better than any

one the value to be attached to the services of such a minister as Estevan.

Louis had advised that his ambassador, Harcourt, should act in concert with Portocarréro, in opposition to the wish of Harcourt and many Spaniards, that the court of France should take a much more prominent part. In short, almost to make a French ministry, and openly treat Spain as a French province. But Louis saw the danger of this, and probably guessed the objects could be as well attained by not running counter to Spanish pride. Before Philip's arrival at Madrid, the queen-dowager received orders to quit that city, leaving the choice of her residence to herself. She made a great outcry about it, and her avarice became manifest: she pleaded her property in all the furniture, and seemed disposed to strip the palace of every thing but the walls. Portocarréro, naturally a hard man, saw the stringent necessity of removing her and her two confessors, and the late king's also, as their intrigues would have thwarted the measures of the new government. Mendoza, the grand-inquisitor, was also banished to his bishopric; and the cardinal was carrying matters with a high hand, in ordering off several influential nobles; but by the more moderate tone of Philip, and the advice of Louis, this impolitic severity was stopped. The queen went to Toledo, as it was decided Philip V. should not enter the capital till she had departed.

All being prepared, the king made for Madrid. Spite of the magnificence of the Spanish monarchs, the French considered that there were neither equipages worthy of his rank, nor so many conveniences as they deemed necessary and proper. Nevertheless, Philip V. was received with the most lively demonstrations of affection; and, within three leagues of Madrid, the road was covered with 5,000 vehicles, and a countless throng of pedestrians. Not even France could testify a greater enthusiasm for a beloved monarch, says Noailles; and it must be owned that the qualities of the young king, his dignified carriage, and his simplicity of manners, added to the favourable sentiments with which the vast concourse of his subjects were impressed. The transports of delight were clouded by a dreadful accident: more than sixty persons, among whom were women and priests, were crushed in the dense throng, many dreadfully wounded, and others killed on the spot. The superstitious feelings of the people were excited; they now noticed with dismay that the king had entered on a Friday, which with some Spaniards was so regarded that they could with difficulty be got to quit their houses on that day. So unfortunate was it considered to do any thing then that they prognosticated the most threatening evils, without any possible affinity. His friends wanted Louis to go to Spain—the air was more suitable for el-



derly people—the gout was rarely known there—and if the “Grand Roi” would but stay a few years at Madrid, his orders could be carried by a courier to France, where all was submission and tranquillity; why, there would be no end of benefits; and, above all, the complete and satisfactory establishment of his grandson would be ensured.

Some suggested that Louis should come after Easter, *as the bulls were then stronger, and they would entertain him with a delightful fête!* Nothing for the giddy French now but Spain, which in their eyes had become an integral part of France, and almost as dear. But our old friends the priests were at work, and were the more dangerous from their ascendancy over so ignorant and superstitious a people. The three confessors whom the Spanish ministers, as well as the French advisers, had ejected from Madrid, were not idle. A Jesuit, named Kressa, was in strict and confidential correspondence with Leopold, like a bird of the air, informing him of every matter, acting as a spy for the powers inimical to France. Louis wrote instructions to have this gentleman quickly marched off. Philip dressed one while after the Spanish fashion, and then *à la Française*, hoping to please “*tout le monde, sans gêner personne.*” This, it was thought, would set all the *artistes* on the *qui vive*, as the court must have double sets of clothes. His wet-nurse went with the young king, and set up a little court on her own account! Louis, who well knew human nature, saw that such ridiculous airs would disgust the Spaniards, and directed her majesty, this unusual queen-mother, to abdicate.

The words of M. de Torci, the minister of Louis at home, to the Duc d’Harcourt are characteristic: “*Il est facile que la tête tourne aux François, et principalement aux Françaises en pays étranger:*” it is easy for French heads to be turned, and especially in a foreign country! It would seem not altogether blasphemy for foreigners to have said so, without this naïve avowal; for, on one occasion, while Philip was playing at billiards, this woman obtained from him orders for an establishment of eight horses! The ambassador contrived soon to have this dignified dame restored to France. Extravagance like this soon called forth murmurs: the Spaniards did not bleed freely; and to his frequent demands for “*quelques pistoles*” or “*cent mille écus,*” the invariable reply was—We must think of war: I suppose tantamount to our thrifty saying, that we must lay by against a rainy day.

And the wanton extravagance that could order eight horses for a woman who ought to have been very thankful to be mounted aloft on the rump of a good Spanish donkey, as might be expected, soon left him without funds for necessaries. So that there was dearth in the kitchen, the stable, the servants’ hall;

and, as Noailles quaintly remarks, the transition from joy to discontent is so rapid when the first excited expectations are not realised. The courtiers growled at their pensions being *abstracted*, and the people at finding no diminution of imposts. But they were greatly consoled by the reverential manner in which Philip behaved when he met the holy sacrament in the open streets: nevertheless, it is added, his personal religion kept at a respectful distance from national superstition. I make no doubt of it. He was invited to the gratification of witnessing an *auto-da-fé*—(a feast of faith!). On this occasion *three Jews were to be roasted*; it was held out to him as a great treat, a “divertissement royal.” One of the ancient nobles, in urging Philip to be “there to see,” felicitated himself to his majesty upon never having missed any similar amusement, which was a grand act of religion! In short, the Spaniards viewed bull-fights and broiling Jews as the English gentry do shooting and hunting. The king assured them that he should *not* be there.

The court was very effeminate; every thing in Spain was carried on lazily; and into this spirit Philip too readily sank. Nevertheless, the young king showed some sense and spirit. His uncle, Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV., having written to him to the effect that *he* ought to have had the Spanish throne “by right, and the grandeur of our house,” Philip well answered—“*right* is a good reason, but *grandeur* proves nothing.” He also gained honour from the following: every Friday the council of Castille met together in the throne-room for a vain and ridiculous ceremony. The king entered covered, found them on their knees, sat down, then said to them, “Rise up!” They rose. “Sit down!” and they sat down. “Be covered!” and they put on their hats. This was all that occurred. Philip expressed his surprise to the president, asking if nothing else ever passed? That functionary answered that, under Charles II. no more had ever passed; but that under Philip IV. sometimes they had explained to him the judgments of the council. And, said the king, what did Philip IV. say? The president told him that he said “*Cela est bien.*” As for me, says Philip V., if I find it so, I shall say so; but, if I see it otherwise, I shall say, “*Cela est mal!*” They were disconcerted; and it began to be augured that the young king would prove their master.

Don Francisco de Vélasco having presented a petition to the king, could procure no answer from his majesty. He presented another to the Cardinal Portocarréro, and was not attended to. He addressed himself to the president of Castille, and that minister told him he could do nothing. At last he went to Harcourt, the French ambassador, and the duke refused to meddle with the affair. In vexation, Vélasco said: “What a government you form, gentlemen! A king who speaks not, a cardinal

who listens not, a president who can't, and an ambassador who won't!" This became a standing *mot* at Madrid. Harcourt was unexpectedly seized with a mortal illness, and it became necessary to have another French adviser. The Duke de Beauvilliers was pitched upon by Philip, the cardinal, and the president. Many were the rising sources of disquietude—the people were discontented, impunity had gendered insolence, royal authority began to be slighted, bull-fights were discouraged. All excitements that called together an armed populace had been avoided, even under the late reign; for such was the unpopularity of Charles that if ever he appeared in his carriage he was followed by the canaille, who greeted him with shouts of *Mariécon!* Neither the most delicate nor complimentary *sobriquet*. The queen was still less spared, so that for a long time they had pretty much lived prisoners within their palace. It was found necessary now to have a royal guard, as, to reform the state, it was indispensable to establish order: troops were necessary to secure finances; and finances were necessary to secure troops.

The people groaned under their taxes, and particularly felt the import duties, which worked so ill that only the rich could procure good provisions, while the most detestable fell to the lot of the poor. The French became uneasy at the increasing unpopularity of Philip, who neglected business, and was irregular in all his movements. While there was plenty of grumbling, *sotto voce*, nobody liked the task of remonstrating with his majesty; and the Spanish ministers begged Louville, the French envoy, to charge himself with this act of mentorship which they suggested he could season with plenty of honey! He ventured to call the king's attention to the written advice his grandfather had given him at starting; and Philip listened to his counsellor. The president also exhorted the young king to bestir himself, and exercise more decision in his affairs. This loyal Spaniard unfortunately so over-honied the edge of the cup that held the medicine as to tell him God had placed him at the head of the state, not only monarchically, but despotically; and that he might govern more as a despot than any sovereign in Christendom. So much so that the people were not permitted even to address his throne with complaints, unless he himself allowed them. De Noailles well remarks upon this—how much better it would have been to have inspired in the mind of this prince a generous confidence, and to have convinced him of the duty, and therefore wisdom, of labouring to fulfil the responsibilities to which he was called! But, he adds, that the later kings had doubtless imagined that their angel was to do all their work for them.

All was tardily done: secretaries were quite saucy if urged to activity. On one occasion, Blécourt, the French envoy,

asked Ubilla, his secretary, if a despatch, that would not have taken a quarter of an hour to send off, was gone, as three *weeks* had elapsed? "No," replied the official; "and if three *months* had elapsed, I should not then hurry myself. Don't think you are going to alter our ways." The envoy answered, "We'll see who is master," and the noise of this quarrel attracted the cardinal and the king. In truth, these slow Spaniards were annoyed at the energy of their new masters, the French. Another source of inquietude was found in Philip's reforming his kitchen: and oh! to have *seen* an old Spanish kitchen is enough—without the olfactory nerves being called into exercise. Heaps of rubbish in one part, decomposing vegetable matter in another, a live pig grunting in one corner, and a far more useless animal, in the shape of a priest, snoring in another. Then the messes—slops—drabs of women, &c. But I must drop the curtain over this scene, or we may feel rather qualmish at our next symposium. Well, the whole troop of priests and pigs, mop-squeezers and cooks, were sent to the right-about, and of course were as vociferous in their exasperation as our worthy friends the Whigs, at lately being disturbed in their inglorious repose!

Noailles participates in the disgust Voltaire expresses at fools and dwarfs. One of the latter, presuming on the privilege of impertinence, always accompanied the king; and once, seeing him take off his hat to a duchess, he took upon him to lecture his majesty, telling him it was ridiculous—as a King of Spain should never uncover before any body. These creatures had extensive privileges; they might at any time get into any of the royal carriages, they were used as spies and go-betweens, and altogether well earned the title of "vermin of the court." The grandees of Spain became very troublesome, they scarcely disguised their preference for the house of Austria, and, on the slightest occasions, evinced the utmost sourness. One of these turbulents, the Duke de Naxéta, General of the Galleys, having sent in his resignation, because he would not obey the Count d'Estrées—a Frenchman—the king ordered him not to approach the court within twenty miles. Now no Spaniard, who has a house at Madrid, imagines the possibility of existing any where else, so that it was thought this would prove an efficacious punishment, without leading to revolt.

The court of Rome wrote to Philip, requiring the re-establishment of the grand-inquisitor; but, although a cardinal, Portocarréro hated him too much to allow of his return. The papal nuncio addressed father Daubenton, the royal confessor, a French Jesuit—but he declined playing with edged tools. It is very extraordinary, replied the nuncio, that a religious and a Jesuit, too, should decline meddling with an affair recommended

to him in the name of the pope. The bewildered confessor consulted Louville, who strengthened his resolution; and the nuncio proposed a middle course, that another inquisitor should be appointed worthy of the office, that the *purity* of faith should not be injured. Oh, dear! the worthy nuncio need not to have been at all afraid, lest the *purity* should be lost; for it had all evaporated centuries before. The Society of Jesuits now assumed a very high tone, claiming great rights relative to the surveillance of church preferment, and other matters that greatly embroiled the court. The German confessor of the queen-dowager was a shrewd and vain-glorious character, greatly opposed to French interests, and his intrigues were very injurious. As the queen wished to return to Madrid, Louis XIV. advised to allow her so to do; but great difficulties were started as to allowing the confessor to accompany her.

As the want of money was more and more felt, the French began to leer at the immense riches of the church in gold and silver, which increased vastly by the zeal of the credulous under the guidance of a priesthood equally zealous. Indeed, so great was the accumulation of coin among the religious that commerce was seriously injured by the diminished circulation; and, from Paris, advice was given to oblige the clergy to *sell* their money. The multitude of evils to be grappled with called for the recommendation of a standing army; that the king should make a journey into Arragon, to swear to maintain their ancient privileges; to which end he must have a royal guard. He could then visit the different provinces, and sojourn a little at the principal noblemen's seats, so as to make himself known to all his people. It now was necessary, too, to go to Barcelona, for the purpose of receiving the Princess of Savoy. It was felt that, if the finances could be put in order, the foppery of etiquette abolished, and justice administered, Philip might get on as well living out of Madrid as by remaining within that capital. Spanish pride never could gulp down the footing of equality on which the French dukes were placed with their own grandees, as it was a maxim with them that nothing could equal their own importance.

But a greater difficulty, in the establishment of this Bourbon throne, existed in the hold of the priesthood upon the ignorant population, as they abused the confessional to exasperate the people against the monarchy. They began to insinuate that the French were all heretics, as was the Spanish ambassador at Rome, because he sided with Bourbon interests. The people were told that the pope favoured the emperor, and then the fearful consequences of resisting his holiness, and all other motives likely to influence these superstitious beings, were dwelt upon. Neither need it be deemed a difficult matter thus to work on the

common people, when the nobility and gentry were, in this respect, little before them. On one occasion the king and court were out hunting; being overtaken by a thunder-storm, that produced no ill effects, his gentlemen attributed his preservation to a little Indian bell-flower, which each had in his hand. The truth is, Spaniards have so great a dread of thunder that the king, unused to such fears, appeared a hero in their eyes. The king began now to manifest greater decision, being compelled more to fall upon his own resources from the illness of the Duke of Harcourt; the underhand devices of ministers; and the felt necessity to follow the good advice that had been given to him. Spain began to appreciate some of the palpable advantages of union with France, the ancient antipathy to that nation gave way by degrees; and, above all, Philip began to learn how to govern.

He was, however, tired of Madrid, and became very anxious to conclude his marriage. Philip's envoy had reached Turin, and the Duke of Savoy was also desirous of a speedy conclusion to the nuptials: but the indecision of this prince on other points gave great umbrage. However, as vast preparations were now making for the war, and the duke put himself at the head of his army in the interest of France, suspicion was lulled, and Louis XIV. recommended the marriage to proceed. It seems that they were not wholly relieved from anxiety, as they decided not to permit any of the Piedmontese, who accompanied the princess, to proceed farther than Barcelona. It was also agreed to watch the clergy in the more avowed interest of Austria, neither to allow such ecclesiastics to be promoted to important places, nor to suffer any increase to the power of priests and monks. While the French were travailing for the regeneration of Spain, a numerous squad of French outcasts arrived, allured by the hopes of plunder—wretched and depraved women—*gens de sac et de corde* (thieves entitled to the high honour of elevation to the gallows), wretches *who disregarded confession*, pick-pockets, and *têtes sans cervelles* (fools)—some under pretence of wanting employ, and others notoriously incapable of living but by infamy. It was determined to send back this David's troop, unless they could produce certificates from the ambassador. Marsin decided on the propriety of ordering off all "François" who had no visible means of livelihood—a wise precaution in a country where it was so evidently necessary to sustain the honour of France. And, perhaps, it would not be amiss to extend the regulation to other cities.

Philip V. started on September 5, 1701, on his journey, leaving all authority in the hands of Cardinal Portocarréro. In the carriage with the king was the Comte de Marsin, that nobleman having been appointed to superintend the necessarily important

arrangements. At the moment of his departure, owing to the negligence of the authorities, a great number of beggars surrounded Philip, clamorously demanding alms. Among them was a Polish priest, who, receiving nothing, vomited out the most daring abuse, in the true Shimei style, standing by the cardinal, without being reproved by any one. M. de Blécourt marked the ruffian's person, and on informing Portocarréro, the offender was apprehended, and the cardinal said he should be punished, in case of a popular rising. By Philip's orders, the materials of which the furniture for the palace was to be made were sent by the Marquis de Villafranca to a French upholsterer. So prejudiced were the Spaniards that it was found necessary to procure a formal order from the king to bring the upholsterer to reside in Spain, as a Spaniard. In Arragon and Castille, Philip was received with lively demonstrations of joy; the evil reports spread by the enemies to the house of Bourbon were dissipated wheresoever he appeared. At Sarragosa, which he entered on horseback, so prodigious a crowd received him that he could hardly proceed. Such was the warmth manifested that Marsin informs us it proceeded to wild fury, even idolatry. They strove to touch his garment (what a contrast with another memorable occasion on which the poor woman sought to touch another garment!), and, in short, followed the usual routine of adulation to royalty. He was compelled to take his meals in public, that his high-minded subjects might be "enchanted with his amiable physiognomy—blending sweetness with dignity"—says a French cotemporary.

The Count de Bérallada, one of the chief seigneurs of Arragon, made the king a present of 12 superb horses, magnificently caparisoned. A squabble now arose between the deputies of the inquisition and those of the kingdom, as to which should first kiss the royal hand. Philip had sense and spirit enough to decide against the pretensions of the church. Arrived at Barcelona, he had to stay much longer than he expected, as the queen had suffered greatly on board the ship which was to have carried her to Barcelona; and she therefore had put in at Marseilles, and was proceeding by land. Being tired of waiting, and wanting money, hearing of a seditious rising at Naples, it put it into his head to pass over to Italy, and place himself at the head of the army in his Italian dominions. How undignified this want of money sounds! One almost wonders at the French historian's mention of such sublunary necessities—as if the landord of the inn would not trust his king! He wrote to that effect to Louis, and expressed a vigour of design that, however, in him always was followed by the want of vigour of execution.

Maria-Louisa, of Savoy, only 13 years old, was a *petite*, but

of a charming figure, clear and beautiful skin, and lively and soft eyes. She was well endowed with sense and sprightliness, gracious and amiable, and yet not wanting in stateliness; in short, she played the queen *à merveille*. Notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of this young princess, all the Piedmontese were compelled to return. At the last ceremonies of the marriage, joy was changed for sorrow, for Maria-Louisa burst out into a flood of bitter tears—the motive could not be guessed. It was thought, says Noailles, that she had been incited thereto by way of procuring a counter-order as to the sending away of her friends. It is not to be supposed that this sudden flow of grief had any other cause than the separation from the home of her parents, and the companions of her childhood. But Louville, Marsin, and the Princess des Ursins, formed themselves into a committee on this not very unusual manifestation of feeling—I suppose unknown to the French—and decided on an immediate and temporary separation; the princess expressing in a letter her opinion that it exhibited a design in this lovely girl of 13 to govern her husband!

Louis wrote to Philip, warning him of the horrors of uxoriousness—a visitation that certainly had never befallen the *Grand Monarque* himself. He was to view her as his highest subject, in which capacity, and as a wife, obedience was her portion; he was to love her, but, if her tears prevailed, why he might be led into something or other contrary to his glory! This Princess of the Ursins was put over the young queen as a spy; she was never to let her receive foreign ambassadors, unless she were present. And as they were apprehensive of the marital affection of Philip, this same clever woman was to see that he was not too much swayed by his new and captivating consort. It was discovered that this was hopeless, therefore “la Princesse des Ursins” had to watch over them both, at the especial suggestion of M. de Torci, the French minister, who saw that Philip would readily fall under the influence of one who obtained his confidence. She succeeded at last also with the queen, who was not so mouldable as her consort. The princess had attained an age when the passions of youth are quenched, having been married to her first husband in 1659, exactly 40 years before, the Prince de Chalais (Taleiran).

This celebrated lady's numerous occupations are drawn with ability and interest in her extant correspondence, and the nature of the functions she exercised will be readily intelligible to my reader, by quoting one of her own letters to Noailles. “In what employ, good heavens, have you placed me. I get not the least repose, not being able even to find time to speak to my secretary. It is no longer practicable to take a nap after dinner, nor to eat when I am hungry. I esteem it a great hap-



piness to make a wretched repast while on the move; and it is very rare that I am not called the moment I sit down to table. In good truth, Madame de Maintenon would heartily laugh it she knew the details of my occupation. Tell her, I beg, it is I who have the honour to carry the 'robe-de-chambre' of the king of Spain, when he goes to bed; and to give him his slippers when he gets up. So far I am tolerably patient; but when I tell you that the Count de Bénavento has given into my charge, when the king goes into the queen's bed-room to sleep, to carry his majesty's sword, a chamber-pot, and a lamp, the oil of which I generally spill on my garments, you will think that rather too grotesque. The king will never get up till I have drawn his curtains; and it would be little short of sacrilege for any body but myself to enter their chamber when they are in bed. Latterly, the lamp has not burnt till daylight, because I have spilled the oil; and I have been unable to find the windows, it has been so dark. In groping about, I nearly broke my nose against the wall; and the king and I have sometimes been a quarter of an hour butting each other in feeling about in the dark. His majesty and I agree so well that sometimes he calls me two hours before I wish to get up. The queen will join in these pleasantries; nevertheless, I have not secured with her that degree of confidence which she gives to the Piedmontese *femme-de-chambre*. I feel surprised, as I serve her better than they do, and I am sure that they neither pull off her stockings, nor wash her feet, so well as I do."

Philip became very anxious to proceed to the seat of war in Italy. But just now he fell ill with a fever, of which he shortly recovered. The treasury was suffering under a very common disease, not reducible by the same appliances, that Noailles naively describes as "grand embarras pour avoir de l'argent;" and although Barcelona, and other cities contributed largely, it was nothing compared with the requirements. Orders were sent to the new viceroy of Naples to seize the third of the revenues of the Genoese and other strangers in the kingdom—giving them the consolatory assurance, in exchange, that it should all be returned *when* the affairs of the state rendered it convenient! To add to their fiscal atrophy, the fleet did not arrive from India, as the viceroy of Mexico had stopped it, and was suspected of treason. The indifference to serve in the war increased among the common people, and none of the young men were solicitous to follow the king to Italy. A general coolness pervaded all ranks of Spaniards, and fears of popular out-breaks added to the anxieties of the government. Still Philip was anxious to commence his voyage. He had just rallied from a relapse; his complaint had turned to measles, with

inflammation of the lungs, though his illness had in no way diminished his ardour to make a campaign.

He wished the queen to accompany him, but this was opposed by Louis XIV., as it was thought, among other reasons, that the national antipathies of the Spaniards might be roused by reports that both king and queen meant no more to come back; and therefore that the queen must remain at Madrid as a hostage for the return of the king. The young couple were now tenderly attached, and from the moment state reasons had been suggested as demanding a temporary separation, they had bitterly felt the necessity; but at length a reluctant consent was wrung from them. Amidst these national difficulties and conjugal regrets, the French at the court of Spain were absorbed by a matter the importance of which, although it may be difficult for us now to estimate it, caused a correspondence between one of the resident French ministers and the minister of the day at Paris, and called forth a gravity from the proud dons worthy of English mutes. I would thus cautiously prepare my reader for the solemn occasion, and gently break the astounding affair to him; but, like other serious communications, it must out at last:—

*The King of Spain wanted a wig!* The record stands forth with almost a sentimental flourish from the pen of this French marshal and minister of state, who would avert all ridicule, by observing that, in all human affairs, there is a strange mixture of fantastical, serious, and frivolous. Perhaps, not in *all*; but we allow it to be so with *French* affairs. He introduces this amidst “*affaires si importantes,*” and the fearful fact is broadly stated, when the historian has brought his courage up to the mark, and he trusts his reader may be in some degree prepared for the shock; “*le roi avoit perdu ses cheveux,*”—as we should say, he had become bald! The Spaniards “*on le coëffoit horriblement mal,*” and the queen almost went into fits. Changing a perruquier, gravely observes the French minister of state, is no trifle. The Spaniards took another, and even more solemn, view of the matter; they said their king ought not to wear a wig, except it were made of the hair of young ladies, or of cavaliers. The Count Bénavento improved even on this, and insisted that it ought to be hair off the head of known characters, for that there was often witchcraft in hair! and that serious calamities had happened therefrom. Thus, “*l’affaire est de grande consequence, et qu’il n’y faut rien négliger.*” How deeply do I regret to inform my reader of the abrupt termination of the account. For just then news of great importance attracted the attention of the historian, and we are left in the dark as to the sequel. And until the march of intellect shall drag from the

recesses of Spanish archives the absorbing record; yes, until then, a *trio* of eventful queries, in three different countries, France, Spain, and England, must remain unsolved:—who was the man in the iron mask; who was Junius; what wig was finally ordered by the two courts of Spain and France, to cover the *cervelles* of Philip V.?

Philip sent the order of the “toison d’or,” and patents of nobility to the Duc d’Harcourt, yet lingering in illness, and to the Comte d’Ayens; and the Comte d’Estrées was created grandee of Spain, of the first class. Accompanied by De Marsin, De Louville, De Montriél, with a select number of Spanish nobles, the king embarked on the 8th of April, 1702, and on the 17th arrived at Naples, being received by the acclamations of the people, “ravi de le voir.” They had long groaned under the yoke of the Spanish viceroys, stern, haughty and grasping, and were transported with delight to behold their young monarch. He was mild, pleasing, and accessible, and announced himself to them as the defender and father of the kingdom. Philip remitted all arrears due to the crown, valued at 3,000,000 *écus*. While this was a politic and popular measure, worthy of the gratitude of the people, it was utterly impossible to levy it, therefore he showed his wisdom in making a merit of necessity. With certain indispensable exceptions, the king released all prisoners, and granted an indemnity to all political offenders.

So far from viewing with horror bread cheap, Philip had sense and justice enough to exert himself to lower the price of corn, satisfied with present good, and not imagining how it could be wise to cling to known and serious evils, lest unexpected inconvenience should afterwards result; least of all justifying the sacrifice of the many for the few. Who does not pity the darkness of this poor ignorant king, whose errors must have been so gross, when, a century and a half afterwards we, in England, the land of political economy, and all the other fine things which make us the “envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world,” see that all the *disinterested* efforts of “those in authority over us” are bent to the very opposite point! That cheapness and plethora are objects of dread, and that it has been found necessary so to frame and uphold our laws that the practical result is attained of depriving the poor of at least one loaf out of five. But the march of intellect has taught us better, and given us immense advantages over this weak young monarch.

By way of a rich treat to Philip, it was decided to perform the miracle of St. Janvier at the cathedral. The Cardinal Cantelmi, Archbishop of Naples, was to be principal performer, and as the Roman Catholic narrator assures us, he was full of faith and zeal that this miracle would relieve them under the difficulties of the conjuncture. So the king was paraded to the cathe-

dral, "entendre la messe"—and a pretty mess they made of it. The reliques of the saint were brought out, and, by the side of the head, they placed the phial that contained the blood—the miracle consisted in the coagulation becoming liquid, which the cardinal announced as sure to occur. Well, they all went to prayers, but no effect: they said the mass over again—the king thought once enough. They said it again—still no miracle—so they went through the mass six times—occupying two hours. Philip at last was quite ashamed; and, dreadfully wanting his dinner, retired, leaving the poor cardinal overwhelmed with mortification. However they followed the king, to assure him that the "miracle took place immediately after he left!" Louville, who seems to have been no "reviver of ancient discipline," told them that, without any impiety, he could believe it would prove infallible *during the dog-days*, but that it was a clear tempting of Providence to try it on so cold an April morning! The people were satisfied, and the cardinal maintained his honour was preserved.

The viceroy was the Duke d'Escalone, a man altogether unsuited, by bigotry and ignorance, to his post. Louville said of him that he had "the air of the burser of a college, with all his pedantry. Sometimes he has a reason, but when he has not, which generally is the case, the seven sages of Greece could not turn him." To calm certain disquietudes, and to inspire respect and submission to the king, it was determined, on the 6th of May, to fetch out the blood and bones of St. Janvier, as this reasoning and intellectual people would almost have thought it necessary to have dethroned the young king without a farther testimony of divine approbation. Noailles naïvely says, who would object to the use of superstition when popular discontent can be allayed thereby? They had managed matters better this time; the "*miracle*" was promptly accomplished; and the people were delighted by Philip declaring St. Janvier the second patron of Spain. To establish this benefit the pope granted a brief! Clergy and laity were ravished with the glory accruing to their old saint; but the Spaniards were greatly distressed by the appointment of a "co-pastor" to St. Jacques, whose powers, they justly thought, remained as extensive as ever.

Every thing was in a state of abuse and distraction now at Naples, the Neapolitans complaining of the favour shown to the Spaniards—and the Spaniards treating the Neapolitans with contempt. Philip was a prey to melancholy from the clamorous and clashing interests by which he was tormented; and writes pathetically to Louis XIV., deploring the cabals by which he is surrounded. He saw little zeal among the Spaniards for his service, and laments that, whether in small matters or great affairs, it seemed their delight to oppose him; and, in short, that he

clearly perceived he could only get on with plenty of troops. He fell into greater abstraction, at length becoming incapable of almost anything, he sorely felt the absence of the queen, to whom he was devotedly attached. "Ces noires vapeurs" alarmed his more immediate circle; but the applied remedies produced some effect, and they prevailed on him to take more exercise.

Fresh vexations arose from quarrels between the French and the Spaniards at Naples, during which the Austrian party began to make head; and Philip now saw that his only reliance was on French soldiers. Thus this royal progress to his Neapolitan dominions, that had opened so fairly, turned out miserably, by calling up the exhibition of the evils of the state. The vices of the old Spanish government had created an irreconcilable hatred between the two races. The abuses of every kind had poisoned the sources of the public welfare, here as well as in Spain; and the worst feature of the public confusion was a conviction, strengthened by the unavailing presence of the monarch, that it was a moral impossibility to remedy all these evils, except in a state of repose, of which the war destroyed all hope. To that war, and its important influence on Louis XIV., we must now turn.

## SECTION VI.

The war recommences in Italy—Declining health of William III.—Deaths of Tillotson, Queen Mary, and William—Accession of Queen Anne—Barbesieux, Chamlay, Pontchartrain, Pomponne, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Catinat, Villeroi, Duke of Savoy, Marlborough, Godolphin—Rapid conquests—Villars—Blenheim—Ramillies—Louis' depression—Turin relieved—Futile attempt of "the Pretender" upon England—New disasters of the French in the Low Countries—Fall of Lille—The English take Gibraltar—The English in Spain—Continued depression of France—Pride of Holland—Louis agrees to abandon Spain—Malplaquet—Duke of Orleans and Philip V.—The Whigs out, and the Tories change the counsels of England—Injustice to the Duke of Marlborough—Queen Anne's treachery—Deaths of the Dauphin, the Emperor Joseph, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, and their eldest son—Distraction of Louis XIV.—Favourable change for France—Peace of Utrecht—Death of Queen Anne—Duke of Marlborough, in old age and retirement—Death of both Duke and Duchess.

THE brazen throat of Bellona now again first issued her dreadful sounds in Italy. Nominally the war was between Spain and Germany; the troops of the latter empire being commanded by Prince Eugene, and those of Spain by the Prince de Vaudemont; while the army of France in that quarter was under Marshal Catinat, with whom the Duke of Savoy nominally acted. In Italy, Leopold's arms could most easily penetrate by the way of Tirol and Venice; for this republic, though neutral in appearance, was more inclined to the house of Austria than Bourbon, and was obliged by treaty to give a passage to German troops. The emperor waited till the Germanic body should come over to his interest, before he would attack Louis on the side of Germany. His party in Spain was useless, unless one of his sons was in person there; and this could not be effected without the aid of the Dutch and English fleets. William III., sensible of his own declining health, his body weak, and almost lifeless, with an unimpaired vigour of understanding, saw the necessity for the maintenance of that system, which it had been the labour of his life to uphold.

He was the pivot on which every thing turned: the one object ever before his eyes, being to humble the proud and powerful house of Bourbon; who had ever proved the ready tools of priestly domination, that in all ages it appears to have been their grand desire to uphold, at the cost of liberty, moral, intel-

lectual, and spiritual. Like Samson, William did more execution at his death than in his life. He appointed Marlborough, knowing his super-eminent fitness, though never attached to him, general of the foot, and commander of the forces in Holland; also plenipotentiary for the negociations then carrying on at the Hague, having for their object the renewal of the grand alliance among the foreign powers. By virtue whereof the Dutch were to furnish 10,000 men; the emperor, 90,000; and the English, 40,000. Notwithstanding the marriage of the Duke of Savoy's two daughters to the King of Spain and the Duke of Burgundy (by which latter she was probably destined to be Queen of France), he had shown himself to be too treacherous to be depended upon. The smaller states were ready to follow the strongest; so that the coming storm attracted the anxious attention of all Europe. Louis ordered his generals to avoid any acts of aggression, especially not to violate the Venetian territory.

By this time, the wretched being whose dishonoured head had so long been hidden in France, James II., had gone down to the generation of his fathers (see p. 257). A grand discussion arose in France, as to whether or not it was the policy of that court to acknowledge his (suppositious) son, which, under the persuasion of Madame de Maintenon, ended in a public proclamation of James III. at St. Germain; and this recognition was all either he or his (happily) extinct descendants ever secured of their monarchy! England was thoroughly roused by this daring insult—always excepting the ultra churchmen; they, caring little who wields the sceptre, if that state of things exists which keeps mother-church paramount, longed for James, and therefore detested William. Their coryphæus, Dr. Johnson, in after years, called him "that scoundrel William." Indeed we can very readily understand what a scoundrel he must have been deemed, when we see that he would not ravage and destroy the religious liberties of his dissenting subjects, nor join the high-flyers in trampling on those godly clergy who were zealous for evangelical religion. Of the church, and her cruel and haughty prelates and leaders of those days, we may say, relative to the party in her bosom whom they would have hung, drawn, and quartered, if they could—"twas well for thee that salt preserv'd thee still."

So great was the public indignation, at seeing a foreign power presume to dictate who should reign over us, that they were compelled to enjoy their anticipations in secret, and in public to feign accordance with the swelling torrent. This was no difficult task for gentlemen who had of late been trained to so many "quick turns." A new parliament now met; and, as the prodigious efforts to secure a high tory majority, which the

jacobite gentry and the high-church clergy joined in, had been defeated, the House of Commons began a bill of attainder against the pretended Prince of Wales. It was sent up to the House of Lords, and passed, with an attainder of the queen, who acted as queen-regent for him. Another act was proposed, to oblige all persons to take an oath of abjuration; all employments in church and state were to be subject to this, and an obligation was added to maintain the church of England, together with toleration for dissenters. Some wished it to be optional to take this oath, but in the lords it was carried by one vote to *impose* it. Some, who better understood the principles of liberty, endeavoured to slide in a clause to the effect that the government of England was in king, lords, and commons. The drift was scented by the "Anglicans," who caused it to be rejected with indignation, since the government was only in the king—the lords and the commons being simply a legislative body! So we see why the ultra church should ever, detesting a liberal sovereign, watch and pray for such as will prove ready tools in their hands.

Death had been sweeping away numbers of the important personages who had figured on the stage of life. Among the excellent of the earth, Archbishop Tillotson had been called from this scene of turmoil, Nov. 24, 1694. His father was a clothier, and a strict Calvinist: he sent this son John to Cambridge, who, after his academical course, became tutor to Mr. Prideaux, of Devonshire, and afterwards curate to his friend, Dr. Wilkins, at St. Lawrence Jewry. After the revolution, he was curate of Cheshunt, and, in 1663, was promoted to the rectory of Keddington; this he resigned for the preachingship of Lincoln's-inn. In 1664, he was chosen Tuesday-lecturer of St. Lawrence, and directed his popular abilities against popery and atheism. In 1666, he took his degree of D.D., and was promoted to a prebend at Canterbury, and also of St. Paul's; and, 1762, was made dean of Canterbury. He attended his friend Lord Russel, when condemned to die, in consequence of the Rye-house plot; and he strongly urged him to admit the doctrine of non-resistance, for which he was justly censured, and afterwards censured himself. In 1689, he was made clerk of the closet to William III., and was greatly esteemed by both king and queen. When the high-flyer Sancroft (who had died a year before Tillotson in a despicable manner, says Burnet) refused to take the oaths, he was nominated to the see of Canterbury. Of course Tillotson was the object of virulence and malice to the "revivers of discipline," and his determinate efforts to cure the abuses of the church, introducing greater regularity, and a more strict residence among the clergy, brought those holy men upon him like a hornet's nest. He was



deluged with libels in the form of letters, full of invectives and malicious insinuations; these he tied up in a bundle: they were found after his death, and on them was written with his own hand, "These are libels—I pray God forgive them—as I do." His peace was corroded by these assassins of the cloth, and the cares attendant upon his exalted station were felt and recorded by him with all the resignation of a Christian philosopher. This may remind the reader that what appears to a distant spectator real grandeur, and perfect happiness, is too often experienced, by the unhappy possessor, to be a source of misery, vexation and trouble.

Dr. Lemprière in somewhat this way describes this great and good man. Noble, in his Continuation of Grainger, says, that "His integrity and freedom from avarice are attested by the fact that his widow, a niece of Oliver Cromwell (and may not much that was so estimable thus indirectly be traced to the great protector?) was supported by the bounty of King William." Tillotson was struck with a fit of the dead palsy, in November, at the chapel at Whitehall, on a Sunday, while at worship. He felt it coming on, but, not thinking it decent to interrupt the public service, he neglected it too long; so that all remedies were unavailing, and he died within five days from his seizure. "His speech was a good deal affected, but, still calm and serene, in broken words, he thanked God he was quiet *within*, and had nothing to do but to wait the will of heaven." Nothing about christs, pixes, white gowns, saints' days, or genuflexions! Burnet was his intimate friend, and preached his funeral sermon. He says of this good and humble archbishop, "he was a man of the truest judgment and best temper I had ever known: he had a clear head, with a most tender and compassionate heart: he was a faithful and zealous friend, but a gentle and soon-conquered enemy. He was truly and seriously religious, but without affectation, bigotry or superstition: his notions of morality were fine and sublime: his thread of reasoning was easy, clear and solid: he was not only the best preacher of the age, but seemed to have brought preaching to perfection. His parts remained with him clear and unclouded; but the perpetual slanders and other ill usage he had been followed with for so many years, most particularly since his advancement to that great post, gave him too much trouble and too deep a concern. It neither could provoke him, nor fright him from his duty; but it affected his mind so much that this was thought to have shortened his days." The "church," at least that detestable portion who see no more than the outworks, had persisted in viewing Sancroft as the "archbishop," and Tillotson as "an usurper," and all that joined with Tillotson were, in their style, "schismatics."

These clericals had now hunted him to the death, had destroyed the body; 'twas all that they could do. His now freed spirit was out of their reach—had been carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, and I will venture to predict that he was never more troubled with any "rubrician!" We make but little practical use of this and similar pages of history unless we adore the mercy of that God who has promised to preserve his real church and people, even to the end; and implore without ceasing that he will never abandon us to that daring pretension which would crush all who will not bow down to the image that they have set up. The gentle archbishop died poor; he had nothing to leave his widow but the copy-right of his posthumous sermons, which sold for £2,500—a large sum in those days. The king granted a pension to her of £400 per annum, and forgave his first fruits, or his debts could not have been paid. Thus *he* had no idea of amassing large wealth out of the revenues entrusted to his stewardship for godly purposes; he was poor in money, but rich in good works.

Both their majesties were greatly affected by the death of this eminent man; for several days the queen could not speak of him without tears. Queen Mary had never had the small-pox, and as during that winter it raged dreadfully about London, several thousands dying of this shocking complaint, great apprehensions were entertained as to the queen. At length she was taken ill, but it seemed to go off: the next day she went out; but her illness returned so decidedly that she could disguise it no longer. She shut herself up in her closet that night, and burned many papers, and put the rest in order. After this, she used some slight remedies,—treating it only as a passing indisposition; but it increased upon her, and within two days the small-pox appeared, and with very bad symptoms. Dr. Ratcliffe was called in, but not till human skill availed not; other physicians also declared it was too late. Burnet says the king was struck beyond description. Calling the good bishop into his closet, he burst into tears, saying there was no hope of the queen; and that, from being the most happy, he was now going to be the most miserable, creature on the earth. He said, during the whole course of their marriage, he had never known one single fault in her, there being a worth in her which nobody knew but himself. Never was there such a face of universal sorrow seen in a court, or a town; all people, young and old, scarcely refraining from tears. On Christmas-Day, matters seemed to take a more favourable turn, and it was hoped it might end in the measles,—but this hope faded before night. The new archbishop, Tennyson, attended her, and when her condition was placed beyond doubt, he told the king he could not avoid, in the faithful discharge of his duty, acquainting her with

the danger she was in. In this proper resolution William acquiesced, saying he would not have her deceived in so important a matter.

Mary soon caught the drift of the archbishop, but manifested neither surprise nor dread, blessing God she had been enabled to "carry this in her mind, that nothing was left to the last hour," as she now had nothing to do but to look up to God and submit to his will. In this calm state of resignation—even more than resignation—desiring death rather than life, she continued to the last. Having formerly written her mind in many particulars to the king, she now gave orders to look for a small scrutoire that she made use of, and that it should be delivered to the king. She was almost perpetually in prayer: the day before her death, she received the sacrament; apprehending she should not be able to swallow the bread, she was in some concern, but she was favoured in this beyond her fears. Her slumbers afforded her no refreshment,—she said nothing did her good but prayer. Attempting to speak to the king she could not plainly articulate: and now, requesting the archbishop to be reading to her such passages of scripture as might fix her attention and raise her devotion, she composed herself solemnly to die. They attempted in vain to give her cordials—she lay silent for some hours; and her spirit returned to God who gave it, on December 28, 1694, in the 33rd year of her age, and in the sixth of her reign. Noble says that "this character of Queen Mary has not been controverted: that the mutual affection of her and the king was certainly genuine. Her private letters express naturally her love for him; and, after *he* was dead, a bracelet of her hair was found upon his arm."

During the time that all Europe had been excited about the effects of the approaching death of the King of Spain, England was surprised by a painfully distressing and unlooked-for occurrence, which presented a great change on the face of affairs, in the demise of the Duke of Gloucester. During the two years that Burnet had been entrusted with his education, he had made astonishing progress. The worthy bishop had read and explained much of the Scriptures to him, and was delighted to witness his proficiency in understanding. His tutor then had shown him the forms of government of every country, and the interests of *trade* (I suspect poor dear old Burnet was a little out of his element here)! The young prince was well versed in geography, and then was made acquainted with all the great revolutions of the world, the histories of Greece and Rome, and read Plutarch's Lives. Burnet and he spent some hours every day conversing on these subjects. King William, who was very anxious for the sound education of his successor on the throne, frequently sent his ministers to examine the prince, and they

were much pleased with his progress, being struck with his memory and judgment.

The duke had been weakly from his birth. On the 24th July, he attained his eleventh year; and, the day after, complained a little, but it was attributed to the fatigues of his birth-day amusements. The next day, he was worse,—it now proved to be a malignant fever; and he was carried off on the fourth day. He was the only remaining child of seventeen which the princess Anne had born! She attended him to the last with tender composure, astonishing everybody to witness the support she received: and who can enter into the feelings of a royal mother under such unparalleled circumstances! It appeared a great blow to England; was the cause of general sorrow, always excepting the Jacobites and high-church who saw fresh hopes hereby of the ultimate return of their darling Stuarts. In the deaths of Queen Mary and the Duke of Gloucester, Burnet remarks on the fondness with which we look at matters as constituting our security; as in this case two, out of the four, the distressed dissenters and moderate churchmen, or, in other words, the true lovers of their country, looked up to, were taken from the evil to come, while all issue from either the king or the Princess Anne was hopeless. The eyes of all good men were turned to the house of Brunswick, the electress being the next protestant heir.

We have seen how poor Tillotson was hunted to his death: the same blood-hounds had long watched the slot of William. His health was evidently failing at the period of the demise of his good queen, and the many discontents fermented by the "dignitaries" of the church, always pointing popular odium to William's person and government, caused him to regret he had ever come over to England, and added perpetual disquietude to the great grief he suffered for the loss of his beloved consort. His clear mind plainly saw that high churchism was the incubus of our country, and no efforts of the priesthood could induce him to suffer them to roast the dissenters, as the Spaniards did the Jews. "The toleration of all the sects here had made us live more quietly together of late than could be expected," observes Burnet, "when severe laws were rigorously executed against dissenters. No tumults nor disorders had been heard of in any part of the kingdom these eleven years, since that act had passed: and yet *the much greater part* of the clergy studied to blow up this fire again, which seemed to be now as it were covered with ashes." "As it was in the beginning, is now," &c.

But no Puseyite priests could turn William; he had been raised up of God for a great work—it was now accomplished, as much in the plans he was about to leave in operation, as in those he had cherished in his life-time. The attentive reader

of history should trace matters to their source; and see the sudden "wheel-about" made by the clergy who had invited him over to crush the efforts of James; doubtless ultimately directed to the up-rearing of popery, but, as a means to an end, first granting large measures of liberty to *all* the sects. Indeed it is strongly to be suspected that mother church more dreaded presbyterianism than popery. Then see, when William was firmly seated on the throne, and would not persecute the godly, how the hierarchy whipped round, making affinity with the jacobite and papist party, keeping up a spirit of discontent and turmoil for the whole of this reign, as if there were but one object for the efforts of Britain's bane—to put down true religion.

The rolling years had found William's feeble frame more and more fragile; but, in the winter of 1701, he seemed to rally; and, having decorated the apartments at Hampton Court, he was so much pleased with the place that he went there once a week, and often rode about the park. In February, 1702, the horse on which he rode stumbled, and he, being very feeble, fell off, and broke his collar-bone: the bone was well set, and there appeared no danger. He was taken to Kensington that night. Himself long aware of his gradually sinking condition, he had said, before this accident, to the Earl of Portland, what he now repeated, that he was a dead man. That it was neither in his legs (which had frequently swollen) nor in his collar-bone, but that he felt himself ill—all was decayed within—and he was sure he could not get through another campaign. During his illness he sent a message to the two houses, recommending the union of both kingdoms to them, which he viewed as favouring the protestant succession: the jacobites, &c., were just then too strongly opposed to this measure. On March 3, the king had a fit of ague, but he payed no attention to it; next day he had a return of it, and Burnet, who was much with him, saw an evident change for the worse. He kept his bed till Friday, by when he was fast sinking, as his breathing had become difficult, and his pulse sunk.

The Earl of Albemarle had been sent to Holland to prepare everything for an early campaign, and he returned on the 7th of March, in the morning, with tidings that everything appeared satisfactory: but William was little attracted by such matters now. He said, "*Je tire vers ma fin*" (I draw towards my end). He signed a special commission to pass certain bills, and signed also the act of abjuration—which thus passed on the last day of his life. Burnet and Tension went to him on Saturday morning, and did not stir from him till he died. The archbishop prayed some time with him, but he was then so weak he could scarcely speak; the king gave him his hand, as a sign that he firmly believed the truth of the christian religion, and said he intended

to receive the sacrament. About five o'clock in the morning, he partook thereof very devoutly. He rallied a little, and called for the Earl of Albemarle, and gave him a charge to take care of his papers. He thanked his principal physician for his attention, and said, "I know that you and all the other learned physicians have done all that your art can do for my relief—but all means are ineffectual, and I submit." He took leave of the Duke of Ormond, and called for the Earl of Portland, but before he came, his voice quite failed; so he took him by the hand and carried it to his heart with great tenderness. He was often looking up to heaven, in many short ejaculations. Between seven and eight o'clock, the rattles in his throat commenced, the commendatory prayer was offered up, and, as it ended, he departed, on March 8, 1702, in the 53rd year of his life, and the beginning of the fourteenth of his reign.

When his body was opened, it appeared that he had no dropsy; his head and his heart were sound; there was scarcely any blood in his body. His lungs stuck to his side, and, by the fall from his horse, a part of them was torn from it, which occasioned an inflammation, that was considered the immediate cause of his death. His loss was a great blow just at that time. The Earl of Portland afterwards said that, when he was once encouraging William, from the good state his affairs were in, to take more heart, the king answered him that the earl must well know death was that which he (the king) had looked to without any terror, and that often he would have been glad to have been delivered out of his troubles. He died with a clear and full presence of mind, and in wonderful tranquillity. Burnet seems to lament that he should not have talked more in his last moments, knowing what a handle it would give to censure. Voltaire says, the King of England "died without giving the least answer to what the English priests, who were at his bedside, said to him on the subject of religion; and he showed no other uneasiness but that which arose from the affairs of Europe." We have seen that this account is not correct, and, if he had been taciturn before such high-church priests, as he believed, put their religion in mere externals, therein he showed his wisdom. In answer to Burnet's regret, it should be borne in mind that William had always been a man of few words, and was not inclined to act a part on his death-bed for the sake of averting censures that he despised.

So lived and so died the high-churchmen's "scoundrel William." His character has been drawn on the one hand with the exaggerations of panegyric, say some; and others have opposed this praise with unmerited obloquy. As my professed object in this work is to give a recital of European events, connected with the reign of Louis XIV., and incidentally to exhibit

biographical sketches of eminent characters, although my reader can be no stranger to the spectacles through which I look, I shall endeavour to draw a portrait of William from unexceptionable authorities, and that in his own unvarnished, straightforward manner. He was in person of a thin and weak body, brown haired, and of a clear and delicate complexion: he had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance expressive of gravity and authority. He was always asthmatical, and had a constant deep cough. His behaviour corresponded with his appearance—being serious, and seldom cheerful, and never but with a select few. His abrupt way gave much offence; even his great admirer, Burnet, says that his address was characterised by a disgusting dryness, which indeed always pertained to him, except on the day of battle, for then he was all fire, though without passion—he was every where, and looked to every thing.

Feeling the want of a good early education, he had a kind of suspicious shyness that he was being narrowly watched when he spoke, and so he acquired a habit of exercising cold caution, that often proved injurious to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German, equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, which helped him greatly in the command of armies, composed of several nations. His memory was amazingly tenacious; in this respect he formed an exception to the rule that good memory generally is the portion of fools. His imagination was sluggish, but his designs were always good: and, of a firm tone of mind, with sound judgment, it was considered he too little descended to the weaknesses and humours of others. His reservedness grew upon him, chilling those who served him: he had noticed, and therefore more avoided, the evils of loquacity than those of taciturnity, which led him into the other extreme—too cold a silence. Detesting flattery, he was pleased with complaisance, but showed irritation against any censure of his actions. His genius was chiefly for war, wherein his courage was more admired than his conduct, as he is held to have committed great errors: nevertheless Voltaire, who, of course, could not be thought favourable to William, says “he left the reputation of a great politician, and a formidable general, though he had lost many battles. His conduct was always discreet and moderate, his spirits never having appeared elevated but on a day of battle.”

On some occasions he was too lavish of money, both in his buildings and to his favourites; and at other times too sparing in rewarding services, or encouraging such as brought intelligence. He was rather too much led by caprice, and hastily imbibed evil impressions, with which he was in no hurry to part, but never cultivated a spirit of revenge. Well acquainted

with all foreign affairs, and the state of every European court, he rather too much addicted himself to instruct his ministers personally, at the cost of attention to affairs at home. After long efforts at balancing the two great parties of England, he was convinced of the irreconcilable hatred of the tories to his government and all free institutions, and at length resolved never to try nor to trust them more. Not having aimed at absolute power in England, he had comparatively a peaceable reign, embittered only by the church and the Jacobites. Voltaire ably remarks that "those who are most pleased with the character of a prince, who acquired a kingdom without a natural right; who maintained it without being beloved; who governed, and yet did not enslave, Holland; who was the soul and the chief of half Europe; who had the genius of a general, and the valour of a common soldier; who never persecuted any one for religion; who despised all human superstition; and whose manners were simple and modest;—such, no doubt, will give the name of great to William rather than Louis."

William was a firm believer in the truth of the christian religion, and felt the greatest horror at atheism and blasphemy, that was always kept out of his observation at court, how much soever of it might exist there. He was regular in attendance at public worship, and exemplary in the house of God; an attentive hearer, constant in private prayer, and in reading the scriptures, often conversing about religious matters, and always with reverence. Strong in predestinarian views, without which he could not see how the belief in special Providence could be maintained, he viewed with indifference the *forms* of church government; and, being zealous for liberty of conscience, we have seen that all the clergy could do to malign his government, throw contempt upon his majesty, and disturb his peace, he was sure to encounter. This produced a sad effect; he grew jealous of the English, and the perverseness of the church threw him more upon the Dutch, whom he had every reason to love, as he was beloved by them. Probably, partly from this very accountable disgust, and partly from increasing bodily ailments, he was thought remiss in most affairs latterly, till again roused by the alarms of Europe, by reason of the grasping of Louis XIV., to curb whose ambition was the prevailing bias of his whole life. Of strong passions, few had the art of concealing and curbing them more than he had: if led into any unseemly outbreak to inferior servants, he made such speedy recompenses that they were glad at the rare occurrence of such sudden vents. His strong partiality to the Earls of Portland and Albemarle excited much notice, as they were such essentially different characters, secrecy and fidelity being their only points of agreement.



Burnet says he knew William well, having been intimate with him for sixteen years, enjoying a large measure of his favour all the while. The king did not always well receive his freedoms, but, knowing the good bishop's faithfulness, after a little coldness, he ever returned to confidence honourable to both parties. Greatly obliged as the interesting historian "of his own times" was to the king, that was not the reason of his favourable opinion of William, but because he considered him a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. He could trace, in the 30 years, from 1672 to his death, so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence that, in the words of David, William III. might be called, "the man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself."

After all the abatements that may be allowed for William's errors and his faults, he ought still to be reckoned amongst the greatest princes that our history, or indeed any other, can present. A writer on the period says that William, after his accident "struggled with his infirmities several weeks, and lived to the completion of the great edifice of civil and religious liberty. The bill of abjuration, was presented for his signature. His hand, however, was not sufficiently strong to enable him to perform the office; he therefore rendered the instrument legal by a stamp, and in a few hours resigned his life to Him that gave it." Another anonymous biographer concludes his memoir thus: "his native country owes him a lasting debt of gratitude, as the second founder of its liberty and independence; and his adopted country is bound to uphold his memory, as its champion and deliverer from civil and religious thralldom. In short, the attachment of the English nation to constitutional rights and liberal government may be measured by its adherence to the principles established at the Revolution of 1688, and its just estimate of that sovereign and those statesmen who placed the liberties of Great Britain on a solid and lasting foundation."

From Mosheim we learn that "the Mennonites, after having been long in an uncertain and precarious situation, obtained a fixed and unmolested settlement in the United Provinces, under the shade of a legal toleration procured for them by William, the glorious founder of Belgic liberty. This illustrious chief, who acted from principle, in allowing liberty of conscience and worship to christians of different denominations, was moreover engaged by gratitude to favour the Mennonites, who had assisted him in the year 1672 with a considerable sum of money, when his coffers were almost exhausted." We find that, the year before his death, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts received singular marks of protection and favour from King William III., who enriched it with new

donations and privileges. Under his fostering care, the Dutch, as soon as they had got a sufficient footing in the East Indies, laid with wisdom, and executed at a great expense, various schemes for instructing the natives of those distant regions in the doctrines of the gospel. In 1662, the high-church party had procured the famous and oppressive act of uniformity, in consequence of which, the validity of Presbyterian ordination was renounced; the ministrations of the foreign churches were disowned; the terms of conformity rendered more difficult; and the ejected nonconformists deprived of a fifth part of their benefices, which in the reigns of Elizabeth and Cromwell had been granted. From that period, until the reign of King William, the nonconformists had found themselves in a precarious and changing situation, sometimes involved in calamity and trouble, at others, enjoying intervals of tranquillity, and certain gleams of hope, according to the varying spirit of the court and ministry, but never entirely free from perplexities and fears.

But in 1689 their affairs took a favourable turn, when a bill for the toleration of all protestant dissenters from the church of England, except the Socinians, passed in parliament almost without opposition, and delivered them from the penal laws to which they had been subjected by the act of uniformity, and other acts, passed under the house of Stuart. Nor did the protestant dissenters in England alone enjoy the benefits of this act, for it extended also to the Scots church, that was permitted thereby to follow the ecclesiastical discipline of Geneva, and was delivered from the jurisdiction of bishops, and from the forms of worship annexed to episcopacy. In William's reign, the divisions ran high among episcopalians—then forming those two parties which remain to this day, and will ever last, while some get into the priest's office for a morsel of bread; and others, by far the fewer number, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and seven other bishops: Lloyd, of Norwich; Turner, of Ely; Ken, of Bath and Wells; Frampton, of Gloucester; Thomas, of Worcester; Lake, of Chichester; and White, of Peterborough; men distinguished for learning and virtue, looked upon it as unlawful to take the oaths of allegiance to William, under the notion that James II., though banished, was their lawful king.

In this they were immoveable, and as the head must not have refractory members, the crown deprived them of their ecclesiastical dignities, and their sees were filled by Tillotson (as we have seen), Moore, Patrick, Kidder, Fowler, and Cumberland, names that will be ever pronounced with veneration by such as are capable of esteeming solid, well-employed learning, and genuine religion, and that will always shine among the brightest ornaments of the church of England. This famous

schism, that we cannot here follow in detail, gave rise to the terms *high* and *low* church. The former were so denominated on account of the high notions they entertained of the dignity and power of the church, and the extent they gave to its prerogatives and jurisdiction. What claims soever they may have to apostolical succession, inasmuch as they have come long subsequently to the apostles, I presume we must all allow this kind of succession, especially as to *follow* does not import to *be like*. One matter is beyond dispute, that successors there are, and I fear ever will be, to these non-jurors, who form pompous and ambitious conceptions of the authority and jurisdiction of the church, and would raise it to an absolute independence of all human power. And among those who go under the general denomination of the low-church party, many such, Dr. Mac-laine says, are to be found, although they disapprove of the schism, and distinguish themselves by their charity and moderation towards dissenters, and are less ardent in extending the limits of ecclesiastical authority.

The subject is fraught with interest, and tempts one to enlarge; but I must refrain. I have been led to say so much, that the difference between William III. and his great rival, Louis XIV., may be rendered still clearer. The latter we have seen, like a wild beast of the forest, depriving his people of their religious rights, and handing them over to the high-church; and what *their* tender mercies were, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the cruel persecutions in connexion therewith, exhibit. On the other hand, England was blessed with a king who appreciated civil and religious liberty, who put a hook in the nose of Leviathan; snatched the people from their peril; and, not content with cherishing and protecting all during his natural life, left such excellent laws, and well-defined boundaries, as require only to be known to lead the devout into praise and blessing—that overruling Providence who thus “raised up a deliverer for his people; and, while his works do follow him, all generations shall call him blessed!” The reader could not do better than consult the pages of Mosheim, Wilkins, Neal, Mac-laine, Hody, Burnet, &c., on this important period.

Pursuant to the act that had settled the succession, the crown of England devolved on Anne, the youngest daughter of James by his first marriage. This case affords one remarkable parallel to that of Mary and Elizabeth, inasmuch as then and now two sisters succeeded each other as queens regnant. She was in the 38th year of her age. The privy council waited in a body on the queen: she received them with a well considered speech, delivered with a soft voice, sweet pronounciation, and great weight and authority, which indeed were the general characteristics of

her addresses. Expressing great respect to the memory of the late king, she told them she meant to tread in his steps, in preserving church and state, in opposing the growing power of France, and in maintaining the succession in the protestant line. To the parliament she copiously repeated what she had said to the council. The city of London, and all the counties, cities, &c., went up in the usual way with addresses, and with the usual diversity of style. The Earl of Marlborough had returned lately to England, and Anne now sent him back to Holland to assure the States of her maintaining the alliances that had been concluded by the late king, and of doing every thing that the common concerns of Europe required. She gave notice also of her coming to the crown to all the princes and states of Europe, except France and Spain. When the news of William's death reached Holland, the States assembled immediately; they looked on one another as men amazed; they embraced one another, and promised they would stick together and adhere to the interests of their country: they sat up most of the night, and sent out all the orders that were necessary upon so extraordinary an occasion. They entered into strict confidence with Marlborough, so that he returned to England as well pleased with the Dutch as they were with him.

The coronation of Queen Anne took place on the 23rd of April. The queen, immediately after, gave orders for naming the Electoress of Brunswick in the collect for the royal family, as the next heir to the crown: she then formed her ministry. We learn, from the Duchess of Marlborough's letters, that though a reconciliation had taken place between the late king and her present majesty, it went little farther than decency required. She was not made acquainted with public affairs, and neither was encouraged to recommend any to posts of trust and advantage, nor put into communication with the ministry. The husband of the queen, Prince George, who, unlike the same relation of her sister, was never acknowledged king, had the title of generalissimo of all the queen's forces by sea and land. In the first speech of Anne to her parliament, she renewed the proposal of the late king for the union of Scotland to England. Spite of great opposition, it was carried; because it was so evidently the interest of England to shut that avenue against the practises of France, and the attempts of the pretended Prince of Wales. My reader is referred to De Foe's excellent "History of the Union."

Just now a step was taken by the house of Hanover, which had been concerted with the late king before his last illness, and was set on foot the week he died. The old Duke of Zell and his nephew the Elector of Brunswick went in person, with an army rather inferior in strength to that of the Dukes of Wol-

fenbittel: they entered their country while their troops were dispersed in their quarters, surprised some regiments of horse, and simultaneously invested both Wolfenbittel and Brunswick, so as to cut off all communication between them. The greater part of their men were subsisted with French pay, and they had engaged to declare for France as soon as required. These two dukes, Rudolph and Anthony, could not bear the advancement of the house of Hanover, which had mainly thrown them into the arms of France. They were now, however, forced to break their engagements with that power, and join the common interests of the empire. The dispositions made by England and Holland to overthrow the Bourbon family, Voltaire observes, demand the attention of all ages.

Holland in the maintenance of vast numbers of troops, to be employed in the field, or to be kept in garrisons, was performing more than the vast monarchy of Spain could at this juncture. "A province of merchants, which had been almost totally subdued within two months, thirty years before, could now do more than the sovereigns of Spain, Naples, Flanders, Peru, and Mexico. In alliances it almost always happens that the parties furnish, at length, less than they promised. England, on the contrary, in the second year of the war, sent 50,000, instead of 40,000: and, towards the end of the war, she maintained of her own troops, and those of her allies, upon the frontiers of France, in Spain, in Italy, in Ireland, in America, and in her fleets, 220,000 soldiers and sailors. This expense will appear incredible to one who considers that England, properly speaking, is but equal to a third of France, and has not half so much money in specie: but it will not surpass the belief of those who know what commerce and credit can do. The English bore always the greatest burden in this alliance: the Dutch lightened theirs by degrees; for, in reality, the republic of the States-General are only an illustrious company of merchants; but England is a rich and fertile kingdom, abounding in merchants and warriors."

Louis XIV., in announcing to the Count of Marsin, then in Naples, the death of William III., wisely observes that they must not relax any precaution upon the presumption of peace which this event might create. That the maxims of William yet subsisted, and that the only way to render his projects useless was to persuade England and Holland how much more desirable peace would be to them than a ruinous and fruitless war. In short, that it is necessary to spare nothing to ensure the safety of Spain, as the death of one man was not important enough wholly to change the order of affairs. The Marshal de Noailles says this advice was the more necessary in Spain, where their movements, always slow and imperfect, created

great uneasiness. That country, having been greatly weakened under the late kings of the blood of Charles V., became more so in the beginning of the reign of a son of the Bourbon family. It could not be doubted that Portugal would, sooner or later, espouse the cause of the Austrian family, as it appeared her interest to ferment a civil war, by which Lisbon must be a considerable gainer. The shifty Duke of Savoy, though allied to the Bourbons by family compacts and various treaties, having had a monthly pension of 50,000 crowns, subsequently augmented to 200,000 livres, was still not thought to be bound fast enough, as he wanted to have Montferrat, and part of Milan given up to him. Treated with hauteur by the French generals, and the ministry of Versailles, he shrewdly suspected he should soon be disregarded by his sons-in-law. Whereas he had suddenly quitted the empire for France, as he was now neglected by that power, it was anticipated that he would take the first opportunity of deserting her.

Louis had arrived at that period of life, when men are supposed more to cultivate retirement; and if Madame de Maintenon had not the vigour nor greatness of soul requisite to support the glory of a state, she still had powerful qualities. Under her auspices, Chamillard had been made superintendant of finances in 1698, and secretary at war in 1701. Being more of the fine gentleman than the minister, he mistook himself so far as to undertake a weight, which together Colbert and Louvois had borne with difficulty. Louis too much relied upon himself, and at the death of Louvois had said to James II., "I have lost a good minister, but this shall not affect either your affairs or mine." When he chose Barbesieux to succeed Louvois as secretary at war, he told him he had made his father a minister, and he would make him one too. The Marquis of Barbesieux had received the survivorship from Louis long before, by a remarkable and mischievous custom unknown to us English. Referring to p. 268, my reader will see that Louvois' death took place in the midst of the king's feeling of displeasure towards that fiery and unpopular minister. Louis therefore allowed the court to see that the awful occurrence had relieved his mind, and, after the delay of a few hours, went to his cabinet, sending for M. de Chamlay.

Louis represented to him that Barbesieux was only 24 years old, that he was giddy and unsuitable for business: in short, he was unfit to succeed his father; the king therefore proposed Chamlay should accept the office unconditionally. Chamlay was a just man, he declined the proffered advancement, notwithstanding the king's reiterated and urgent entreaties, upon the honourable ground that he had received such great benefits from Louvois that he would never displace his son. He added

hat, even if Louis should take away the portfolio from Barbesieux, *he* would not be the man to accept it. At the same time he offered to work under him, to help his youth with all the advice and assistance he was capable of. His probity met with the reward most acceptable to his high mind: under the counsel of Madame de Maintenon, Louis gave the office to Barbesieux, acquainting him with what had passed. Having told his courtiers that which had taken place with Chamlay, the delicate mind of that fine character was oppressed with the universal approbation of his disinterested conduct. It should be recorded that the new minister published every where his obligations to Chamlay, and gratefully thanked him for his remarkable departure from the ordinary rules which guide the conduct of men.

Barbesieux soon showed that he required such assistance; for his negligence threw much more work upon the king, who thus writes to the brother of Louvois, that witty Archbishop of Rheims, who told James II. he had thrown away three crowns for a mass. "I know what I owe to the memory of M. de Louvois; but, if your nephew does not change his conduct, I shall be obliged to take a decided part. I shall be very sorry for it, but I must do it. He has talents, but he does not make a good use of them. He gives suppers often to princes, instead of working. He neglects his business for his pleasures. He keeps the officers too long waiting in his anti-chamber. He speaks to them with haughtiness, and sometimes even with harshness." We have witnessed the independence of Pontchartrain; he had also shown a sense of justice in his conduct as one of Fouquet's judges, inflexibly maintaining his determination in favour of the mildest sentence on the superintendent. He was then extremely poor; but, though all he asked was the survivorship of his office for his son, he was so marked for his independence that it was refused, and the young man continued merely a counsellor in the court of requests.

In the course of a short time, Colbert, who had been his inveterate enemy, met Pontchartrain at an evening party; and, struck with his brilliant wit, appointed him chief president of the parliament of Brittany. In this office he greatly distinguished himself as regards finance; and, attention being called to his abilities, in 1687, he received the office of intendant, under Le Pelletier. Two years passed, and his chief resigned, pointing out Pontchartrain to the king for his successor. Another year went by, and the death of Seignelai opened the departments of the marine and the king's household, so that he was again promoted. The Duke of St. Simon says, "he was a thin little man, well formed for his size, with a countenance from which sparks of fire and wit broke forth without cessation, and which fulfilled even more than it promised. Never was

there so much promptitude in comprehending, so much lightness and pleasantry in conversation, so much justice and rapidity in reply, so much facility and solidity in labour, so much expedition, so much sudden knowledge of men, or more art in winning them. With these qualities, an enlightened simplicity and a prudent gaiety floated above all, and rendered him charming, both in trifles and in affairs of importance." Notwithstanding these resources, he had abundant demands upon his versatility; for, maugre his repugnance to *the capitation tax*, he was forced by the king to adopt it. Another odious impost called *the tenth*, he had influence enough to reject; and he had the frequent and painful annoyance of opposing many unjust demands, even favoured by Louis.

Disliking the finance department, he had often expressed his wish to retire; at length Boucherat, the chancellor, died, and Louis most honourably promoted Pontchartrain to the highest place inclination or ambition could prompt him to aspire to. His removal left those places vacant that we have just seen the influence of Madame de Maintenon secured for Chamillard, and to which he had been more recommended owing to his agreeable manners and even temper than on account of his fiscal abilities. De Torci was a son of Colbert de Croissy, who died in 1696: the memoirs of De Torci I have had recourse to on Spanish affairs, and shall still frequently refer to those important papers. He was very young when appointed to office; to it indeed he was promoted on the condition of placing himself under the able and judicious Pomponne, to whom Louis had become reconciled, probably in part from painful reminiscences of the sad effects resulting from the neglect of his sound advice, mentioned at p. 129. The plan was found to work well.

Chamillard's functions were ill performed. The operations of a campaign were settled in Madame de Maintenon's apartment, and the loss and inconvenience became manifest in cases wherein commanders sometimes had to wait for permission to perform a particular enterprise from this secret conclave—often the opportunity was lost, or the general defeated. Under this feeble ministry, military rewards, or other honours, were inconsiderately lavished: young men, and even children, were allowed to purchase regiments; whilst, says Voltaire, among the enemy, a regiment was the reward of twenty years' service. In 1693, the king had first created the order of the Knights of St. Louis, which was intended to raise a spirit of emulation among his officers. But the crosses of this order were sold as soon as Chamillard's ministry began; they were to be bought at the war-office for 50 crowns. Military discipline had become neglected. The magazines were now neither sufficiently supplied, nor kept in readiness; nor were the arms properly tempered:



these matters gave great concern to reflecting people, who knew the kind of generals and armies France would now have to encounter.

Prince Eugene, of Savoy, whose undying name remains to his day as familiar as that of Napoleon, was grandson of Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy. His father, the count of Soissons, who settled in France, was a lieutenant-general, and governor of Champagne. My reader will recollect that he married Olympia Mancini, one of Mazarin's nieces, who became celebrated in the annals of infamy, as the murderess of the unfortunate Henrietta, sister of Charles I. of England, and afterwards perpetrated a similar act to the destruction of Henrietta's daughter, the young Queen of Spain. Eugene sprang from this unhappy marriage, he was born at Paris, October, 1663; and, as Voltaire remarks, though so little known to Louis in his youth, he became fatally so afterwards. Owing to his connexion with the Princes de Conti, he had been refused the command of a single troop of horse: he then entered the church, and was called the Abbé of Savoy: he petitioned for an abbey, which was also denied him. Finding he could get forward neither in the church nor the army, in France, in 1684, he offered his services to the emperor, in company with the Princes of Conti, who had already rendered Leopold distinguished service against the Turks in Hungary.

Louis XIV. sent orders after them to return; but the Abbé Eugene alone dared to disobey, declaring that he renounced France for ever. Little dreaming of the disasters and humiliations the fugitive was destined to produce to the "Grand Monarque," on hearing of this bold reply, that king, smiling contemptuously, said to his courtiers, "Don't you think I suffer a great loss?" They all declared Eugene to be disordered in his mind: and, remembering the sallies of his youth, prognosticated that he would never set the Thames on fire. And yet this contemned youth had inherent qualities for a great warrior and able statesman; his understanding clear and elevated, he had at once resolution for the cabinet or the field. All generals have committed errors—those of Eugene were effaced by the number of his great actions. This prince, whom Louis laughed at as a "great loss," humbled the grandeur of that gorgeous monarch, and governed Germany; manifesting throughout the whole course of his victories and administration, equal contempt of pride and riches. He even cultivated letters, and encouraged them as much as he could at the court of Vienna. In the 38th year of his age, after having derived great experience from his victories over the Turks, and the mistakes of the Imperialists during the late wars, he now appears at the head of the Germanic forces, with unlimited powers, commanding 30,000 men.

Prince Eugene's first movement was to make a descent upon Italy by the bishoprick of Trent. He formally asked permission of the Venetians; but, not waiting for an answer, he attacked St. Fremont, the French general, whom he completely defeated at Carpi, on July 9, 1701. Then adroitly turning his arms upon Catinat, that able general was driven back before Eugene; who thus became master of the open country between the Adige and the Adda, forcing Catinat to shelter his army behind the Oglio. The skilful prince, to a profound depth of design, added a surprising quickness of execution; and Catinat had to conduct a retreat, insufficiently supplied with ammunition by the government, and entertaining suspicions of treachery on the part of the Duke of Savoy. He manifested such strong suspicions to the duke himself on the subject, and complained so loudly of the inefficient supplies with which his army was furnished, that a cabal was raised against Catinat at home, though most of the best officers approved of his retreat as extremely prudent. However, the courtiers insisted upon it that Catinat had tarnished the "glory" of the French name; he was superseded, and Marshal Villeroi undertook to wipe out the spot, and retrieve the honour of the nation. His confident tone, and the fancy of the king, procured the command in Italy for him; and the tried, the indefatigable, the brave, the able, and the disinterested, Catinat, met with the fate of most great men who have served their country. Notwithstanding his famous victories at Stafard and Marsal, he was placed *under* the command of Villeroi.

The marshal Duke of Villeroi was son to the king's preceptor; and, having been a companion to him in his pleasures and campaigns, was always a great favourite with Louis. Voltaire describes him as engaging, courageous, honourable, friendly, sociable, and magnificent in every thing. His enemies said that he was more attracted with the glitter of command than qualified to lead armies; and he was reproached with a pernicious degree of obstinacy, that led him to neglect the good advice of others. The defection of the Duke of Savoy might have taken place otherwise; but it is certain that the insolence of this favourite of Louis XIV. precipitated that calamity to France. The marshal affected equality at least with the reigning duke; called him familiarly "Savoy;" and treated him more as a general in the pay of Louis than as the master of the barriers which nature had fixed between France and Italy. While "Savoy" had the empty title of generalissimo, Villeroi had the sole authority, in the exercise of which he gave orders to attack Prince Eugene, posted at Chiari, near the Oglio. The general officers were of opinion that such a step would be contrary to all the rules of war, as the post was of no consequence, and the

intrenchments were inaccessible, so that, while they could gain nothing by carrying it; if they failed, they would lose the reputation of the campaign.

Villeroi was peremptory, even to the Duke of Savoy; and he sent an aide-de-camp to Catinat, to order that marshal on the attack. Catinat made him repeat the order thrice; and then turning to the officers under his command, "Come, then, gentlemen," said he, "we must obey." They accordingly marched up to the entrenchments. The Duke of Savoy, says Voltaire, behaved, at the head of his troops, not like a man dissatisfied with France, exhibiting the most undaunted courage and pertinacity at the very time he was in secret alliance with the power he was attacking. Catinat fought as if he was fighting for death: he was wounded, when the French were repulsed; not waiting for Villeroi's orders, he made good his retreat. He left the army in disgust, and waited upon the king at Versailles to give an account of his conduct, without lodging a complaint against any body.

Prince Eugene always maintained his superiority over Villeroi. In the middle of the winter of 1702, one night when the marshal was asleep in the utmost apparent security, in Cremona, a town of great strength, defended by a numerous garrison, he was suddenly awakened by the noise of several vollies of musket-shot; in a great hurry he got up, and mounted his horse. He was met by a squadron of the enemy, instantly taken prisoner, and conducted out of the town, not knowing what was passing there, nor being able to imagine the cause of this surprising event. Prince Eugene was already in Cremona. A priest named Bozzoli, provost of St. Maria Nova, had let in the Germans by a common sewer; 400 soldiers, having by this means being conveyed into the priest's house, had killed the guards at the two gates, which, being opened, Prince Eugene entered with 4,000 men. This had all been done before the Spanish governor could have the least suspicion; and, as we have seen, before Villeroi was awake. The governor, on his appearance in the street, was killed by a musket shot; and all the general officers shared the same fate, or were taken prisoners, except the Count de Reuel, the lieutenant-general, and the Marquis de Pralin.

But the prudence of Eugene was destined to disappointment. The Chevalier d'Entragues was the same day to have had a review of his regiment of marines; they had accordingly assembled by four o'clock in the morning at one end of the town, precisely at the time Prince Eugene entered at the other. D'Entragues hurried into the streets with his men, and furiously attacked the Germans: this gave time to the rest of the garrison to come together, the officers and soldiers thronged the streets

and public places in the utmost confusion—some half-armed, and others half naked, without a commander, and without order. They fought in the greatest distraction, running from street to street, and from square to square. Two Irish regiments at last checked the fury of the imperialists. Never was any town surprised with greater art and stratagem, nor any defended with greater valour. The garrison consisted of 5,000 men: Prince Eugene had yet brought into the town but 4,000, and another detachment of his army was to have come by a bridge over the Po. This bridge was to have been first seized by the German cuirassiers, who were accordingly, at the proper time, directed to that enterprise. For this purpose, as they had come in at the south gate nearest the common sewer, they must now pass through the Po gate, towards the field of Cremona, on the south side, and thence to the bridge. They accordingly hastened thither; but the guide, who conducted them, happening to be killed by a musket-shot from a window, the cuirassiers mistook one street for another, and thus lost their time and way.

It was during this interval that the Irish, having rushed to the Po gate, furiously attacked and repulsed the cuirassiers. De Pralin seized the opportunity, and ordered the bridge to be cut down: thus the re-inforcement, which the enemy expected, could not advance, and the town was saved. Prince Eugene, after having fought the whole day, and always kept possession of the gate he had entered, at last retreated; carrying with him Marshal Villeroi and several general officers prisoners. But he failed in keeping Cremona, which his own activity and the negligence of the governor had put into his hands. Villeroi was loudly exclaimed against at Paris; Louis however said, "They are thus outrageous against him because he is my favourite." The Duke of Vendôme was now named for the command in Italy: this grandson of Henry IV. was like his ancestor in boldness and intrepidity, affability and benevolence. Haughty only to princes, he was easy to every body else. His soldiers fought with enthusiasm, and would have sacrificed their lives to retrieve a false step, which Voltaire, in continuation, remarks he was apt to be led into sometimes by the precipitancy of his temper. But he was no match for Prince Eugene, neither forming such deep designs, nor so well understanding the art of providing subsistence for armies. He neglected all economy, and allowed military discipline to relax: his table and his bed occupied too much of his time; and this was also the case with his brother. His effeminacy often brought him into danger of being surprised; but on the day of action he retrieved all by a wonderful presence of mind.

His disorder and negligence were not confined to the

army: in his house, and even in his person, from dislike to ostentation, he ran into the other extreme of unparalleled slovenliness. His brother, the grand prior, who served under him, had the same faults to excess. It was astonishing to see both these generals a-bed at four o'clock in the afternoon, and to witness two grandsons of Henry IV. so neglect their persons as even the meanest would be ashamed of. But what is most surprising is that, in a war against Eugene, so full of stratagems surprises, marches, passages of rivers, dangerous though unserviceable skirmishes, and bloody engagements, in which both sides gained the victory; as at Luzara, Aug. 15, 1702, for which *Te Deum* was sung both at Vienna and Paris; Vendôme generally came off victorious, when he had not to do with Eugene in person; but when Eugene himself commanded, then France had little reason to boast. Amidst all these battles and sieges, the French court received certain intelligence that the Duke of Savoy was going over to the interest of the allies, notwithstanding his being grandson of Louis XIII., and father-in-law to the Duke of Burgundy and to Philip V. The secret of his change was that the emperor promised him all that the French refused him, Montferrat, Mantua, Alexandria, Valencia, the country between the Po and the Tenaro, and much more specie than France had allowed him. This was to be furnished by England, for the emperor could only pay his own army with great difficulty. The conduct of the duke is a question of morals, which, says Voltaire, have but little effect on princes. In the end he was a great gainer, but he managed matters so badly that 5,000 of his troops were left at the mercy of the French while he was treating with the emperor; Vendôme caused them to be disarmed, Aug. 19, 1703.

Turning from the disasters of the French in Italy, we find that the King of Portugal had likewise declared against France, and acknowledged Charles III. King of Spain. The latter gave away, by a treaty, what he had neither right nor power to meddle with, to Pedro II., Vigo, Bayonne, Alcantara, Badajoz, part of Estramadura, and all that country on the west of the silver river in America. In a word, Charles gave away what he *had* not, to acquire what he *could* not. Not content with open hostility, the King of Portugal joined Prince Darmstadt, minister to the Archduke Charles, and his partisan the admirante of Castile, in urging the Emperor of Morocco to assist against France, not only with horses and corn, but also barbarian troops. Muley Ismael was a shrewd man, and the most warlike Mahometan potentate existing. He was agreeable to their wishes, but required the Portuguese monarch's son, and certain towns as hostages; and, as this would have been dangerous to Christendom, Voltaire remarks, the *Christians* tore one another to

pieces with their own hands, without the help of those barbarians. At page 342, I showed my reader how, through the skilful counsel of William III., the Hanover family took advantage of the inertness of the Dukes of Wolfenbuttel, and forced them into the alliance against France. This completed the union of the north of Germany; for the war between Sweden and Poland precluded the assistance of the latter state to France; and thus all the north was agreed to crush the ambition of Louis. We have just seen how French influence and success had waned in the south of Europe. Having given my reader a bird's-eye view of European politics, I must retrograde to the death of William, and the course followed in the new reign of Anne.

Marlborough and Godolphin were *moderate Tories!* the rest of the new ministry were *ultras*, with whom the queen sympathized. But the power of Marlborough was supreme, and his strong good sense perceived the wisdom and justice of William's views relative to the danger of French ambition, and concluded them in determination to carry out his intentions and alliances. So that after the return of our great general from Holland, whither he had been to arrange with the Dutch republic and the imperial minister, on May 4, 1702, hostilities were declared by Great Britain against France and Spain. On May 15, Marlborough departed to take the command of our armies: there were many competitors for the chief command. Marlborough himself made strenuous exertions to procure that appointment for Prince George of Denmark; others were for Archduke Charles; the King of Prussia, the Duke of Zell, the Elector of Hanover (George I.), the Prince of Nassau, the Earl of Athlone (our friend of many names, see p. 253). But Heinsius the patriotic pensionary of Holland, and the sensible part of the Dutch, well knew that Ginkle was the only one worth a thought, after Marlborough; and he wisely threw his influence into the scale for the appointment of Marlborough himself, who finally accepted the office of generalissimo, with a salary of £10,000 a year.

The disappointment of the various candidates worked up enmity and annoyance to Marlborough. The principal army of the allies was under Ginkle, in the neighbourhood of Cleves, as well to help the Prince of Nassau Saarbruck, as to cover that part of the frontier between the Rhine and the Meuse. Now, though Ginkle had voted for Marlborough, as with us one rival Speaker always belies himself by voting for another; he behaved very ill afterwards, in constant acts of opposition, while he affected great deference. In short, De Reede de Ginkle, naturally cold and circumspect, had become gnarled by age, and unaccommodating by jealousy. Cohorn commanded 10,000 men near the mouth of the Scheldt, threatening Bruges. He

was opposed by the Marquis of Bedmar, who acted as commander, in the name of Philip; and the Count de la Motte covered the side against Cohorn. The greater army of France was nominally placed under the Duke of Burgundy, Marshal Boufflers really managing: this was on the Meuse, where they occupied advantageous fortresses in the bishopric of Liége. Marshal Tallard had been detached from the Upper Rhine, to interrupt the siege of Kayerswerth. My reader now has a statement of the position chosen by the various armies, their commanders, and relative importance. The pages of history connected with such stirring events should be read with an open map by our side; it much increases the interest, and facilitates the understanding of the recital.

Marlborough repaired to Nimeguen, where he gave orders to draw the army together, amounting to 60,000 men, sixty-two pieces of cannon, eight mortars, and twenty-four pontoons. He was embarrassed by the delay of fourteen days, taken up in squabbles between Prussia and Hanover, about points of punctilio. At length he started to cross the Meuse, and march to the siege of Rheinberg. As soon as he saw the enemy's camp, he exclaimed to the Dutch deputies, "I hope soon to deliver you from these troublesome neighbours." No sooner did the enemy hear that Marlborough had crossed the Meuse, than they de-camped by forced marches. Twice was he prevented by the over-cautious nature of the Dutch from attacking the French, on both of which occasions Marshal Berwick confessed an attack must have destroyed the French army. The Duke of Burgundy, having been compelled to this inglorious retreat, took disgust at military matters, and left the army. Louis was dissatisfied with Marshal Boufflers, and very shortly afterwards he was removed from the command of armies, which he never resumed.

Louis Francis, Duc de Boufflers, was born in 1644, and was a soldier from boyhood: before he was twenty-five, he was a colonel of dragoons, under Turenne and Crequi. His exploits as commander-in-chief were worthy of a great general, and drew forth appropriate compliments from his opponents. When William III. took Namur, he detained Boufflers in retaliation for the French having detained the garrison of Dixmude—"Then," said Boufflers, "my garrison, not myself, should be detained." "Sir," it was answered, "you are of more value than 10,000 soldiers." For his defence of Lille he had been raised to the peerage; and on entering the parliament, Moreri informs us, he turned round to a body of his officers who accompanied him, and said, "It is to you I am indebted for all these favours; I have nothing to glory in but the honour of having commanded so many heroes." He died in 1711. To

enter into the particulars of the life and surprising success of the great Marlborough, both the nature and limits of this work forbid; I can only record his numerous conquests, showing the justice of Voltaire's remark, that "he proved the most fatal man to the grandeur of France, that had appeared for many ages." In most respects, this celebrated writer seems able to appreciate the character of the renowned English commander, awarding as much praise to his conduct in negotiation as to the more stirring necessities of action.

Not led away by the tinsel of great names, speaking of Eugene, in connection with the indefatigable Marlborough, he observes that, "these two great men, who sometimes jointly commanded and sometimes separately, lived always in a good understanding. They had frequent conferences at the Hague with the grand pensionary Heinsius, the minister who governed Holland in conjunction with secretary Fagel, with as much sagacity as the Barnevelts and De Witts, and with better fortune. These three statesmen so concerted measures that they put the springs of half Europe in motion against the house of Bourbon. The French ministry was then too weak to resist long such united force. They always kept the plan of the operations of the campaign a profound secret. They themselves concerted their designs, and never communicated them, even to those whose assistance was necessary, till on the point of execution. On the contrary, Chamillard, being no politician, no warrior, nor even well versed in the public revenue, was greatly unequal to the part of a prime minister."

In quick succession, Marlborough took Venloo, Stevenswaert, Ruremond, and Liége; in the latter city a large booty was found in the citadel. Besides 36 pieces of cannon, and a great quantity of arms and ammunition, the troops discovered 300,000 florins in notes upon responsible merchants. One grenadier found 1,000 louis-d'or in a bag. The States were highly satisfied with all Marlborough did, and the man of many names did him the justice to own that, having differed with the commander-in-chief in opinion, he must attribute all the success to the skill he had shown. In November, when the campaign may be said to have terminated, the allies had nearly been deprived of the advantages gained. Marlborough took the whim into his head of returning to the Hague in a boat on the Meuse.

One company went in the boat with him, and two companies went in another boat before them: there were also some troops ordered to ride along the banks, to guard them. They stopped at Ruremond to dine with the governor, and then continued their course. The greater boat went too quick, and the horse mistook the way in the night. Gueldres was the only town remaining in the hands of the French thereabouts: a party



thence was lying on the banks of the river waiting for an adventure, so they seized the boat, the whole company being fast asleep.

The enemy had now the great Marlborough, Opdam, one of the Dutch generals, and Gueldermaslen, one of the States' deputies, in their hands: the English commander happened to be unknown to them, but they recognized the other two. These latter had passes, which were civilly attended to by the generals on both sides. One of Marlborough's attendants, Gell, had in his pocket an old pass for General Churchill, the commander-in-chief's brother. With great presence of mind, he slipped it into Marlborough's hand unperceived, as the earl had thought it beneath him to solicit a pass, and was consequently entrapped. The pass had long expired, and in reality was as valueless as the notes of a country banker after his failure. But Marlborough very coolly presented it, which, with the darkness of the night, caused their captors to exercise a very lax scrutiny. The "*braves*" contented themselves with a search of the trunks and baggage; emptying which of valuables, they permitted the great general and his companions to proceed. Tidings of their being taken arrived before them at the Hague, upon which the States, in great consternation, called a meeting. They sent off prompt orders for all their forces to march immediately to Gueldres, threatening the garrison with extremities, unless they would deliver their prisoners, and never to leave the place until they had either taken it, or had the generals delivered up to them.

Before these orders could be despatched, the earl safely arrived at the Hague, to the inexpressible joy of the States and the inhabitants in general. The gravity of the Dutch was turned into extravagant joy, and the gratulations of the vast crowd, who all tried to shake hands with him, or otherwise to show their attachment, were so violent that it was long before he could reach his hotel. He received formal congratulations from public bodies in Holland; and, on returning to England, was met with similar pride, Whigs and Tories joining in heartfelt plaudits. The queen went to St. Paul's to return thanks, attended by both houses of parliament, who voted him grants of public money, while he was raised to a dukedom; the force of honour could go no farther. Landau was taken, after a long siege: the King of the Romans arrived just in time to have the honour ascribed to him, but with such pomp of equipage as to have been laughable, but for the ruinous expense it entailed on Leopold. Bavaria, seeing how France was becoming crippled, made great demands of Louis, who hesitated, until the fall of Landau had opened the neighbourhood of France itself to the Prince of Baden—when the elector gained his ends, as it was necessary for France to have him upon any terms.

Notwithstanding the depression of his country, one appeared who, in the florid language of Voltaire, "seemed designed to be a bulwark to the glory of France." This was Louis Hector, Duc de Villars, then only a lieutenant-general, but who ultimately became generalissimo of the armies of France, Spain, and Sardinia. He became noted for his determinate adherence to his own opinions. Sometimes he had resisted Louis, and, what was more dangerous, Louvois; he was therefore not considered *modest*. He was a straightforward, artless character, and the courtiers were all against him. Ere he set out, he attended at court to pay his respects to the king, and before all the court he said, "Sir, I am going to fight your majesty's enemies—and I leave you surrounded with mine." After Landau had fallen, the Prince of Baden, at the head of that army of the imperialists, had continued his progress, and now was in the mountains of the Brisgau, adjoining the Black Forest, which immense and wild country separated the French troops from the Bavarian army that it was their intention to join. Catinat had feared this enterprise—for, had he failed, the French army would have been irrecoverably lost, and Alsace laid open.

But Villars determined to make the desperate effort: and near Friedlingen, engaged the cavalry in the plain, while the French infantry, after having clambered up to the summit of the mountains, attacked that of the Germans, entrenched in the woods. The Prince of Baden lost 3,000 men, with all his artillery, and was pursued for six miles across the woods and defiles. At least, this and numberless other advantages were claimed by the French, with their usual sprightliness. But other accounts state success to have attended the Prince of Baden, for which *Te Deum* was offered up at Vienna: at any rate, Villars was compelled to return to Strasbourg. In April, 1703, he succeeded in joining the Elector of Bavaria, who had been gaining ground, and was in possession of Ratisbon, where, just before, the diet of the empire had been laying schemes for his destruction. The Count de Styrum, at the head of 20,000 men, was trying to join the formidable army of the Prince of Baden near Donawert. Villars said to the Elector of Bavaria, "We must prevent this—we must march instantly, and attack Styrum." The elector hesitated, and was not a little displeased with Villars:—the lively French marshal replied, "Very well, if your electoral highness will not seize this opportunity with your Bavarians, I will engage with the French;" and, accordingly, he immediately gave orders for the attack. The engagement took place on the plains of Hoch-stet, near Donawert.

Both armies were seized with a panic. Villars, who at one time was left almost alone, with great difficulty rallied his troops, led them on to a fresh charge, and gained the victory. The

Elector of Bavaria got possession of Augsburg; and, the road to Vienna being open, it was debated whether or not the court should quit Vienna. The consternation of the emperor can readily be understood, for he was every where worsted: under Tallard and Vauban, old Brisac had been reduced; the Prince of Hesse had been defeated near Spires, and Tallard had retaken Laudan. Tallard characteristically advertised the king of his success thus: "Sire, your army has taken more standards and colours than it has lost common soldiers." This first success in Germany, it was supposed, would lead Villars farther; but he was embarrassed with the obstinate haughtiness of the elector—they were always quarreling,—and at last the elector demanded another marshal of France. Thus, says Voltaire, notwithstanding he was so necessary in Germany, where he had gained two battles, and, in all probability, would have overpowered the emperor, yet he was sent away to the Cevennes, to quell an insurrection among the country people.

The Duke of Marlborough returned to the Netherlands in the beginning of the year 1703. He took Bonne, the residence of the Elector of Cologne. He then took Huy and Limburg; and made himself master of all the circle of the lower Rhine. Villeroi had been set at liberty, and now commanded in Flanders, but his success was not greater against Marlborough than it had been against Eugene. In this state of matters, the distresses of the emperor having arrived at the last extremity—the Elector of Bavaria, master of the Danube all down to Passau,—Vienna threatened on both sides, and not in a condition to make a long defence, the house of Austria appeared almost lost. The emperor solicited assistance from the Queen of England, and she privately empowered Marlborough to act as he thought proper. He saw the necessity of an efficient stroke, and with difficulty got leave from the States, under a pretence of moving to the Moselle, to go farther. So he marched with all possible expedition from the Rhine to the Danube, to the astonishment of the King of France, and the Elector of Bavaria.

Tallard was sent off in all haste with the best French troops to support the elector, who feared Marlborough would break into Bavaria. On July 2, 1704, having arrived at Donawert, opposite to the elector's lines, wherein about 20,000 French and Bavarians were entrenched, Marlborough forced his way at the head of three English battalions, and defeated the enemy; took Donawert, passed the Danube, and laid all Bavaria under contribution. About 5,000 were killed of the English and Dutch, and 6,000 of French and Bavarians. Villeroi had been sent after Marlborough, but did not come up with him; nor indeed did he know his whereabouts, till he heard of the victory of Donawert. The best forces of Bavaria were now destroyed: so

that the elector, with Marshal Marsin, drew his remaining forces under the cannon of Augsburg; the duke followed them, and got between them and the country, so as to have it wholly in his power. Prince Eugene now arrived, and this was the first interview between these great commanders. Tallard, at the head of 30,000 men, marched another way to join the elector, and oppose Marlborough. Owing to the perfidy of the elector, who had been amusing himself at the expense of the English—entering into and signing treaties, to gain time—the dreadful consequences were entailed of giving up his country to military execution; and, awful to relate, for no fault of the poor sufferers, but for the infamy of their rulers, more than 300 towns, villages, and castles, were burnt!

Tallard was now approaching, and at Biberbach at last put himself in communication with the Bavarian army. In anticipation of this, they had resolved to reduce all the strong places in Bavaria. The Prince of Baden besieged Ingoldstadt with the imperial forces, while the Duke of Marlborough covered it with the auxiliaries, that might be joined by those under Prince Eugene in case of need. The prince had made a parallel march with Tallard from the Rhine, and with 18,000 men arrived at about the same time. Marlborough and Eugene proceeded to survey the ground; observing some of the enemy in the distance, the two generals mounted the steeple of Dampfeim church, and discovered the quarter-masters of the French marking out a camp between Blenheim and Lützingen. They were charmed with the discovery, and resolved immediately to give battle before the enemy could strengthen themselves in their new position. The French were well posted, having the Danube on one side, and a rivulet on the other, whose banks were high, in some places forming a morass before them. So advantageous was the position of the French that several experienced officers ventured to remonstrate: but Marlborough saw, at once, that to give them time to fortify themselves would leave them out of all danger; and that even a defeat of the allies would be no worse than remaining still. He said, "I know the perils of this case, but rely on the discipline and courage of the troops."

Marlborough passed part of the night in prayer, and towards morning received the sacrament! He then took a little rest, and, having consulted with Prince Eugene, he sent for the surgeons, and arranged with them proper posts for the wounded. The duke had under his command 33,500 infantry, and 18,500 cavalry: the French and Bavarians had from 69,000 to 70,000. The chaplains performed service at the head of the English regiments at six o'clock in the morning, which had opened hazy, so much so that the enemy did not suspect our attack; that commenced by Marlborough's passing the rivulet. Tallard, it is

thought, should have attempted to check this; but he laboured under a disadvantage peculiarly distressing to a commander—he was very near-sighted: and his ardent courage in the day of battle produced a nervous excitement, little short of insanity. The French cavalry gave way before Marlborough, except ten battalions, who were literally mowed down in their ranks; and our cavalry drove whole bodies into the Danube, where they perished. Tallard thrice rallied his troops, but in vain: his son was mortally wounded. The French marshal mistook a body of Hessians for his own troops, owing to his defective vision, and was instantly made prisoner. Some fled in one direction, some in another, being driven back by Prince Eugene's division: the panic was complete: the accounts say, thousands threw themselves into the Danube, and were drowned.

Thousands sought shelter in Blenheim, where, thoroughly frightened, they laid down their arms, surrendering to the Earl of Orkney; thus, by that act, placing 1,300 officers, and 12,000 common soldiers in our hands. The earl had entered the village on horseback, accompanied by a French officer named Desnouilles: his brother officers crowded around them, and said "Do you bring an English prisoner with you?" He replied, "No, gentlemen, I am the prisoner, and come to tell you that you have no other course to take but to surrender yourselves prisoners of war; and here is my Lord Orkney, who offers you terms of capitulation." All these veterans, says Voltaire, expressed the utmost astonishment; the regiment of Navarre tore their colours, and buried them under the ground. Compelled, however, by necessity, they yielded; while Europe was astonished at the ignominy, the French historians, with national vivacity, console themselves that, *some years afterwards*, 14,000 Swedes were placed under similar compulsion to the Russians! Thus the whole of Tallard's army was either killed in the action, drowned in the Danube, or became prisoners by capitulation. This celebrated action occurred August 13, 1704.

On Prince Eugene's side, he had at first been repulsed by the Elector and Marsin; but he finally routed them, and was master of their camp, cannon, and baggage. Marsin succeeded in making a tolerable retreat with some thousands, who hastened to evacuate Germany. Eugene swept all Bavaria; Prince Louis of Baden took Landau; and Marlborough, having repassed the Rhine, made himself master of Treves and Traarback. The Elector of Bavaria, a fugitive from his own dominions, retired to Brussels: the electress, while she received the civilities due to her sex, was compelled to submit to the terms imposed. Ingoldstadt and all the fortified places in the electorate, with all their magazines, were given up to the Allies; the towns and cities, before captured by France, were restored to the empire.

Marlborough was made a prince of the empire, by way of testifying the gratitude of the Germans for his eminent services. It is said that, in his flight, the Elector of Bavaria met with his brother the Elector of Cologne, who was likewise driven from his dominions; they embraced each other, and shed tears. Amazement and consternation seized the court of Versailles at the tidings of this signal defeat, which arrived while that "invincible" people were bedizened with feathers and ribbands to rejoice at the birth of a great-grandson of the "Grand Monarque;" so that all dreaded to tell the king the "cruel truth."

Madame de Maintenon at length had the painful task of informing Louis of the disastrous termination of the battle of Blenheim, where at least 40,000 were either killed or prisoners, and all their artillery, ammunition, and standards, tents and field equipages, marshal, generals, and officers. The French army being entirely dispersed, the allies had now a free communication betwixt the Danube and the Rhine. Though a hundred leagues of ground were lost, yet the frontiers of France remained undiminished. It was necessary to make prodigious efforts to stop the victorious Duke of Marlborough. The broken remains of the army were re-assembled, the garrisons were drained, and the militia ordered to take the field. After great efforts of Chamillard to borrow money "from all hands," an army was at last got together, and Villars was recalled from the remotest part of the Cevennes, to take the command. Dispirited as were the troops, by the next campaign, France had shown her wonderful elasticity and resources, for Villars was in such strength on his arrival at Treves, opposite to Marlborough, and showed so much skill and enterprise, that the duke could not engage him, anxious as both generals were. Prince Louis of Baden would not come up in proper time to support the English, and Marlborough, not being able judiciously to engage, was compelled to withdraw. Mortified with the Prince of Baden, and esteeming his noble enemy the marshal, on retiring, the duke wrote characteristically to that fine soldier, hoping that Villars would "do him the justice to believe that his retreat was owing to the Prince of Baden; and that his esteem for the French marshal was greater than his displeasure against the prince."

Meanwhile, the French generals and armies had, upon the whole, been worsted in the Low Countries by a series of faults, and the English had forced back their lines as far as Louvain. Shortly afterwards the Prince of Baden drove in the lines of Marsin at Hagenau, and that town being attacked by the imperial forces, to save his troops from being made prisoners of war, Peri, a gallant French officer, who commanded therein, made his escape in the night, and the place surrendered. The

reflections cast by the allies on the Prince of Baden, whose conduct in not sustaining Marlborough was deemed so bad that he was precluded from sharing in the public joy, brought on him an illness, which terminated in a "languishing," of which he never recovered, and he died about two years after. Marlborough now went to Berlin, to concert measures with the King of Prussia, for 8,000 troops to be sent to Italy upon the Queen of England's pay. He had arranged with the empire to send 20,000 men under Eugene, of which England and Holland undertook to pay 16,000. The Archduke Charles built all his hopes on the assistance of the English; he went, almost unattended, to London, to implore the assistance of Queen Anne. Voltaire says, "then it was that the power of England fully displayed itself. This nation, so little interested in the quarrel, furnished the Austrian Prince with 200 transport ships, 30 men-of-war, joined to 10 Dutch vessels, 9,000 troops, and money to conquer a kingdom." And yet, such was the insolent or ignorant hauteur of these precious Germans, that, while saved from destruction by the English, the emperor, in supplicating aid, could not bring himself to style our queen "Your Majesty"—Serene Highness being the utmost that then the stiff court of Vienna would allow her grandeur to accord!

In short, much of the confusion and distress to which the empire had been subject arose from the decrepitude of the government. With an aged monarch, the business was principally conducted by superannuated ministers, who thwarted and counteracted the grand schemes of Prince Eugene; being utterly unable to comprehend the military policy conceived by Marlborough, and supported by Eugene. Fortunately the old emperor now died, and the accession of Joseph caused the adoption of a more vigorous policy. He wrote to Marlborough, assuring his "Excellence that whatever was lost by the death of his father, should be found partly compensated by himself. He would gladly have joined him, but sent the Prince of Baden to act in concert with him, and wished him as glorious a campaign as that of last year." Marlborough was thwarted by the Dutch deputies who accompanied him, and by whose tardy decisions he was so embarrassed that he wrote off to the Hague, threatening to throw up the command if he was to continue to be placed in situations in which his character was to be compromised, not only in the eyes of the enemy, but in those of the world at large. In England, public indignation ran very high at the fettering of her general, of whom they had, indeed, so much reason to be proud. Therefore the Dutch removed Slaugenberg, the most culpable of their generals; and as Prince Eugene wrote to soothe his irritation, Marlborough was in some sort pacified.

It was the emperor's desire that the duke should resume his plan of attacking France on the side of the Moselle; but Marlborough had learned by experience how little he could rely on the promises of the imperial court, or the co-operation of the German princes, especially the Prince of Baden. He, therefore, resolved to decline the offers of the emperor Joseph, and to join Eugene in Italy. All doubts about the firmness of the Duke of Savoy we have seen brought to a close, and that prince, not having shrunk from the double baseness of receiving benefits from both sides, is now found writing to Marlborough, complimenting him thus:—"To you is reserved the glory of rescuing Europe from slavery, and of carrying to the greatest possible height the arms of the queen, by rendering them triumphant even in Italy, which, as well as Germany, will owe her liberty to you. \* \* \* \* You cannot fail of reflecting that, should this capital be lost, the enemy will have it in their power to turn all their force against Prince Eugene, and compel him to abandon Italy." To the wishes of the Duke of Savoy, if Marlborough was willing to listen, he was debarred from acceding by the determinate opposition of the German princes, the Kings of Prussia and Denmark, as well as the Dutch, the Hanoverians, and the Hessians.

At this moment disastrous news arrived from the Upper Rhine, for Villars had suddenly taken the field, forced the German lines, and was preparing to overrun the Palatinate. In great alarm, the Dutch, looking on Marlborough as their only protector, offered to relieve him from all the shackles which had annoyed him; and, being pleased by this, he consented to retain his command in the Netherlands. He was in low spirits at appearances there: to his friend Lord Godolphin he writes, "God knows, I go with a heavy heart, for I have no prospect of doing anything considerable, unless the French would do what I am very confident they will not; unless Marsin should return, as is reported, with 30 batallions and 40 squadrons; for that would give them such a superiority as might tempt them to march out of their lines—which, if they do, I will most certainly attack them, not doubting, with the blessing of God, to beat them." He was soon gratified. Villeroy commanded 80,000 men, and he was instructed at all risks to protect Namur. Marlborough made a movement thither, hoping to surprise the town: he had but 60,000 under his command, and as the English approached, Villeroy and the Elector of Bavaria, with their united and large army, passed the Dyle, determined not to wait till re-inforcements of Danes, Hessians, and Hanoverians, all within a few days' march, could join Marlborough's army.

This was the very spot on which, three years before, the pertinacity of the Dutch had prevented his coming to action



with the French. Villeroi was in high spirits, hoping, by beating the renowned English general, to wipe out the disgrace of his defeats by Prince Eugene. He encamped his army near the Mehainge, the centre being posted at the village of Ramillies. It is worthy of remark that English writers say the army under Villeroi was 60,000, while Voltaire, ever alive to the "glory" of France, acknowledges Villeroi had 80,000 before his junction with the Elector of Bavaria. The same writer says that the dispositions he made for the engagement were such that every experienced officer foresaw the consequences. The newly raised troops, undisciplined and incomplete, were put in the centre; he placed the baggage between the lines of his army; and posted his left behind a marsh, as if he intended to prevent its advancing to the enemy. In short, he was utterly incompetent to encounter such a foe: his general officers saw his incapacity, and advised him not to accept a battle—but he was mad for "glory."

The errors of Villeroi were at once perceived by Marlborough, who on his part made immediate dispositions to take advantage of them. Seeing that the French left could not possibly attack his right, he filed off a considerable portion of it, in order to advance to Ramillies with a superior number. Lieutenant-General Gassion, seeing Marlborough's judicious movement, called out aloud to Villeroi, "You are undone, if you do not instantly change your order of battle. Draw off a detachment from your left, that you may engage the enemy with an equal number; make your lines closer—if you delay one moment, all will be irretrievable." Many other officers joined in this salutary advice, but the marshal was inflexible. The attack was begun by the English—the French being posted just as Marlborough would have had them. Little need be said of this action, for the French did not withstand the charge for half an hour; and in less than an hour the whole French army was in flight.

Never was there so complete a victory. The confederates had only 1,066 killed, and 2,567 wounded; while the French had more than 20,000 lost in killed and prisoners. On their side many officers of distinction fell, among whom were the Princes of Rohan and Soubise, and a son of Marshal Tallard, with many other distinguished officers; they lost also 120 colours, and 50 pieces of cannon. Voltaire says, not only did the French sustain all these losses, with the glory of their nation, but at the same time all hopes of retrieving it. The result of this great battle was more important than of Blenheim; for the Spanish Netherlands were lost at once; thirteen principal towns were captured one after the other, and Marlborough marched through the country in triumph. During the battle of Ramillies,

the duke was often in extreme danger—indeed he was always too venturesome for a commander. He was at one time recognized by the French dragoons, while rallying some broken horse. Perceiving his danger, he attempted to leap a ditch, to disengage himself from them, but he was thrown. Colonel Bingfield, one of his equerries, immediately alighted to give him his horse, when, as he was holding the stirrup, his head was struck off by a cannon ball! It is impossible not to be pleased with the honourable fairness of Voltaire throughout his record of these dreadful disasters to his nation; and another circumstance is as gratifying to me, as it is honourable to our writers.

I have lying open before me many English authorities, whom I have read for these details—almost invariably they understate matters; and, neither as regards pretension nor consequences, do they lay claim to such amazing results as are assigned by Voltaire. He says, "The confederates had gained all Bavaria and Cologne by the battle of Hochstet; and by this of Ramillies, they now got into their possession all the Spanish Flanders. The victorious Marlborough entered Antwerp and Brussels; he took Ostend, and Menin surrendered to him." It would not be in place to give particulars of the delight experienced in England at these tidings. I am certainly not old enough to remember the excitement of the battle of Ramillies, but I can just remember the talk of the old folks about wearing "Ramillies wigs!"—much the same kind of honour as "Wellington boots!"—those marvellously uncomfortable things, that need no longer cut and pinch our ancles, thanks to the gentle clergy, who have had taste and sense enough to introduce the cloth substitute with buttons, honoured with the orthodox title of "Oxford boots." But as, instead of well-set hair, baldness has overtaken me, I may be permitted to heave a sigh over those graceless and undignified things of wigs called "natural scratches," and long for the return to sense and comfort of Ramillies wigs—in which case I hope to be among the first to sport one!

Should my reader pardon this little egotistical parenthesis, and be disposed to resume the narrative, he must know that the elector (once more a fugitive) and Villeroi, having passed the perils of the field, fled to Louvain. Holding a council by torch-light, they resolved to abandon the open country and towns, and to retreat towards Brussels. We have seen that this was making a merit of necessity, for Marlborough soon snapped up Alost, Lierre, Ghent, Bruges, and Damme. While Oudenarde was so strong that, even with 60,000 men, William III. could not take it; such was the terror inspired by the English that, though they had no cannon to besiege it with, they surrendered at once. The governor of Brussels, with the states of Brabant,

declared their readiness to recognise Charles ; he was invited to Brussels, and there proclaimed as Charles III. The duke speedily took Arsele, Caneghem, Antwerp, and Ostend. Menin was very strong, having been fortified by Vauban. At the fearful cost of 3,000 killed and wounded on the part of the allies, and 1,500 on the side of the besieged, this strong place was taken. They secured here 50 pieces of brass cannon, 40 of iron, immense quantities of ammunition, 300,000 lb. of powder, 24 colours, and one standard. One of the very strongest places was Dendermond—so strong was it that the duke said, “that place could never have been taken but by the hand of God:” the garrison however surrendered Sept. 4, 1706. The nature of its inaccessibility may be appreciated by a naïve remark of Louis himself, on hearing that preparations were making for the siege of Dendermond—“They must have an army of ducks to take it.”

Marlborough next took Ath. While our successful commander-in-chief was thus pursuing his astonishing career of success, it is scarcely necessary to say that poor Villeroi was in the utmost despair, at least so says Voltaire, without whose testimony I should hardly have ventured to couple that desponding quality with the name of a Frenchman. Louis had adopted the sage precaution of locking the stable door *after* the horse had been stolen. Villeroi was recalled, and, after his inglorious return to Versailles, the king, instead of reproaching him, only said in a plaintive way, “Monsieur le Maréchal, the times are not favourable to us now.” Other accounts state that the words Louis used were, “Alas! Marshal, we are not fortunate at our age!” The Duke de Vendôme was ordered from Italy to Flanders, where he soon quarrelled with the Elector of Bavaria; and, though supplied with large detachments from the army of Germany, eaten up by his habitual indolence, he could do nothing against Marlborough; and, after a very narrow escape from being surprised, he returned to Versailles, as much dissatisfied with the king as that monarch was displeased with him.

Prince Eugene was so situated that he could not advance to succour Turin, being on the other side of the Adige. De Feuillade, who commanded the strong French army, was courageous, having inherited all the shining qualities of his father, with a better understanding. He had married Chamillard’s daughter; the minister greatly loved him, and had made prodigious preparations to enable him to succeed in the attempt. There were 140 pieces of cannon, each of which cost 2,000 crowns. They had also 110,000 bullets, 406,000 cartouches, 21,000 bombs, 28,000 hand-grenades, 15,000 bags of earth, 30,000 instruments for pioneering, and 1,200,000 lb. of powder.

Besides a very great quantity of lead, iron, tin, ropes, sulphur, saltpetre, with every thing requisite for miners, and all the implements for a siege. So enormous was the preparation for *destruction* that, Voltaire well remarks, the expense would have been sufficient to settle one of the most numerous colonies, and to have put it in a flourishing condition. A pithy and striking exhibition of the madness of war! Feuillade did not shine here; he proved haughty, rash, and obstinate. Vauban offered his services; the first engineer of Europe was repulsed by an offensive letter from Feuillade. The Duke of Savoy misled him by various feints. The Duke of Vendôme, before his departure for Flanders, had suffered Eugene to cross the Adige, the White Canal, and at last the Po—thus leaving it in his power to penetrate even to Turin.

The Duke of Orleans, nephew to Louis XIV., took the command of the Duke of Vendôme's forces, and witnessed the exploits of Eugene, who took Carpi, Corregio, and Reghio; and, outwitting the French, he at last joined the Duke of Savoy near Asti. All that the Duke of Orleans could do was to join the Duke of Feuillade at the camp before Turin: Prince Eugene followed him with all expedition. They had now one of two courses to follow; either to wait for Prince Eugene in their lines of circumvallation, or march out to meet him near Veilane. The Duke of Orleans called a council of war, which consisted of the Marshal de Marsin (who had lost the battle of Hochstet), the Duke of Feuillade, Albergotti, St. Fremont, and the other lieut.-generals. The Duke of Orleans showed such reasons as induced all the lieut.-generals to cry out with one voice, "Let us march!" Marsin now pulled out of his pocket an order, signed by the king, commanding all to submit to his opinion in regard to an action—and he was for remaining in the lines. The duke now saw that he was there merely as a prince of the blood, and not as a general. The enemy made a feint to form several attacks at once: their motions threw the French into great perplexity—the Duke of Orleans being for one course, while Feuillade and Marsin were for others. During their disputes, they suffered the enemy to pass the Doria, which, having done, they advanced in eight columns, 25 men deep, and the French were now obliged to oppose them instantly with battalions of equal depth.

Messages were sent to Albergotti upon the Capuchin mountain, where he was posted with 20,000 men, and he was opposed only by militia, who dared not attack him. They wanted 12,000, but he gave plausible reasons for not sparing any. Time thus lost in delay and indecision, Prince Eugene attacked their intrenchments, and forced them in two hours. The Duke of Orleans, having received a wound, was obliged to retire to have

it dressed; and was scarcely in the hands of the surgeons when he heard that the enemy was master of the camp, and that all was lost. Marsin was wounded in the leg, and made prisoner; one of the Duke of Savoy's surgeons cut off the limb, but the marshal only survived the operation a few minutes. The English envoy present, Mr. Methuen, was, says Voltaire, one of the most brave, generous, and sincere men his country ever employed in an embassy. He had long fought with Eugene, and was present at the last moments of the French marshal. The dying general turned to him, and said, "Do me the favour to believe that it was contrary to my advice we waited for you in our entrenchments." Which observation seems to contradict what was stated to have occurred in the council of war. It is understood the imbecile Chamillard had sent Marsin this order from Versailles, and thus caused the defeat of 60,000 men. About 3,000 French were killed, but inconceivable confusion, with want of subsistence, forced them to retreat in the most ignominious manner, and consequences of indescribable misery ensued.

The French generals seem never to have thought of trying to maintain a part of the Milanese; though Albergotti's division had scarcely lost a man; and the Count de Medavygrancey, with his army in Mantua, had defeated the imperialists under the Landgrave of Hesse, two days after the defeat at Turin. While at Casal, they were sure of protection from its great strength, which was moreover near at hand; but such was their panic that they hurried to the nearest French territory. Thus were lost the duchies of Milan and Mantua, Piedmont, and at length the kingdom of Naples. So that Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy followed up their advantages by pushing forward into France itself; forcing the French entrenchments in their road; and, in conjunction with the British fleet, laid siege to Toulon. While the English bombarded the town, the allies at first vigorously pressed the siege: but, harassed by disease and want of food, their usual activity was wanting.

France, however, was in general consternation—rapid messengers were sent in every direction to recal their armies; Marshal Berwick was ordered to leave the Duke of Orleans to command in Spain, and to hurry to Toulon; and Marshal Tesse hastened, with all he could get together, before the drafts arrived from the distant armies, to aid Toulon. On August 22, 1707, the siege was raised, as Eugene wisely refused to risk a tedious stay, seeing the difficulties likely to result from deficient supplies, as the fortifications would sustain a lengthened attack. Thus France was saved from the danger of losing as well Marseilles as Toulon; Provence was delivered, and Dauphiné freed from present danger. The French bitterly felt the disgrace of

a violation of their territory; and if a large expense had accrued to the allies, no less had fallen to the almost empty exchequer of France. Their forces had been divided, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in the bombardment, had burned eight, and sunk 20, ships of war; thus destroying the remnant of that navy which Colbert's energies had been devoted to create.

The emperor set himself to settle his authority in Italy, so as to defy future efforts on the part of France to disturb it. He mortified the pope by forcing him to abandon part of his territories, to lay down his arms, and to enter into sureties to keep the peace. He farther made his holiness acknowledge Charles as king of Spain, and the pope endeavoured to persuade the French that this was not incompatible with the interests of Philip V. ! France was now destroyed—as to her resources. She had gone on upon the system of credit and paper money: discounts at an enormous rate of interest caused the financiers (called Traitans) to swell their fortunes, *a la* Mazarin and Fouquet, while the dreadful misery of the people went on in fearful rapidity. To the surprise of Europe, at this very time, when France was reduced so low, and gratulated herself upon having escaped invasion, Louis, notwithstanding the destruction of his own navy, and the power of the English fleets, made a descent upon Great Britain.

In accordance with a proposal from those of the Scotch who were favourable to the Stuart line, although he certainly feared, says Voltaire, he should only gain "glory" by the attempt, he endeavoured to establish James's son on the throne of Scotland, while he could hardly maintain his own grandson on the throne of Spain. Being promised that he should find 30,000 men in arms, if he would only land near Edinburgh, Louis XIV. who had made so many efforts for his father, now afresh exerted himself for the son. Eight men-of-war and 70 transports were fitted out at Dunkirk, in which 6,000 troops were embarked; the Count de Gacé had the command of these forces, and the Chevalier de Forbin Janson, a most excellent sea officer, was admiral of the fleet. The juncture appeared very favourable; for in Scotland there were not above 3,000 of the regular troops, and England was still more destitute, as they had all been drafted off to be under Marlborough in Flanders: the difficulty was to land safely. The expedition was defeated partly by the activity of our fleet, and partly by the Scotch not answering the agreed signals on the coast. So that, though the Pretender hovered about, Forbin had nothing to do but to carry him back to Dunkirk, saving the fleet, and reaping no advantage but "glory."

As the affairs of France daily declined, Louis resolved to send his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, to head the Flanders' army, trusting that the presence of the heir-apparent to the

throne might revive the languishing spirit of the troops. Voltaire describes him as firm and intrepid, pious, just, and philosophical, having been educated under the celebrated Fenelon. He went against Marlborough, the Duke de Vendôme acting as his assistant: thus arose evils from divided counsels, while Marlborough acted alone. The Duke of Burgundy commanded superior numbers; for here again we have to note the wonderful elasticity of France, as well as her astonishing resources, which even, when to all appearance she was utterly exhausted, had quickly enabled her to collect an army of 100,000 men. He got possession of Ghent and Ypres with comparative ease, but misconduct rendered such advantages fruitless; for they first marched towards Dendre, and then turned back towards the Scheldt, for Oudenard, by these means the time was lost.

At the latter place the French were routed July 11, 1708. They had calculated on reducing Oudenard; in a military point of view, a place of very great consequence, being, while in itself of immense strength, the key to the other fortresses possessed by the allies in Flanders, as well as the direct channel of communication with England. Upon hearing that the French threatened Oudenard, Marlborough crossed the Senne and the canal of Brussels, and encamped with his left at Auderlacht, and his right at Tourbeck. Marlborough is understood to have felt that he was in an unfavourable position. Just then Prince Eugene arrived; finding he could not effect a junction in time, he had left his cavalry at Maestricht, and hastened to take a personal share in the expected conflict. The prince warmly approved of the resolution of his friend to bring the enemy to an engagement. Marlborough himself was so ill that he was compelled to issue his orders through Overkirk; but the next day he so far rallied as to command in the action. The French had invested Oudenard on the 9th. Their plan was to occupy Lessines on the Dendre; but, although he had twice as far to march, Marlborough anticipated them. The French now retreated to the Scheldt, while Eugene and Marlborough both determined to bring them to immediate battle. Disconcerted, the enemy moved from Cudenard towards Grone, seeking shelter behind the Scheldt.

The Dukes of Burgundy and Vendôme had quarrelled violently, and, as danger threatened, the breach became wider. The majority of young officers sided with Burgundy, clamouring for an engagement; this had been opposed by Vendôme, who was, of course, compelled to submit. The French, as usual, at the beginning of the battle, showed great courage; but, a retreat being sounded, they fled in very great disorder. They were partially saved by night, and Marlborough declared that two hours more of daylight would have put an end to the war.

In the action the electoral Prince of Hanover (afterwards George II.) greatly distinguished himself. Overkirk also behaved nobly, but he fell in the battle. The Duke of Berry and the Chevalier St. George beheld the scene from an adjacent steeple—much the pleasantest way of witnessing such a *melée*. In the morning a most appalling spectacle was made manifest, among several thousand corpses were a vast number of the wounded of all nations. They were all carried to the hospitals at Oudenard, and friend and foe received equal attention. The French lost about 6,000 killed and 8,000 prisoners, and 100 standards and colours. Of the allies about 3,500 were killed and missing: no English were engaged.

The French lines, constructed to cover the country between the Scheldt and the Lys, were forced by the victorious allies before Marshal Berwick could arrive to defend them. Eugene went to Brussels to forward the march of his army, as Vendôme declared he would defend Ghent to the last extremity; and Berwick arrived at Lille to defend that city. It had become of great importance to both parties, and Marlborough formed the plan of masking that town, and penetrating through the northern frontiers into the heart of France. Eugene thought this too bold a plan, and indeed impracticable, until Lille could be obtained for arms, and as a magazine. The Dutch were also strongly in favour of reducing Lille before attempting to enter France. Vauban had constructed the fortifications, and laid down an able plan for their defence. Marshal Boufflers was entrusted with the defence, which indeed seemed to require little aid, as it was in a swampy plain, watered by many small rivers, and defended by a garrison of 15,000 men. The season was far advanced, the army of the Duke of Burgundy, re-collected and re-appointed, was in great strength, much superior to that of the allies. The army assembled to reduce it had 94 cannon, 60 mortars, 3,000 ammunition wagons, drawn by 16,000 horses, the convoy occupied a line of 15 miles, and had to traverse 25 leagues from Brussels.

The object of the allies was to secure its march; that of the French, by far the easier task, to obstruct it. Such was the wonderful skill of the two great commanders that they effected this desideratum, never allowing the enemy to make an attempt upon them, although they had 100,000 men; and this was so ably managed that not a single carriage was lost. This famous siege drew to the spot many celebrated characters—the dethroned King of Poland (for Charles XII. had so successfully carried on his warfare as to put down Augustus and place Stanislaus in his stead), and his natural son, afterwards so renowned as Marshal Saxe: he was then only 12 years old. Munich and Scheverin were there, and George II. Berwick had joined



Burgundy, and they were now in prodigious strength. Eugene made an attack on several counterscarps, with terrible slaughter, and himself was so seriously wounded that the next day Marlborough acted for his absent friend. Just then, to their dismay the allies discovered their ammunition, powder and ball, would only last four days! The Dutch were alarmed, and insisted on the duke's abandoning the siege; but supplies were marvelously procured through the excellent management of Generals Cadogan and Webb. Prince Eugene recovered, and returned to his functions; after a 60 days' siege, Lille surrendered, to the astonishment of all Europe!

Eugene treated the garrison with all the generosity their brave defence entitled them to. The citadel yet held out, and it became the plan of the French, either to relieve it, or to make themselves masters of Brussels. To this end the Elector of Bavaria was recalled from the Rhine, and appeared before the walls of that town. All the French considered it impossible the allies could reach it, as the main French army interposed, lying in their strong-hold behind the Scheldt, which they had been three months in fortifying. However, by a series of the most astonishing movements, said to be unparalleled in history, Marlborough and Eugene defeated all the plans of the enemy, forcing the passage of the Scheldt; and, having relieved Brussels, returned to Lille. The besieged beat a parley, and on Dec. 9, 1708, were permitted to march out with all the honours of war. Boufflers was warmly praised by Eugene and Marlborough; indeed, the King of France, and the inhabitants of Lille, all vied with each other in honouring this brave commander. So long and disastrous was the siege that the garrison lost 8,000 men, while, on the part of the allies, a fearful list of 14,000 in killed, wounded, and sick, afforded another testimony to the shocking consequences of war!

Louis now gave orders to his generals to strengthen the garrisons at Ghent and Bruges, and then to go into winter quarters. But Marlborough immediately invested Ghent; it soon capitulated, although it was so strong that, when Marlborough saw the garrison march out, he could not refrain expressing his surprise that such a place should so readily surrender. Ghent having fallen, the enemy abandoned Bruges; and thus ended this extraordinary campaign, that had at first proved successful to France, but ended in the loss of all they had gained. The party of the Duke of Vendôme imputed all their misfortunes to the Duke of Burgundy's council, who, on their side charged all on the Duke of Vendôme. One of Burgundy's officers said to Vendôme, "See the consequence of your never going to mass—to this we must ascribe all our misfortunes!" The duke replied, "Do you imagine that Marlborough goes thither oftener than I?"

The rapid success of the allies elated the Emperor Joseph, who, being now absolute in the empire, and master of Landau, saw the road to Paris open by the capture of Lille. A party of the Dutch had even forced their way to Versailles by Courtray, and, under the very window of the castle, carried off the king's master of the horse, whom they mistook for the Dauphin. In short, a general consternation now seized Paris. And it appeared that the emperor had at least as good a chance of placing his brother on the throne of Spain as Louis had of maintaining it for his grandson. We have seen that the pope had recognised the archduke as King of Spain. Voltaire said, his holiness resembled St. Peter at least in this, that he first affirmed, then denied, afterwards repented, and then wept; had always acknowledged Philip V., after the example of his predecessor, and was attached to the Bourbon family. The emperor found this a convenient time to be revenged on the pope, by annexing to the empire several feudatory principalities, or duchies, particularly of Parma and Placentia, which before had been held of the popes; he likewise ravaged some of the ecclesiastical territories, and seized the town of Commacchio. Spiritual thunders had no longer any power, therefore Clement XI., animated by France, for a moment plucked up courage to arm, but presently repented, and left Commacchio to the emperor.

Admiral Rooke had fallen upon Gibraltar, which he bombarded to very little purpose; but some of his bold men ventured to go ashore, where it was not thought possible to climb up the rocks—yet they succeeded. On reaching the summit, they seized on all the women, who were in a chapel soliciting the protection of the Virgin. Their being possessed of them contributed not a little to dispose those in the town to surrender. They had leave to stay or go; if they stayed, they were sure of protection in their religion and every thing else. Thus Gibraltar fell into the hands of the English, who have held it to this day. The French and Spaniards made vain attempts to dispossess them; desperate naval battles ensued—but all was useless. The siege of Gibraltar was raised at a tremendous cost to the French; several strong places surrendered to the allies; almost the whole of Catalonia submitted to the Archduke Charles. The monarchy of Spain was, in fact, now divided amongst three princes: the emperor had taken for himself Lombardy and the kingdom of Naples; his brother Charles still kept Catalonia and part of Arragon. The great efforts of Marshal Berwick had proved abortive. Barcelona having been wrested from Philip, that marshal's instructions were to recover it at all hazards, and Philip himself, accompanied by Tessé, laid siege to the capital of Catalonia. But Barcelona was succoured, and the French abandoned the siege, after having lost half their army and all their ammunition.

The Portuguese took all the places they invested, and advanced into Estremadura. They were commanded by a Frenchman, created a peer of England, Lord Galloway, formerly the Count de Rouvigny. The troops of France and Spain were headed by the Duke of Berwick, bastard of James II., an English nobleman, but he could not stay the progress of the conquerors. Philip V. remained in Pampeluna, uncertain of his destiny, whilst Charles, his competitor, was increasing his party in Catalonia. He had made himself master of Arragon, the provinces of Valencia, Carthagená, and part of Granada; and the English took for him Minorca, Ivica, and Alicant. The roads to Madrid being now all laid open, Galloway entered that metropolis without any opposition, and ordered the Archduke Charles to be proclaimed king; he also sent a small detachment to perform the same ceremony at Toledo. The Duke de Noailles says that the most alarming feature of this affair was the uninterrupted facility with which the monks, and the medical men, brought about this revolution. The means of working the superstition of the former gave them abundant opportunities of troubling the state; and the medical attendants were equally dangerous from the familiarity enjoyed by them in almost every house. Nor had they failed to give vent to their bitterness against Philip V., because he employed French surgeons, and a preference of that sort inflamed these Spanish sons of Esculapius: while the spiritual guides were not less influenced by the king's having a French confessor. Philip had retired into France, leaving his young queen, worthy at once of the esteem and love of the Spaniards, to raise supplies of men and money. After the loss of Alcantara, she had attended at the hotel-de-ville, and there harangued the magistrates in the most moving way. But after taking Salamanca, we have seen that the English marched on triumphantly to Madrid.

The young queen beforehand had been sent to Burgos, where the seat of government was established; while Philip joined the small army of the Duke of Berwick. Amidst all these terrible scenes, it was remarkable to witness the courage of the youthful queen and the king. They had sent their jewels into France to raise money upon them; they underwent the greatest deprivations, and, environed by perils, kept up each other's spirits. From Burgos the queen wrote to Madame de Maintenon, recounting her sorrows and perplexities, which she says she could have borne up under, if success would but follow the king's arms. But the worst of all was, that every day brought accounts of fresh disasters. Saragoss revolted before the enemy appeared, Carthagená was lost, and the Portuguese were establishing themselves at Madrid. The queen deeply felt her father's position, which in this letter she deploras. The Spaniards made

prodigious efforts at last: the Castilians, animated by a sense of duty, as well as by hatred to the Portuguese, now thought of nothing but to re-establish the monarchy. Andalusia signalled herself: Jaen, Seville, Cordova, and Granada, together raised 4,000 horse, and 14,000 militia to defend their country. Several bishops of Murcia, and elsewhere, redoubled their efforts. French troops arrived by way of Navarre, under Légal; and, from the moment of his junction with Philip V. and Berwick, the balance turned in their favour. The king longed for a battle, which the other side now prudently avoided. Five hundred horse were sent by Philip to take possession of Madrid; in short, Philip V., after having been an exile for three months, re-entered his capital, and was received with joyful acclamations.

At the beginning of the year 1707, Louis XIV., seeing Italy must be abandoned, sent to the Marquis de Brancas, who had served with distinction under De Tessé and Berwick, to furnish him with a close account of the actual state of matters. The receipt of this induced the French king, at all hazards, to resolve upon driving the enemy out of Arragon and Valencia. The Duke of Orleans was appointed commander, but not without difficulty, as the dishonour of the flight from Turin had so chafed the mind of Louis XIV. Philip V. wished to accompany him; but as it now was certain that, for the first time, the queen was pregnant, it was thought the consequences of his absence might be too formidable, and Louis, on this account, decided that the Spanish king must not quit Madrid.

The roused spirit of the Spaniards led Louis XIV. to redouble his efforts, and, spite of the cumulation of his embarrassments, losses, and depression, this astonishing people, the French, yet contrived to send re-inforcements to Berwick, in Castille. The French and Spaniards now gained a famous victory over Galloway at Almanza; neither Philip nor Charles were present. The Earl of Peterborough, whom Voltaire calls a man famous in every thing, said aloud, "Excellent, indeed! that we must fight for two princes who will not fight for themselves." The Duke of Orleans did not arrive till the next day; but he made the most of the advantage gained, taking Lerida, and several other places. In the midst of this civil war, animated by the queen, and brought out by the difficulties of his position, the King of Spain rose in his personal character, and manifested wonderful vivacity and personal application. He wished to get to the bottom of every thing, explained the perplexities of his position to his ministers; and, when he felt it necessary to differ with them, he expounded his own views so ably as to charm them with his sense of justice, generosity, and decision.

France, however, was reduced very low—her resources ex-

hausted, and her credit entirely sunk; and, as was to be expected, the people, who had idolized Louis in prosperity, now turned round upon him. Some French merchants went to Peru, and brought over a large sum of money, half of which they lent to the government, and this was all the king had to pay his troops with. Spain, in fact, was in the same predicament, and, like France, had only that which her ships brought over from America, wherewith to pay her armies. But the penalty of "glory" was not yet paid in full; indeed, if we look at the matter critically, it must be allowed that the calamities of the great revolution, the long wars under Napoleon, and the subsequent disquietudes, must all be placed to the account of the infamous wars and wickedness of the reign of Louis XIV.

The winter of 1709 exceeded all known in severity, and materially aggravated the distresses of France. In Dec. 1708, so hard a frost set in, and lasted two months, that the rivers were all frozen, and all round the sea-shore ice was formed strong enough to bear loaded carts. After a short thaw, the intense freezing returned for three weeks, and was such that even spirits were frozen in bottles in rooms where fires were kept constantly. The olives and almost all other fruit trees were killed, even the vines were so destroyed that scarce a vineyard was left in all France. The seed perished in the ground, and hopes of harvest were entirely blasted. France had but few magazines, and the supplies from the Levant, or Africa, were in danger from the English ships. It is true that all Europe felt distress from this dreadful winter; but the enemies of France had more resources, especially the Dutch, who had sufficient stores to supply the allied armies, while the broken and dispirited French troops were ready to perish with want and misery. Louis now was driven to ask for peace; Torci and Rouillé had the mortification of being sent in all humility to the Hague; and, being met at Antwerp by two burgomasters, were treated with much the same loftiness and contempt with which the Dutch had been treated, in 1672, by the French.

If Voltaire's account be true, the style of those merchants was neither very flattering to the French and their confederates, nor by any means creditable to their own generosity. Even to the German princes, in their own pay, they addressed themselves with the most lordly familiarity: 'Order Holstein to come hither,' said they; 'tell Hesse to come and speak with us'—meaning the two dukes of those names. They piqued themselves on humbling at once the German pride, in their service, and the haughtiness of a monarch formerly their conqueror. They desired to have the sovereignty of 10 towns in Flanders, amongst which were Lille and Tournay. Thus the Dutch designed to reap the fruit of the war, not only at the expense of

France, but likewise of Austria, in whose interest they fought. Voltaire thinks the example of Venice was before their eyes, who had formerly increased her territories from those of all her neighbours. Looking at the conduct of that state and Holland, he arrives at the conclusion that the republican spirit is, indeed, at bottom, as ambitious as the monarchical. Prince Eugene, Marlborough, and Heinsius, were determined so to reduce the power of France that Europe might have a guarantee for repose; and, therefore, mortifying preliminaries were proposed. A truce they would grant, but not a peace; so that the Marquis de Torci left without so much as entering into a negotiation. Louis threw himself upon his people; he addressed a circular letter to his subjects, exciting their indignation, and even soliciting their pity. Rouillé remained at the Hague, trying to get easier terms; but the States, instead of listening to him, ordered him to depart within 24 hours. The King of France accordingly was compelled to make preparations for another effort in Flanders. The numbers who wanted bread enlisted as soldiers: the country was desolated by famine—an immense portion of the land remained untilled—but an army was raised. Marshal Villars was again fetched from the south of Germany, as the commander most likely to recover the sinking spirits of his countrymen.

Louis had practically agreed to every thing the allies proposed; the main stumbling-block having been Spain, and he offered to withdraw all aid from his grandson, and leave the contest to be decided by the Spaniards. But the allies insisted on the act of dethronement coming from Louis himself. Even this, there is every reason to believe, the distressed king would have granted: but France was distrusted by the allies. This could not be wondered at, for a feeling that she only sought a period of peace as a means for recovering her finances and restoring her army, was very general. Something, however, might have been reckoned on in the way of security from the unheard of prostration of the great kingdom of France; from the distresses of the population; and from the advancing years and natural griefs of the king at the destruction of his long-cherished schemes of ambition. But we need not be astonished at reluctance to trust the French, after their conduct in war and in peace. So that fresh proposals of Louis—agreeing to almost every humiliation—were rejected at Gertruydenberg; and warlike measures were resumed. The fall of Tournay had added another laurel to Marlborough's brow, and, aided by the Prince Eugene, he proceeded to invest Mons. Villars and Boufflers opposed them; as soon as this was known, Marlborough marched to attack them near the wood of Blangies and the village of Malplaquet. Each side boasted an army of about

80,000; the French had 80 or 90 pieces of cannon, and the allies above a hundred. Marlborough commanded the right wing, composed of English and Germans; Eugene led the centre; and Tilli, with the Count Nassau, led the left wing, composed of Dutch troops. Villars commanded the left wing of the French, and Boufflers the right. Such was the eagerness of the French soldiers to engage that, although they had fasted a whole day, they threw away their rations, to free themselves from all incumbrance.

According to his usual custom, Marlborough caused divine service to be performed at three o'clock, on September 11, 1711, order and silence pervading all the ranks. The moment service was over, the allies commenced operations at the batteries—in the midst of a thick fog. When it cleared away, the two armies found themselves in the immediate neighbourhood of each other. Villars was adored by the troops, and, as he rode along their ranks, they shouted, “Vive le roi”—“Vive le Maréchal de Villars!” The battle began and raged for some time with unexampled bravery. At length the Prince of Orange made a fatal mistake, and impetuously rushing on, contrary to his instructions, caused the loss of a great part of the Dutch infantry. Marlborough and Eugene were often in the thickest of the battle; the latter was at length struck by a musket-ball behind the ear. He refused to have the wound dressed, observing that, if he was fated to die here, it would be of no use to dress the wound, and, if he survived, it would be time enough in the evening! He rushed again into the hottest of the fire; and both he and Marlborough performed the duties of the most consummate generals.

The tremendous issue was that the French were beaten, and lost 16 of their cannon, 20 colours, and 26 standards, with a great many prisoners and wounded. Thirty thousand were left dead on the field of battle, of whom a much larger portion belonged to the allies than to France, owing to the sad mistake of the Prince of Orange. Villars was also severely wounded, and consoled himself and Louis XIV. that had he not suffered personally he should have gained the victory. Voltaire says the marshal had frequently told him so, and seemed to be persuaded of it, but that he had met with nobody else of his opinion. The French, never noticeable for too much diffidence, found out a way of considering their defeat equal to victory. Boufflers said “they performed such wonders as even surpassed human nature!” A distinguished French officer observed—and we can but respect the brave fellow for the avowal: “The Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day; since, till then, they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may say, with justice, that nothing can stand be-

fore themselves; and, indeed, what shall be able to stem the rapid course of these two heroes?—Do not Marlborough and Eugene surpass all the heroes of former ages?”

After this awful conflict, the greatest victory obtained in modern Europe, the French never more ventured to meet the Duke of Marlborough in the field. An elegant writer shows that this very hardly contested battle clearly exhibited the superiority of the English, as the French sustained their defeat from no want of skill in their commander, nor want of conduct in any part of the army; to no disadvantages of ground, nor to any mishap. That they had well chosen their position, had well defended it, and men, officers and commanders had done their best. The only blunder was on the part of their enemies—which the French had made the most of—and, spite of all, they were beaten. A German officer says, in his letter, that no jealousy existed between Eugene and Marlborough; that their efforts were to surpass each other; and that so it would seem to be the case with Villars and Boufflers. In short, that no four generals ever exposed themselves more, and none ever deserved more from their respective countries. This battle excited the wonder of Europe. Marlborough manifested his usual care of the wounded; he sent to the French marshals, and adjusted means with them to remove 3,000 of the disabled French; he allowed time for the burying of the dead; receiving the highest encomiums, even from the enemy, for his mercy.

The third day after the conflict was observed as a day of thanksgiving by the whole army; and the evening concluded by a triple discharge of fire-arms. The next day they invested Mons; it held out till Sept. 20, when the governor beat a parley; hostages were exchanged, and the next day the confederated generals granted them terms, by which they were allowed to march out with the honours of war. By the conquests of this campaign the great towns in Brabant and Flanders were covered; on this side, the French were reduced to their own limits: and the Dutch frontiers, and the adjacent provinces, were exempted from the burthen of supplying foraging armies. It was now intended to invade France by Franche-Comté, and thus, by the two extremities, to penetrate into the heart of the kingdom. But General Merci, who was directed to enter the higher Alsace, by Bâle, was obstructed by the Count de Bourg, near Nieuwbourg on the Rhine, and was driven back. On the side of Savoy nothing was attempted; but owing to the state of matters in Flanders, and the increasing misery and depression of the interior of France, Louis XIV. continued to supplicate for peace.

He now even offered to acknowledge the archduke as King of Spain; to render no assistance to his grandson; to give four towns as hostages; to deliver up Strasbourg and Brissac; to



renounce the sovereignty of Alsace; to demolish all the forts between Bâle and Philipsbourg; to fill up the harbour of Dunkirk, and entirely raze the fortifications of that place; and to abandon all claim to Lille, Tournay, Ypres, Ménin, Furnes, Condé, and Maubeuge. These offers were received with contempt. Whilst the allies treated his overtures thus haughtily, they took Douay; and soon after also Bethune, Aire, and St. Venant; and it was even proposed to send detachments to the gates of Paris. Almost simultaneously, Staremberg, the German general next in repute to Eugene, and who commanded the archduke's army in Spain, on Aug. 20, 1710, gained a complete victory over the army in which Philip V. placed all his hopes. The emperor continued every where successful; nor did he derive credit from moderation in prosperity. He dismembered Bavaria, and distributed the jurisdictions amongst his relatives and dependants. He seized dominions in Italy very unceremoniously; and he overcame his old Hungarian malcontents. One Prince Ragotski, whom France had incited, took up arms; he was defeated, his towns taken, and his party ruined. Thus, says Voltaire (a most reluctant witness), Louis XIV. was equally unfortunate abroad as at home—by sea as by land—in his public negotiations, as well as his private intrigues.

Philip V. had returned to Madrid, as we saw at p. 374; he now again quitted that city, and retired to Valladolid, whilst the Archduke Charles made his entry into the capital triumphantly. Louis had been compelled to do what he offered as the price of peace to the allies: no longer able to assist his grandson, he now abandoned his cause by withdrawing his armies for the defence of France. The distress of Spain was even greater than in Louis' dominions; she had been invaded by Portugal, and all her commerce was destroyed: scarcity was general throughout the kingdom, which indeed affected the party of the archduke more than Philip's. The Duke of Orleans had become the enemy of the latter. All the Catalonians were in favour of Charles, and half of Arragon remained true to his interests. Voltaire says that at this conjuncture the Duke of Orleans, of the same name with Philip, began to entertain hopes that he might himself step into the Spanish throne. But Philip V. was immoveable in his resolution to maintain Spain; and his firmness on this point, with the pride of success on the part of his enemies, rendered it difficult to procure peace. We learn from the Memoirs of the Duc de Noailles that, before entering on fresh negotiations, D'Iberville was sent to Spain with a secret mission to solicit, in the name of the Elector of Bavaria, the execution of treaties whereby his losses were to be made good by transferring to him the four places that remained to Philip

in the Low Countries, Luxembourg, Namur, Charleroi, and Nieuport.

As this envoy was to proceed to Versailles from Spain, the Spanish ministry confidentially painted to him the melancholy state of affairs; assuring him that, if Louis XIV. deserted them, the Spaniards would know no measure in their resentments. They would unreservedly join the enemies of France, granting to them every commercial advantage, and that the allies, assisted by Spain, would invade Guienne and Languedoc, and incite the protestants to rise against their old persecutors. On the other hand, a remedy for present disasters might yet be found, by making a diversion in Catalonia, and forcing the archduke to abandon Spain. The general opinion seemed to correspond with this view, and D'Iberville was sent off with vague hopes of the success of his mission, provided Louis remained true to Spain. A letter soon came from Louis to Philip to insist on peace; complaining of the treatment the French received in Spain. The scheme of the Duke of Orleans to mount the contested throne was discovered when he himself was at Versailles; his agents in Spain were immediately arrested. Philip was enraged; the Dauphin, Philip's father, gave it as his opinion, in council, that Orleans ought to be proceeded against for high treason; but Louis preferred, says Voltaire, to bury in silence this unformed and excusable project, rather than to punish his nephew at a time when his grandson was on the brink of destruction.

Philip's council now determined to solicit Louis to send the Duke of Vendôme to oppose Staremberg, as they felt they had no commander equal to the task. Vendôme had retired to Anet, whence he was fetched; as the Spaniards looked more to the reputation he had acquired in Italy than to the disasters at Lille. His popularity was great in Spain; and his liberality to the soldiery, added to his openness of disposition, gained him universal esteem. His name alone drew numbers of volunteers; the cities, boroughs, and religious houses, supplied him with money. The enthusiasm of the people was excited; the shattered remains of the defeated army at Saragossa were re-assembled, and united under him at Valladolid. The Duke of Vendôme turned the ardour to account, brought the king once more back to Madrid, and compelled the enemy to retire to Portugal. He followed them across the Tagus, took General Stanhope prisoner at Brihuega, with 6,000 English; came up with General Staremberg, and gave him battle the next day at Villaviciosa. Philip V., who had never yet fought in person with his other generals, being animated by the spirit of Vendôme, put himself at the head of the right wing. Here they gained a victory. And in the space of four months, matters

were considerably amended; quiet was restored, and the crown of Spain eventually settled on Philip.

The councils of England had changed; and the influence of Marlborough had greatly declined. From almost supreme power, in connexion with the Whigs, the Tories had now the ascendancy, and party spirit, the curse of England, had led to attempts at nullifying the effects of Marlborough's splendid victories. In short, the Tories were for selling their country. Marlborough had acquired—and he well merited the pre-eminence—more power and distinction than ever fell to the lot of a private Englishman; that power was probably increased by his immense wealth. The duchess had been the intimate friend of Queen Anne. The former was a superior and intellectual character, the queen being as low in her understanding as in her habits; for her majesty was addicted to drinking spirituous liquors; and as her husband was a very weak man, for many years, in reality, almost sovereign power had been wielded by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Their son was now dead, and their three daughters were married, the one to the Earl of Sunderland, the other to the son of Lord Godolphin; and the third to the Earl of Bridgewater, friends and co-adjutors of the great commander.

By intrigues, which the plan of this work forbids my following, the Tories displaced the Whigs, pretending the usual stuff of releasing the queen from slavery. In reality, anxious for the good things possessed by the Whigs; desirous to lower the vast influence of the duke; and, above all things, to restore the Stuarts. Indeed, there is no doubt that the poor creature Anne—a mere puppet in the hands of these bold, bad men, the Tories—herself was disposed to forward the plan of turning aside the protestant line of Brunswick. The Tories, having mastered the queen, had yet to ride the nation. Voltaire says they were obliged to have recourse to religion—"of which they have no more in Great Britain than what is necessary to distinguish parties!" If it were so 130 years ago, what better position in this respect are we in now? The Tories were for episcopacy, always reckoning on the bishops, and were willing to restore the Stuarts, and preach up passive obedience.

They therefore spirited up the famous Sacheverel to preach at St. Paul's a sermon, painting Marlborough and the Whigs in the most odious colours, and blackening the whole party who had fixed the crown on King William. He was however tried, found guilty, and the united influence of the queen, and the tools of toryism, the bishops, was not enough to prevent the new apostle's sermon from being publicly burnt, and himself silenced for three years, by both houses of parliament. The fermentation of this period belongs to English history; we have

no farther to do with it than as bearing on the conclusion of the war, and exhibiting the consistency, spirit, and patriotism of the Whigs, the ancient defenders of civil and religious liberty—as opposed to the rancorous hatred of the Tories to all which could adorn, bless, and magnify their country. Perhaps, amidst all the vile deeds of this infamous section, one of the most disgraceful was shown to the world in the rage of party zeal leading to destroy all the benefits of Marlborough's wonderful successes by a shameful peace.

The queen herself—set on by the Tories and the bishops of the high-church party, addressed good Bishop Burnet and said, she hoped *bishops* would not be against *peace*. To this the worthy historian replied that a real and good peace was what good bishops daily prayed for; but they were satisfied the preliminaries offered by France gave no hopes of such an one; and experience had shown that it would be a very strange thing to trust to the King of France. Queen Anne replied we need not regard preliminaries; we should have a peace upon such a bottom that we should not at all rely upon the king's word; but we ought to suspend our opinions till acquainted with the whole matter. Burnet asked leave to speak his mind plainly. To this the queen assenting, he told her any peace by which Spain and the West Indies were left to Philip, must in a little while deliver all Europe into the hands of France; and if it should be so concluded, she was betrayed, and we were all ruined; and in less than three years' time, the fires would be raised in Smithfield. The queen grew uneasy, and the honest bishop withdrew. Although the new ministry were strongly inclined for peace, and proposals were secretly offered in London, they were not yet secure enough to venture to accept them.

Louis, Dauphin, Monseigneur, died at Meudon, April 14, 1711. This prince had married Maria-Anne-Christiana-Victoria of Bavaria, (she died April 20, 1719,) by her he had 1, Louis, Duke of Burgundy (father of Louis XV., who was born Feb. 15, 1710); 2, the King of Spain, Philip V.; and 3, Charles, Duke of Berry, who died May 4, 1714. The Emperor Joseph died April 17, 1711. He left the Archduke Charles the empire, and his pretensions on Spain and America. This certainly produced a great effect throughout Europe, as people began to say, if so much alarm had been created, and so much had been done to prevent Louis XIV. from governing Spain, America, Lombardy, Naples, and Sicily, under the name of his grandson, why should they now consent to so many dominions being united under the house of Austria? Why should the English exhaust their treasures? They contributed more than Holland and Germany together, and the present year their expenses to carry on the war were £7,000,000. It was also thought by many that Great

Britain was ruining herself for the purpose practically of getting an extent of territory for her great rival in commerce, Holland. A considerable difficulty arose as to the treaties of alliance existing between us and other powers; and Marlborough, though politically defunct, was in the field carrying on hostilities.

He made continual advances in Flanders, and forced the lines which Villars had drawn from Montreuil to Valenciennes. Having taken Bouchain, he advanced as far as Quesnoi—thence to Paris there was hardly a single fort to oppose him. However, towards the end of 1711, it was told De Torci, French Secretary of State, that a stranger would speak with him. A man was introduced who was in the confidence of the leading Tories at London: he asked the French minister if he wished for peace? To this Torci says he felt it like asking a dying man if he wished to be cured. From that moment matters went on rapidly. The negotiations for peace were now publicly entered upon at London. The Earl of Strafford was sent ambassador to Holland, to lay before the States the proposals of Louis XIV. But Marlborough, Eugene and Heinsius yet resolved to distress France. Louis was quick enough to perceive the pitiful subserviency of the Tories, and set about separating England from her allies.

A great change took place in the affairs of France at this very time. The dauphiness was taken suddenly ill of a surfeit, as it was given out, and died within three days, on February 12, 1712. In six days afterwards the dauphin (whom we have all along known as the Duke of Burgundy, and who had succeeded to the title of dauphin only since the death of his father the year before,) also died. A few days after him his eldest son, the Duke of Bretagne; he was only five years old. His only brother (afterwards Louis XV.) was at the time taken very ill, and was thought to be dying. The king himself was suddenly seized with illness, but he soon recovered. As is usual on such occasions, poison was suspected; and the Duke of Orleans was pointed at, because he was fond of experiments with chemistry, was known to be ambitious, and because Louis had compelled the Duke of Berri to marry his daughter, which had called forth some haughty expressions of disgust from Philip V., as the first wife of Orleans had been one of Louis' bastard daughters; and they looked upon this as corrupting the blood of France!

The dauphin had long stood before the public, and secured a large share of affection and respect by the sentiments of justice which pervaded his breast, and the deep sense he felt of the miseries of the poor. He had been educated by the good Fénélon, and his liberal tendencies, it was conjectured, had enlisted the hatred of the Jesuits. The French severely felt his death, and were struck with consternation at the prospect of a long

minority after such a reign, and under present circumstances of depression. These domestic misfortunes must have weighed heavily upon the king, who saw the hopes of his family thus ruthlessly hurried away. Louis had had too much experience himself of the perils of a minority not to contemplate with anxiety the long interval between his own declining days and the succession of his great-grandson. Philip V. was natural heir to the throne after his infant nephew, but he had on oath renounced his rights; and the known integrity of his character precluded any fear of the violation of his engagement. The next was the Duke of Orleans—a man of a very mixed character—having the reputation of talent. He was fierce, and generous, though steeped in crime; still he was deemed too high-minded to endanger the safety of the child. Louis was distracted as to the course to pursue in making a selection of a regent: many suggested his calling together the states-general and laying before them the state of matters. However, Louis declined to part with sovereignty, and made a will, August 2, 1714, leaving the regency to the Duke of Orleans; and the guardianship of the heir to the throne, and the command of the household troops, to the Duke of Maine. He herein appointed a council of which the Duke of Orleans was to be president, and all decisions were to go upon a plurality of votes. He caused the parliament to register an edict which might have disturbed his will; for he declared his illegitimate children capable of succeeding to the throne, in default of princes of the blood. But the long life of Louis XV., with the judgment of the Duke of Orleans, prevented any inconvenience from this edict; and the will of Louis XIV., if not rigidly observed in all particulars by the regent, substantially proved a guide and a fence.

When Louis could no longer sin, he became devout—but his religion must needs be tinged with the pomp of his inflated character; and with the solemn De Maintenon for his guide, in affairs spiritual and temporal, he passed his old age in much the same selfish retirement and gloom which we have witnessed in our own time and country in the case of the more selfish, gaudy, heartless, and depraved, George IV., who was detested living, and hissed at when dead.

Marlborough, on his return to London, was divested of all his employments, and was accused, in the vile spirit of party persecution, of misdemeanours. He threw up his appointments, but was powerful even in disgrace. His friend Prince Eugene came over to London to strengthen Marlborough's hands, and met with the reception due to his distinguished merit. But the main object he had in view was the return of his friend with him to prosecute the war. In this he was disappointed, and had to resume his arduous duties alone, which Voltaire says proved

a fresh incitement to him to hope for new victories. The conferences were carrying on at Utrecht; meanwhile Villars, having retired behind his lines, covered Arras and Cambray. Eugene took Quesnoi, and extended an army of about 100,000 men: the Dutch having made surprising efforts to furnish even beyond their contingent. Queen Anne could not yet detach herself from the alliance; but, having withdrawn the great duke, she substituted for his powerful talents the Duke of Ormond, with orders he stands everlastingly disgraced for taking, as well as the vile Tory administration for giving—with orders—*not to fight!* Scandalously were all the English troops and the squadrons of Holstein, drawn off. Brandenburg, the Palatinate, Saxony, Hesse, and Denmark, remained under Eugene, and were paid by the Dutch. Even the Elector of Hanover (honour be to his memory!) would not withdraw his army; showing, says Voltaire, that though his family expected the crown of England, they did not build their hopes on any favour from the queen. And I think we ought to add—showing that he had just conceptions of the relative position of France and England, and his appreciation of what was due to the honour and welfare of the latter country.

Eugene was still very strong, and superior to his foe by situation, by plenty, and by long succession of victories. Villars could not prevent his besieging Landreci. France was at the lowest point, drained of men and money—her only hope of salvation the conferences at Utrecht. The enemy ravaged Champagne, and were at the gates of Rheims. About now, the Duke of Vendôme, having done so much for the restoration of the monarchy, died in Spain; and the general dejection by reason of the cumulation of calamity in France, spread to the Peninsula, which every one thought would be lost by his death. It was debated in a council at Versailles whether or not the king should not retire to Chambord. Louis himself said, in case of any new misfortune, he would summon together all the nobility of his kingdom, and, notwithstanding he was in his 74th year, would lead them on against the enemy, and die at their head! One does not like to triumph over a prostrate foe, but who can help reflecting on the paths of *glory!*

So remarkable are the changes in human life, that this necessity was prevented by a mistake of Prince Eugene. His lines were too much extended, his stores at too great a distance, and the position of General Albemarle at Denain, prevented his being speedily succoured. A very beautiful Italian lady, in the keeping of Prince Eugene, resided then at Marchiennes, and she was the cause of the magazine being fixed at that place. Voltaire says, "It seems not to be doing justice to Prince Eugene to imagine that a woman should influence his military dis-

positions. Those who know that a curate, together with a counsellor of Douay, named Le Fevre d'Orval, walking towards these parts, were the first who projected the attack on Denain and Marchiennes, may demonstrate, from this fact, by what secret and weak springs the greatest affairs of this world are often directed. Le Fevre gave his opinion to the governor of the province; he communicated it to Marshal Montesquieu, who commanded under Villars. The general approved of it, and put it into execution. This action proved in effect the safety of France, more than the peace with England.

“Villars had recourse to stratagem; he ordered a body of dragoons to advance in sight of the enemy's camp, as if they were about to attack it; and, whilst these retired towards Guise, the marshal marched to Denain, July 24, 1712, with his army in five columns, and forced the entrenchments of General Albemarle, defended by seventeen battalions, who were all killed or taken. The general surrendered himself a prisoner, together with two Princes of Nassau, a Prince of Holstein, a Prince of Anhalt, and all the officers. Prince Eugene hastened with what troops he could get, but did not arrive till the action was over. He went to attack a bridge leading to Denain, that the French guarded; but in this attempt he lost most of his men, and was obliged to return to his camp, after witnessing this defeat. All the posts towards Marchiennes, along the Scarpe, were carried one after another with great rapidity. The French now advanced to Marchiennes, defended by 4,000 men; and besieged the place with so much vigour that, within three days, the whole garrison were made prisoners, July 30, 1712, together with all the provisions and warlike stores which the enemy had amassed for the campaign. Villars had now the superiority; the allies, being disconcerted, raised the siege of Landreci, and suffered Douay, Quesnoi, and Bouchain, to be retaken, during September and October 1712; so that the frontiers were now in security. The army of Prince Eugene retreated, after having lost 50 battalions, 40 of which from the battle of Denain to the end of the campaign, had been taken prisoners.”

Every step of Villars hastened the peace of Utrecht. The English ministers insisted that Philip V. should renounce all pretensions to the crown of France; and that his brother, the Duke of Berri, heir-apparent (after Louis' great-grandson, now thought to be at the point of death), should likewise renounce all claim to the crown of Spain, should he become King of France. By this treaty the Duke of Savoy had the island of Sicily, with the title of king; adding Fenestrelles, Exiles, with the valley of Pragilas, on the continent; thus aggrandizing him at the expense of the house of Bourbon. The Dutch had that barrier fixed which they had always desired; and as they had ab-



stracted from the house of Bourbon for the Duke of Savoy, they now took a little from the house of Austria to satisfy the Dutch, who at their expense became masters of the strongest towns in Flanders. The commercial interests of Holland were taken care of; and articles were stipulated for in favour of Portugal. To the emperor was allotted the sovereignty of the Ten Provinces in Spanish Flanders; and the important government of the barrier towns. He was also confirmed in the kingdom of Naples and Sardinia, with all his possessions in Lombardy, and the four sea-ports on the coasts of Tuscany; but the council of Vienna, looking upon themselves as aggrieved, would not agree to these conditions.

In regard to Great Britain, her interest and glory, says Voltaire, (from whom I am condensing, unto the end of the arrangements made at the conclusion of the war) were entirely secured. She caused Dunkirk to be demolished; she retained Minorca and Gibraltar; Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia. She gained privileges of trade with America, not even granted to the French who placed Philip on the throne. England also compelled Louis to set at liberty those of his protestant subjects who had been confined for their religious principles. Queen Anne, at last, sacrificing the rights of blood, and her own inclinations, to the good of her country, had the succession settled and secured upon the house of Hanover. The able Frenchman evidently saw the vast importance of this point; and to secure the recognition of the protestant dynasty, and the guarantees at every stage for the peaceful succession of the present royal family, was the great work of the Whigs and Liberals of those days. As to the Electors of Bavaria and Cologne, the former was to keep the Duchy of Luxembourg and the county of Namur, till he and his brother were re-established in their electorates; for Spain had abandoned those two sovereignties to the Bavarian, as a recompense for his losses; and the allies had taken neither Namur nor Luxembourg.

France was allowed Lille, Aire, Bethune, and St. Venant. Thus, continues Voltaire, the English ministry rendered justice to all parties; but they themselves did not meet with the like candour from the Whigs. Because, say other writers, and in some respects perhaps superior in means of forming a judgment to Voltaire—we were materially damaged in our silk manufacture, by a free importation of that commodity from France; in the fabrication of paper similarly. In short, while flattering addresses were being laid before the queen, from those who could not appreciate the commercial bearings of the treaties, by the trading part of the community the evils were perceived, and petitions were hurried up from the towns and counties concerned in trade, setting forth the prejudice they apprehended

from this treaty of commerce. The Londoners were alarmed; the Turkey company, and those that traded to Portugal and Italy, and all concerned in woollen or silk manufactures, appeared before both houses of parliament, to set forth the great mischief that a commerce with France on the footing of this treaty would bring upon the nation; while none appeared on the other side.

In so disastrous a light did Burnet view this treaty of peace, that he thus concludes the reign of Queen Anne: "I am now come to the end of the war, and of this parliament, both at once: it was fit that they should bear some proportion to one another; for as this was the worst parliament I ever saw, so no assembly, but one composed as this was, could have sat quiet under such a peace. But I am now arrived at my full period, and so shall close this work. I had a noble prospect before me, in a course of many years, of bringing it to a glorious conclusion; now the scene is so fatally altered that I can scarcely restrain myself from giving vent to a just indignation, in severe complaints. But a historian must tell things as they are, and leave the descanting on them to others." These treaties were signed one after another in 1713. Either through Eugene's influence, or the bad policy of the emperor's council, he would not enter into these negotiations, and determined to continue the war. Villars therefore marched towards the Rhine; and after having made himself master of Spire, Worms, and the adjacent country, took Landau, Aug. 20, 1713, which the emperor would have preserved by peace. He forced the entrenchments that Prince Eugene had drawn in the Brisgau, and defeated Vaubonne within his lines, on September 20. He also took Fribourg, October 30, the metropolis of Upper Austria.

The emperor at length became sensible that, without England and Holland, he could not oppose France; and now resolved to make peace. Villars, having thus ended the war, had the honour of concluding another peace at Rastadt with Prince Eugene. This was, says Voltaire, perhaps the first instance of two generals meeting at the end of a campaign, to treat in the name of their masters. Their conduct at meeting was characteristic. Villars records that one of his first expressions to Eugene was: "Sir, we are not enemies to each other; your enemies are at Vienna, and mine at Versailles." Both, indeed, had always faction to struggle against at their own courts. In this treaty no mention was made of the rights which the emperor pretended upon Spain. Louis XIV. kept Strasbourg and Landau, that he had before proposed to resign, together with Huninguen and New Brissac, that he had offered to demolish. He also retained the sovereignty of Alsace, formerly proposed to be renounced. To his honour it should also be told that he now

insisted on, and succeeded in effecting the restoration of the Electors of Bavaria and Cologne in all their dominions and honours.

Each power now took possession of its new rights. The Duke of Savoy was acknowledged in Sicily, without consulting the complaining emperor. The French took possession of Lille. The Dutch seized the barrier towns. Louis ordered the harbour of Dunkirk to be filled up, the citadel to be rased to the ground, and all the fortifications, and the mole, to be destroyed in the sight of the English commissary. The Dunkirkers, seeing their commerce entirely ruined, sent a deputation of their number to Queen Anne. It was a sad mortification to Louis XIV. that his subjects should go to solicit the favour of a Queen of England; but it was still more mortifying to *them* that the queen was obliged to refuse their request. The King of France soon caused the canal of Mardyke to be enlarged; and, by means of the sluices, a harbour was constructed, equal to that of Dunkirk. The Earl of Stair, our ambassador at the court of France, made warm remonstrances to Louis: his majesty replied, "Mr. Ambassador, I have been always master in my own kingdom, and sometimes in others: do not remind me of this." Voltaire says he is quite certain Louis never made this speech, so commonly attributed to him; for he had never been master in England, but was as far from that as could possibly be. He was, indeed, master in his own dominions; but the question was whether he was so far master as to be able to elude a treaty to which he owed his present tranquillity, and, perhaps, the greatest part of his kingdom.

However in April, 1714, Louis ordered the works of Mardyke to be discontinued; and they were demolished shortly after his death. Notwithstanding the peace of Utrecht, and that of Rastadt, Philip V. did not enjoy all the Spanish monarchy; he had still Catalonia to subdue, as well as the islands of Majorca and Ivica. The emperor, having left his consort at Barcelona, and finding he could not support the war in Spain, had agreed with Queen Anne that the empress and his troops should be embarked in English vessels. Catalonia thus was evacuated, and Staremberg resigned the title of viceroy; but he left all the seeds of a civil war, and hopes of speedy relief from the emperor, and even from England. Louis XIV. now was enabled to supply Philip with ships and soldiers to quell the revolt; Barcelona was blockaded by a French fleet, and Marshal Berwick besieged it by land.

England, faithful to treaties, did not succour this town; the besieged defended themselves with a courage supported by fanatical madness. The priests and monks ran to arms, and mounted the breaches, as if they fought for religion. "The

phantom of liberty," observes Voltaire, "rendered them deaf to all the offers made by their master. More than 500 ecclesiastics lost their lives in arms at this siege; they hung out a black flag from the breach, and bore several assaults in a surprising manner. The assailants at last forced their way, the besieged fought from street to street; and finally capitulating, on September 12, 1714, saved their lives and property, but lost most of their privileges. Sixty monks were condemned to the galleys; and this was the only vengeance taken. This fury of the Catalans was the last flame of that fire which had laid waste the most beautiful part of Europe, for so considerable a time, occasioned by the will of Charles II. of Spain."

Queen Anne died in August 1714, aged 50. Her reign forms a brilliant epoch in English history from the victories of Marlborough. But her mawkish character deprived her of the firmness necessary to distinguish the merits and virtues of her subjects; and, whilst she suffered herself to be governed by a cabal, she lost the power of destroying the dissensions which agitated her courtiers. Under her administration the completion of the plan for uniting Scotland to England, projected by William III., took place. The celebrity of her reign is in no way attributable to her personal energies, which were of a very humble order. It was her good fortune to have the ablest statesmen that ever lived for her servants; and, among her subjects, the most learned, sublime, and eloquent writers, in the walks of poetry, science, and general literature. So that her reign has been justly denominated the Augustan age of England. Her vile desertion of the great Marlborough, her high-church predilections towards the re-establishment of popery and the Stuarts, that were fostered by the Tory party of the day, are in some sense perhaps attributable to her alleged detestable habit of drinking—what in low life would be called *gin*, but in her case it was more courtly to attribute it to a liking for "strong waters." She passed to her grave little beloved by any, though greatly be-praised by the French for the determination she had shown to raise France at the expense of England, and her known hatred to real protestantism, and wishes for the restoration of her father's line. Only three months previously, the Electress Sophia died at the advanced age of 84, retaining her faculties both of mind and body in a very striking degree. So animated was she with the idea of being Queen of England that she was often heard to say, "Could I live to have 'Sophia, Queen of England,' engraven on my coffin, I should die content." She was the daughter of Frederic, the unfortunate King of Bohemia, and Elizabeth, only daughter of James I.

In just indignation at the treatment he had received from the late queen and the Tories, the Duke of Marlborough had

retired from England, and had lived partly in his principality of Mildenheim, and partly in Holland. But, owing to the strong affection of the duchess for her native country, the duke and duchess determined to return. In one of her letters she said, "I had rather die in a cottage in England than live in a palace abroad." They landed at Dover on the very day of the queen's death. Previous to their landing, the vessel was boarded by a messenger from the postmaster-general, who informed them of the death of the queen, and that the Elector of Hanover had been proclaimed as her successor. His grace was escorted by numbers of the resident gentry to Sittingbourne; and thence he proceeded to London, intending to enter privately. But he was met by Sir Charles Cox, one of the members for Southwark, with 200 respectable inhabitants, who escorted him through the Borough on horse-back. Fresh numbers joined them in the city, with many of the nobility in carriages drawn by six horses. The people everywhere crowded to see him, thousands sincerely and joyfully exclaiming, "Long live the king!" "Long live the Duke of Marlborough!"

The influence of the Tories when last he appeared at court was such that no one took the slightest notice of him. Now, however, the day after his arrival, the duke was visited by most of the foreign ministers, and many of the nobility, gentry, and officers of the army. He was sworn of the privy council, and immediately made his appearance in the house of lords. On his way, his sedan was followed through the park by crowds of soldiers, and others, cheering him all the way with loud huzzas. The king arrived at Greenwich on the 18th, where he was greeted by a splendid assemblage of noblemen and gentlemen. No one appeared with more magnificence than the duke, nor was there one to whom the king showed more distinguished marks of favour and esteem. At the earnest solicitation of the duchess, he agreed to join the ministry no more, and merely was appointed captain-general of the land forces, colonel of the 1st regiment of foot guards, and master of the ordnance. His son-in-law, Lord Godolphin, was made cofferer of the household; his other son-in-law, Lord Sunderland, was appointed to the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland; and the Earl of Bridgewater, his third son-in-law, also had a place.

Though the Elector of Hanover had succeeded quietly to the throne, he was not long permitted to enjoy its tranquillity. Louis still allowed the Pretender to remain in Lorraine, and Bolingbroke and Ormond instigated the Jacobites to a rising in favour of the exile. A reward of £100,000 was offered to whomsoever should seize him, dead or alive; and all necessary precautions were taken. The Duke of Marlborough, as captain-general of the forces, gave such orders as rendered the attempt

abortive. He suggested Preston as the spot, and there it turned out that the "revivers of ancient discipline" met with their final overthrow. The Pretender was hailed as "king" by the *antallactual* Scots. Mr. Coxe has a beautiful passage here: "The gracefulness of the Pretender's person, the glowing energy of his language, the recollection of his misfortunes, the admiration excited by his courage, made a deep impression on hearts burning with loyalty and devotion to the blood of their native princes. The effect was heightened by the sublimity of the mountain scenery, the romantic dress and arms of the highlands, and the solemn grandeur of the royal palace, which recalled to mind the splendid scenes of Scottish glory."

But this poetry was *all*. The royal aspirant found success impracticable, clandestinely embarked on board a French vessel, and abandoned the enterprise. This was the last scene of public action in which the great Duke of Marlborough took a part. His latter days were clouded with sorrows: his only son, we have seen, died in the bloom of youth. His third daughter, the Countess of Bridgewater, died in the 26th year of her age. Soon after their return from the continent, their favourite daughter, the Countess of Sunderland, was also taken away. These trials so affected him that he was seized with paralysis, but rallied sufficiently to go to Bath. On approaching that city he was greeted by the peals of bells, a numerous cavalcade, and congratulating thousands; and the mayor and corporation waited upon him to wish for a restoration of his health. While there, he had another attack, and was not expected to live; however, he so far recovered as to return to Marlborough-house, London.

He offered to resign his public employments; but, though the period of activity and usefulness had passed away, the king too highly valued the weight of his character to part with him. He lived till June, 15, 1722; and we learn from the duchess herself, that, "though he had often returns of this illness, he went many journeys, and was in all appearance well; excepting that he could not pronounce all words, which is common in that distemper; but his understanding was as good as ever." We gather from Mr. Coxe that his habits were entirely domestic. His constant exercise was riding, and when his health permitted, in walking round his grounds, particularly at Blenheim. He received his friends unceremoniously, and enjoyed cards with them. He played with his grand-children, superintended the education of his grand-daughter, and caused little dramatic representations to be got up for their entertainment. From Marlborough-house he moved to Windsor-lodge, where he was again suddenly taken with the palsy. He lay several days aware of his approaching dissolution; prayers were con-

stantly offered up at his bed-side, and the duchess asking him if he heard them, he replied "Yes, and joined in them." From his couch he wished to be removed to his bed, when, towards 4 o'clock, June 15, 1722, he calmly passed away, aged 73 years, within seven days.

Thus died our great hero, whom five monarchs had employed in their service. He lay in state at Marlborough-house for some days, and was afterwards taken to Westminster Abbey; his funeral exhibiting the most astonishing display, to throw around his remains all imaginable honour and glory. The body was afterwards taken up and carried to the chapel at Blenheim, where it was deposited in a magnificent mausoleum. The duke died so immensely rich that the duchess was able to control the public loans, and even affect the rate of public interest. As his son was dead, the duke was succeeded in his honours by his daughter, Lady Godolphin. The duchess survived her illustrious husband 22 years, dying at the age of 84, in the year 1744. The attachment which subsisted between the duke and duchess was proverbial. He was a sweet-tempered, affectionate husband, while hers were the qualifications of spirit and a "difficult temper."

An interesting anecdote is given by Lord Wharncliffe: "The duchess had still, at a great age, considerable remains of beauty, most expressive eyes, and the finest hair imaginable; the colour of which she had preserved unchanged by the constant use of honey-water. By this superb head of hair hung a tale (tail?), an instance of her waywardness and violence, which, strange to say, she took particular pleasure in telling. None of her charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor duke, her husband. Therefore, one day, upon his offending her, by some act of disobedience to her 'sovereign will,' the bright thought occurred, as she sat considering how she might plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done; she cropped them short, and laid them in an anti-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment. But, to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and re-passed, calm enough to provoke a saint; neither angry, nor sorrowful; seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. Lo! it had vanished; and she remained in perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change a rueful one, she began to think she had, for once, done a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject till after the duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet, where he kept

whatever he held most precious." What a gush of feeling must have assailed the widowed duchess !

Having given this instance of his sweetness as a husband, I must illustrate his patience as a master by recording, from one of his biographers, that, riding out one day at the Hague with Commissary Maniot, it began to rain. The duke called for his cloak ; Maniot having had his put on by his servant in an instant. The duke's attendant not bringing the cloak, he called again ; but the man still continued puzzling about the straps and buckles. At last the rain increased very much, and the duke repeated his call, adding, What are you about, that you do not bring my cloak ?—" You must stay," grumbled the man, " if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The duke only turned to Maniot, and said, smiling, " I would not be of that man's temper for all the world." We have seen how he was affected by the horrors of war, that stern necessity compelled him to witness, and which, to his praise, he did all in his power to mitigate. Amidst political parties he held on a consistent course, ever preserving clear views of what was due to the honour and safety of England. While the wickedness of the high-church section was placing the country in the most perilous ferment, through their wretched tool Sacheverel, the duke maintained his integrity, and, though a firm and conscientious churchman, scorned to lend himself to their vile arts. In short, he was the pride and glory of his country, and, as a French biographer observes of this great man, " he was more a sovereign in England than his royal mistress." I have considered it more within the province of the writers of Marlborough's life to detail particulars of all the honours heaped upon him ; and there is scarcely a child in the kingdom ignorant of the spacious palace erected for him by the nation, which has the name of Blenheim, where the celebrated battle fought at that German town is represented in pictures and tapestry. Amidst all the acclamations of all England, the well-known poem of Addison has by some been thought to be a more lasting monument than the palace of Blenheim, and is accounted one of the most honourable recompenses bestowed on this hero of a hundred fields.



## SECTION VII.

Decline and Death of Louis XIV.—Picture of the sensation thereby created—Dissertation on his Character—On the Arts—Memoirs of several eminent Artists—Architecture, Gardening, &c.—Pascal, Molière, Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, La Fontaine, Bourdaloue, Boileau, Fenelon, Fontenelle, St. Aulaire, Le Sage, Massillon, Rousseau—Wind-up of the War—End of the career of Philip V.—Madame de Maintenon—Bishop Burnet's Death, and last Words to Posterity—The celebrated French Historian, Rollin, and this Book closed with his beautiful "Conclusion."

LOUIS XIV. lived a year or two after the treaties of Utrecht and Radstadt. During that time, he occupied himself, in some respects, in a manner, indicating good sense, although much active attention could not be expected, after the long troubles he had undergone, at the age of 75. The famous canal of Mardyke was one of his latest employments; I have told my reader how the jealousy of England stopped that enterprise. Louis took pleasure in all military spectacles to the last; and it formed a constant amusement to him to drive about his own horses, a species of government in which he excelled. The unfortunate inflation of his character would not let him rest contented with this harmless exercise; but, with singular want of taste and feeling, he tried to entertain the ragged and starving multitudes, whom his injustice and pride had reduced to that deplorable condition, with mock fights, on which immense sums of money were expended. As if the people had not been enough impoverished; and as if the humiliation the arms of France had undergone were not enough, to make them eschew any of the symbols of war, at least until time should have obliterated part of the misery and disgrace attendant on the doings of the first few years of the eighteenth century! Verily the French are an extraordinary people.

In August, 1715, the king was taken with an illness that was mistaken for *sciatica* (hip-gout), but it was soon discovered to be a more formidable disease. He had boasted, during a long life, a hearty constitution; but how soon does wearing pain bring down the strongest of us! In a short time he was greatly reduced, he could no more go out; but he tried unremittingly to carry on his kingly business, and occasionally he had the *gens-d'armes* brought before his window to be reviewed. During this fatal illness, and the certain termination of it he

had sense enough neither to conceal from himself nor from those around him, he discoursed well with the Duke of Orleans upon the duties about to devolve upon him. Checking the too common irritation attendant on painful complaints, he exhibited carefully the utmost kindness to all who came near him. As the illness of Louis proceeded, his legs swelled, and a mortification began to show itself. If we often laugh, or condemn, many of the customs of the French, there are frequent occasions when the homely advice "Look at home," may be profitably remembered.

We are told by Voltaire that the Earl of Stair (who set up for a very fine gentleman, by the bye), "*according to the custom of his country*, laid a wager that the king would not live out the month of September. The Duke of Orleans, who in his journey to Marli had been absolutely alone, was now surrounded by all the court. An empyric, in the last days of the king's illness, gave him an elixir that restored his strength; he ate, and the quack affirmed he could recover Louis. The crowd which had encircled the Duke of Orleans instantly disappeared. 'If the king eats a second time,' said the Duke of Orleans, 'we shall have nobody with us.' The disease however was mortal." Louis beheld the approach of death with great calmness. He observed to Madame de Maintenon that he thought it was more difficult to die than he found it. Observing some of the bystanders weeping, he reproved them, saying, "Why do you weep? Did you believe me immortal? I never thought it; and at my age you should have made up your minds to part with me." He gave minute orders concerning many things, even regulating his funeral solemnity. Voltaire remarks on this, that "whoever has many witnesses of his death always dies with courage." And with what motive soever that unbelieving writer may have made the observation, it will be well for all of us to discriminate between the consolations to be derived from an enlivening sense of pardon and peace, and the kind of excitement and satisfaction created by the sympathizing attentions of those near and dear to us assembled for the last offices of humanity in that solemn hour!

The Duke of St. Simon, who has given us many interesting particulars of the concluding scenes of the life of Louis, describes him as dying penitent, and with an absence of that ostentation which marked his whole life. As he lay in his bed, he caused his great-grandson to be fetched, and, holding him between his arms, he addressed him thus: "You are about to be king over a great kingdom: what I most earnestly recommend to you is never to forget the obligations you have to God: remember that it is to Him you owe every thing. Endeavour to preserve peace with your neighbours; I have been

too fond of war. Neither imitate me in that, nor in the too great expenses which I have incurred. Take advice in all things: endeavour to distinguish the best, and always to follow it. Relieve your people as soon as you can; and do what I have had the misfortune not to be able to do." These memorable words his successor caused to be preserved in writing, and for many years they were preserved above the pillow of Louis XV. The dying king was often observed joining his hands in prayer, and striking his breast with evident remorse. Madame de Maintenon is said to have deserted him before he was dead; it seems scarcely credible, and a passage, I shall presently translate from the Duc de Noailles would almost appear to contradict this assertion.

With very great delight I present my reader a paragraph from the able and eloquent Smyth, professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge: it is in a lecture on the French revolution delivered to the students there: "I could wish you to turn to this particular portion of the memoirs of St. Simon, not only because Louis is an example to show that, after an ill spent life, the bitter hour of self-reproach must come, and this, whatever be the deceitful nature of the human heart—and no man ever had one so deceitful as Louis, but because a youthful student can never be too strongly reminded of the transitory nature of every thing human; however he may value, and justly value, the proper enjoyments of this sublunary state, he must never forget that the pleasures, whether rational or not, of his existence, and his existence itself, in this world at least, must pass away. He has seen Louis XIV. the idol and the master of the most brilliant court that Europe has ever witnessed; he has seen him surrounded by his mistresses, his ladies, and his courtiers, his statesmen and his generals, his artists and his bards, and he has now to see of all these things the awful and concluding lesson—

"To what complexion they must come at last.

"Louis is to undergo the same appalling change which is the law of our common nature—Louis is to die. The physicians are assembled, and they can afford no succour; the *gens-d'armes* are brought up, and at last they can no longer be reviewed, even from the window; the musicians cannot now be listened to, 'charm they never so wisely;' the conversation of Madame de Maintenon and the ladies can interest no more; the king sits drowsy or asleep, and wakes confused; the pulse fails, and he lies on his royal bed helpless and expiring, fallen from his high estate, and his kingdom departing from him. A greater monarch than he has at last appeared, to whose dart, as he prepares to strike, his own earthly sceptre, if opposed, would

be but a pigmy's straw; and this terrific being now marshals him the way he is to go, the way to that vale and shadow, glimmering on the confines of the present world and the future, which he is now to enter, and which stands for ever open to receive the fleeting generations of mankind. It must be ever thus, and the poet, while musing in the church-yard path, repeats but the sentiment which might have been felt on the terraces of Versailles:

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

With the utmost calmness and tranquillity Louis XIV. expired Sept. 1, 1715. The terrors of the scene naturally affected the infant king, now just five years old. The Duke of Orleans exhibited more proper feeling than could have been expected from his depraved character, and appeared to realize the great importance of the trust committed to him as regent of the kingdom. Voltaire thinks Louis was not regretted so much as he deserved; and that the sentiments with which his death was received went farther than indifference.

Sir E. L. Bulwer has a picture in his able work, “Devereux,” that so interests by its graphic effect as to tempt me to quote a page or two: “While we were thus conversing, we approached Versailles. We thought the vicinity of the town seemed unusually deserted. We entered the main street—crowds were assembled—an universal murmur was heard—excitement sat on every countenance. Here an old crone was endeavouring to explain something, evidently beyond its comprehension, to a child of three years old; who, with open mouth, and fixed eyes, seemed to make up in wonder for its want of intelligence. There, a group of old disbanded soldiers occupied the way, and seemed, from their muttered conversation, to vent a sneer and a jest at a priest, who, with downward countenance and melancholy air, was hurrying along. One young fellow was calling out—‘At least, it is a holiday, and I shall go to Paris.’ As a contrast to him, an old withered artisan, leaning on a gold-headed cane, with sharp avarice eloquent in every line of his face, muttered out to a fellow miser, ‘No business to-day—no money, John—no money!’ One knot of women, of all ages, close by which my horse passed, was entirely occupied with a single topic, and that so vehemently that I heard the leading words of the discussion. ‘Mourning—becoming—what fashion?—how long?—O ceil!’ Thus do follies weave themselves round the bier of death! ‘What is the news, gentlemen?’ said I. ‘News—what, have you not heard it? The king is dead!’

'Louis dead—Louis the Great, dead!' cried my companion. 'Louis the *Great*?' said a sullen-looking man—'Louis, the persecutor!' 'Ah—he's a Huguenot!' cried another with haggard cheeks and hollow eyes, scowling at the last speaker. 'Never mind what he says; the king was right when he refused protection to the heretics;—but was he right when he levied such taxes on the catholics?'

"'Hush!' said a third—'hush—it may be unsafe to speak; there are spies about. For my part, I think it was all the fault of the noblesse.' 'And the favourites!' cried a soldier fiercely. 'And the harlots!' cried a hag of 80, 'And the priests!' muttered the Huguenot. 'And the tax-gatherers!' added the lean catholic. We rode slowly on. My comrade was evidently and powerfully affected. 'So, he is dead!' said he. 'Dead!—well—well—peace be with him. He conquered in Holland—he humbled Genoa—he dictated to Spain—he commanded Condé and Turenne—he—Bah! What is all this?' Then, turning abruptly to me, my companion cried, 'I did not speak against the king, did I, sir?' 'Not much,' I replied. 'I am glad of that,' said he; 'yes, very glad!' And the old man glared fiercely round on a troop of boys, who were audibly abusing the dead lion.

"'I would have bit out my tongue, rather than joined in the base joy of these yelping curs. Heavens! when I think what shouts I have heard, when the name of that man, then deemed little less than a god, was but breathed!'—and now—why do you look at me, sir? My eyes are moist—I know it, sir—I know it. The old battered, broken soldier, who made his first campaigns when that which is now dust was the idol of France, and the pupil of Turenne; the old soldier's eyes shall not be dry, though there is not another tear shed in the whole of this great empire.' 'Your three sons?' said I,—'you did not weep for them?' 'No, sir,—I loved them when I was old—but I loved Louis *when I was young*!' 'Your oppressed and pillaged country!' said I, 'think of that.' 'No, sir, I will not think of it!' cried the old warrior in a passion. 'I will not think of it—to-day, at least.' 'You are right, my brave friend: in the grave let us bury even public wrongs; but let us not bury their remembrance. May the joy we read in every face that we pass—joy at the death of one whom idolatry once almost seemed to deem immortal—be a lesson to future kings!'

"My comrade did not immediately answer; but, after a pause, and we had turned our backs upon the town, he said, 'Joy, sir—you spoke of joy! Yes, we are Frenchmen; we forgive our rulers easily for private vices and petty faults; but we never forgive them if they commit the greatest of faults, and suffer a stain to rest upon'— 'What?' I asked, as my

comrade broke off. 'The national glory, Monsieur!' replied he. 'You have hit it,' said I, smiling at the turgid sentiment which was so really and so deeply felt. 'And had you written folios upon the character of your countrymen, you could not have expressed it better.'"

Yes, we read in Voltaire, and all writers on the period, that the love of novelty—the approach of a minority—caused Louis' death to be received favourably. The same people, who in 1686 begged of heaven, with tears, the king's recovery, followed his funeral pomp with very different expressions. It is said that his mother, when he was very young, told him to copy after his grandfather, and not to be like his father. Louis having asked her the reason, "It is," said she, "because that, at the death of Henry IV., the people wept; and laughed at that of Louis XIII." The Duc de Noailles thus speaks of the death of Louis XIV. : "He died September 1, 1715, leaving the kingdom, immersed in debt, to an infant of five and a half years old, whose minority seemed alone wanting to put the finishing stroke to our disorders by the accession of fresh calamities. Although flattery has too much exalted him, he was entitled to the title of *great* by many sublime qualities, and by admirable institutions that are of more account than conquests; and his reign will always be considered one of the most glorious epochs of the monarchy. Wise men will honour him, by the constancy with which he bore the long train of misfortunes he passed through, and by the ardent desire he manifested to finish the calamities of his people. It is due to Louis, as well as to Madame de Maintenon, to mention the way in which he served her on his death-bed, by committing her interests to the Duke of Orleans, 'Nephew, I recommend Madame de Maintenon to your care. You know the sentiments of esteem I have entertained for her. She has always counselled me well; it would have been better for me had I followed her advice. She has proved a blessing to me in every thing, but, above all, in matters regarding the salvation of my soul. Do whatsoever she requires at your hands—whether for her kindred, friends, or connections—she will not abuse your confidence. See her personally relative to all she wishes.'"

The character of Louis XIV. has engaged great attention, and been represented much according to the bias of the writer descanting upon his deeds. He seems to have been humane, apart from the fearful infatuations of bigotry and of war. How just is the term infatuation, when, during the heats of such unholy and destructive practices, the man who can doom whole villages, cities, or territories, to fire and sword, and imagine he is in the "stern path of duty," will, on the other hand, in circumstances of peace, shrink from the effusion of blood; often endeavour to save life forfeit to the laws; and be occupied

either in neighbourly acts of kindness, or in public efforts for the good of his country! Louis was a despot, it is true, but not a savage. I have at p. 203 shown that the execution of the Chevalier de Rohan was the only case of blood-shedding for high-treason during this long reign of nearly three-quarters of a century. Of what other government during that long space, either in times antecedent, contemporary, or subsequent, can so much be said? It seems a very common notion that the generation who witness the career of any illustrious character are ill qualified to appreciate it; and that a long period must elapse ere men's minds can be sufficiently free from party spirit to enable them to steer clear of disparagement or flattery. I cannot bow to this dogma; nor can I see reason to hope for fresh lights to guide us to an unerring judgment on so contradictory a person as the royal "posture-master," whose life and history we have now gone through. Enough appears to exhibit him as a kind and gentle master; not a disrespectful son, though an unwise one: a man of shrewdness, though often manifesting selfish perverseness. If he had a certain sort of kindness of disposition, little credit must be assigned him for this qualification, as his suavity seems to have resulted from seeing a facile disposition was most productive of ease. The bane of royalty proved a net whose meshes precluded his escape: and if in the comparatively innocent period of boyhood, when apparently dying, he could seriously set himself to examination as to *where* he was then likely to go, and manifest a certain tenderness of conscience, how lamentable that his goodness was, like that of most others, to be compared with the "early cloud and the morning dew, which soon passeth away!" The paths of sin, in "pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy," were temptingly smoothed along the downward road; and we see in the occasional flashes of the light of natural conscience—as in the case of his remorse for his guilty connexion with Madame de Montespan, &c.—that Felix was not the only monarch who stifled his convictions by the too fatally common postponement of repentance to "a more convenient season."

The career of Louis XIV. exhibits him as endowed with the opposing qualities of steady application to business; a pursuit of pleasure unchecked by reference to the rights, duties, and affections of others; and an affectation of virtuous principles, which he seems to have had no other value for than that the sum-total of his glory and renown should be increased. Enough has in this work been recorded to show his heartless debauchery, his insatiate ambition, his tact in judging of the characters likely to add to the splendour of his gaudy government or to benefit that country over which he reigned. It can admit of no dispute that *himself* was the end of all his movements

and we find that he never suffered any thing to exist "but what immediately emanated from the throne, or was visibly dependent on his pleasure." The happiness of his people, certainly, was not indifferent to him, but *he* must be the judge and prime mover, the guardian of their peace, and the guarantee of their security. So he gloried in having great men about his court and government; but *he* must be their patron. He certainly picked the crown up out of the dirt, and knew how to beautify and keep it in repair. His education, originally contracted, even more than falls to the lot of most royal scions, perhaps, had a prejudicial influence on his selfish mind, that seems ever to have been unable to separate real grandeur from meretricious gilding.

In a work on the French revolution, ably written by Dr. Moore, perhaps more than most writers qualified to judge, occurs the following passage. It may not be amiss here to state who this Dr. Moore was—as the name is so common, and this short sketch will show *why* he was specially able to form an unimpeachable judgement. John Moore was born at Stirling 1730, and educated at Glasgow, where he studied medicine. He went, in 1747, to Flanders with the English army, as surgeon's mate, and after the peace he came to London, to improve himself in medical knowledge. He afterwards passed to Paris, where the English ambassador, Lord Albemarle, engaged him as surgeon to his household. In 1773 he travelled about as tutor to the young Duke of Hamilton and his brother. On his return to London, he published, in 1779, his *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*; this was received with universal approbation, and encouraged him to issue his *Views of Society and Manners in Italy*. His *Medical Sketches* possessed merit, but are said to have offended his brethren, because they betrayed some of the secrets of their profession. In 1792, Dr. Moore accompanied Lord Lauderdale to Paris, and was an eye-witness to some of the atrocious scenes which so much disgraced the French revolution. He died in London in 1802, highly respected as a man of letters, and of general information.

He had two sons—Graham, a gallant officer in the navy; and the illustrious Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna. Well, Dr. Moore observes that "the sudden recovery from the disastrous condition to which France was reduced, at the two epochs above mentioned (the war of the League, and the excitement of the Fronde), was partly owing to the talents of the two princes who reigned immediately after them. The first, being blessed with benevolence and genius, had at once the inclination to raise his country from the calamitous state in which she was, and the power to execute it; he was in reality a great king.



The second, Louis XIV., has been called the best actor of a great king that ever lived.

“The fine person, dignified deportment, and imposing manners of Louis XIV., commanded the admiration, and even the awe, of his generals, ministers, and courtiers; and towards the end of his reign, when he was at once assailed by domestic and public misfortunes, the attachment of his subjects seemed to make them feel the sorrows of their king as their own, and submit with alacrity to heavier exactions than were ever wrung by tyranny from man. Mankind are governed by force and by opinion. Louis made use of both these agents in a supreme degree. Besides the immense army which he kept up in peace as well as war, he also kept in action all those springs which have been found friendly to the maintenance of implicit obedience in the subject, and arbitrary power in the monarch. By various means he kept his nobility entirely dependent on his favour. Jealous of allowing the princes of the blood occasions of acquiring military fame, he seldom gave them the command of armies, and never for a long time.

“He commanded in person only when conquest was secure; and, without being exposed to hardship or danger, he claimed the merit of having reduced every fortress, which was either bought by his money, or subdued by the skill of his engineers. Even in his cabinet at Versailles he affected to direct the operations of his generals in the field, and vainly expected that, *their* victories being imputed to *his* military skill, the greater share of the glory would remain with himself. He was taught that he had a right to controul the consciences, and seize the money, of his subjects; and, as he was at once superstitious and haughty, he revived the spirit of persecution, partly from zeal for the religion which he himself professed, and partly to punish the arrogance of those who dared to entertain opinions different from his.

“Compensating the difference in quantity by that of quality, he seems to have thought himself and family, including his illegitimate children, of more value than all his subjects together. Other monarchs have rated themselves and subjects in the same manner; but Louis XIV. is, perhaps, the only king who ever brought his subjects to the same way of thinking. He and his glory occupied their thoughts more than their own welfare, or that of their country. Those endearing ideas which are connected with the expression ‘our country’ roused his jealousy; at least, pains were taken, in his time, to root them out of their native soil, and transplant them around the word ‘king’: the expression *la patrie* fell out of use during his reign, and continued so for a long time afterwards—*le roi* supplied its place. That men should reverence the chief magistrate of a constitu-

tion, where power is limited and prerogative ascertained, is highly rational and becoming; that subjects should admire a great king, and love a benevolent one, is natural and just. The heart owns, and the understanding approves, those sentiments. There is nothing in them, however, to fire the imagination, or greatly to captivate the affections.

“But the expression, native country, presents itself to the mind, decorated with many ideas from the wardrobe of imagination. To tell men they have disgraced their country is the most bitter of all reproaches; to say that they have done it honour is the most soothing of all praises. The officer on the day of battle is sensible of this; and that he may inspire those under his command with additional courage, and rouse them to the utmost efforts, he reminds them that they are fighting for their country! That simple sentence contains all the magic of eloquence. Conjuring up the ideas of protecting our property, our homes, the abodes of our forefathers, the beloved scenes of our earliest pleasures and first affections, it implies defending from outrage our constitution, our religion, all that is valuable and endearing, our friends, parents, wives, and children. The love of our country is mentioned with the love of fame by the Roman poet, as the feeling of a noble mind:—

“Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.

“It not only excites to virtuous exertions during life, but a soothing recollection of death:—

“——dulces moriens reminiscitur argos.

“The Romans, fond of fighting as they were, would not have unsheathed a sword for the greatest man their country ever produced, if he had insinuated that they were to fight for *his* glory and not for their country. But the French, in Louis XIVth's time, seem to have thought of nothing but the monarch. When a battle was lost, their greatest concern was the affliction it would occasion to him; they rejoiced in victory because it would afford him pleasure and increase his glory. The great empire of France, and ‘all which it inherit,’ seemed to have been centred in the person of the *Grand Monarque*, as if there had been a general conviction of the absurd doctrine that the people were made for the king, and not the king for the people; which has a bad effect on the minds of both, rendering the one more proud, and the other more servile.

“This was the case in France during the reign of this arrogant monarch, whose affected grandeur imposed on the whole nation; and who, whether he was a hero in the eyes of his valet-de-chambre or not, certainly was admired as a great monarch even by the truly great men of his own time. His generals

talked of the honour of shedding their blood for his glory. The proudest of his nobility solicited offices, some of them almost menial, near his person; and the great Condé himself dwindled into a mere courtier, to satisfy the vanity of the inflated monarch. Considerations of policy and selfishness intermingled, in these instances, with that wonderment with which the nation at that time looked up to their monarch; the generals probably thought a little of commands and regiments, the courtiers of places and pensions, and the prince of mitigating the jealousy which, he well knew, Louis bore him. It is impossible to imagine that they had any affectionate attachment to his person.

“How could a reserved, yet ostentatious, tyrant, who continually sacrificed the feelings of all around him to his own caprice and conveniency, excite affectionate attachment? A king of such a character as Henry IV. would certainly carry men a great length in the most cordial loyalty; but let those who wish to embody patriotism, and many of the sentiments which beautify and harmonise society, with whoever inherits the office of king, recollect the characters of all Henry's successors, except the last. Let them also reflect that, if Louis XV. had died before his marriage, then all the loyalty of the French nation, with all the duty and affection which belong to it, and that ardour to shed their blood for their king's glory, which the French of those days were so fond of professing, would have been the lawful inheritance of Philip Egalité!”

It is my desire fairly to exhibit the character of Louis XIV., I therefore trust my reader will not find fault with my presenting to him various opinions of that character, as the best means I can adopt to enable him to form a satisfactory estimate of the monarch whose career has so long occupied our attention.

Voltaire says that “time, which stamps the opinions of men, has stamped its seal upon his reputation; and, notwithstanding all that has been written against him, his name will never be pronounced without respect, nor without reviving the idea of an age for ever memorable. Some answers and sayings of this prince have been collected, which amount to little. It was said that when he had resolved to abolish Calvinism in France, he said, ‘My grandfather loved the Huguenots, and did not fear them; my father feared, but did not love them; as for me, I neither love, nor fear them.’ He always expressed himself nobly, and with great exactness, studying to speak, as well as to act, in public, like a sovereign. When the Duke of Anjou went to reign in Spain, the king, to express the union which was from that time to join the two nations, said to him, ‘Remember, there are now no Pyrenees.’ Louis XIV. had more dignity and exactness than sprightliness in his genius. A king should, indeed, do, rather than say, memorable things. Whoever is in an exalted

station should suffer no person to leave his presence discontented, and should make himself agreeable to all those who approach him. It is not possible to confer favours every moment; but 'tis always easy to say things which please: this Louis had happily made habitual to him. Between him and his court there was a constant interchange of all the graciousness that his majesty could show without being degraded; and all the arts which eagerness to serve, and solicitude to please, could produce, without abasement.

“With the women, particularly, he had a delicacy and politeness which still more increased that of his courtiers; and with the men he never lost an opportunity of saying those things that flatter self-love, excite emulation, and make a deep impression. The Duchess of Burgundy, when she was very young, seeing an officer at supper who was extremely ugly, was very loud in her ridicule of his person. ‘Madam,’ said the king to her, still louder, ‘I think him one of the handsomest men in my kingdom; for he is one of the bravest.’ A general officer, an abrupt sort of a man, who had not softened his temper, even in the court of Louis XIV., had lost an arm in an action, and complained to the king, who had, however, recompensed him as much as the loss of an arm can be recompensed. I wish, said he, that I had lost the other, that I might serve your majesty no more. ‘I should then be sorry,’ said Louis, ‘both for you and myself.’ These words were followed by the grant of a favour.”

He appears to have perpetrated several *jeu d'esprits* which were not destitute of merit, at least showing that intellectual amusements were not banished from his court. If he loved praise, its grossness sometimes disgusted even Louis XIV. Despreaux, a poet, once rather impudently said, on hearing some remarks of the king, ‘Tell his majesty I am a better judge of poetry than he is.’ Louis mildly replied, ‘He is in the right of it, he is a better judge than I.’ A cynical follower of the Duke of Vendôme, named Villiers, freely condemned Louis' taste in every thing—music, painting, architecture, gardening. The king met him one day in the gardens, and showed him one of his new plans, which he condescended to observe he feared had not the happiness to secure his approbation. No, answered Villiers. However, said Louis, there are many persons who are not so much displeased with it. That may be, replied Villiers, every one has his own way of thinking. The king smiled, and said, “It is impossible to please every body.”

After his marriage with Mde. de Maintenon, the king led a much more retired life, and a serious illness contributed to estrange him from that taste for feasts and gallantry by which almost every year had been distinguished. He was seized with a fistula, and this distressing disease was not then under the

controul of a simple and safe operation. Richelieu had died from unskilful treatment under a similar case. The king's danger alarmed all France; the churches were filled with innumerable crowds, with tears in their eyes, imploring his cure from heaven. The chief surgeon, Felix, went through all the hospitals, to seek for patients in the same distemper: he consulted the best surgeons, and secured their assistance in constructing instruments for shortening the operation. When he had gained sufficient confidence, Felix informed Louis that he was ready, and the day was fixed for the operation. Madame de Maintenon, Louvois, the confessor Père la Chaise, and the medical attendants, only knew of it. The operation was long, therefore painful; the king endured it without complaining, and, when it was over, sent to inform his family. On the very day he made the ministers transact their business in his bed-room, which he continued throughout his confinement; and received the foreign ambassadors the next day. Felix, under an appreciation of the great responsibility devolved upon him, manifested much more concern and trepidation than the royal sufferer. After he had successfully concluded, the hands of this eminent surgeon were seized with a tremulousness, from which he never entirely recovered. Louis presented him with an estate, at that time valued at more than 50,000 crowns.

He underwent several minor operations connected with this sad complaint, which he bore with patience, and always showed a power of self-command, that one of his ablest biographers classes with the greatest acts of the most famous men of antiquity. Without going quite so far, I can but admire his constancy, and am no mean judge, as it has fallen to my own lot to undergo a similar trial, followed by a three months' confinement and repeated incisions and excisions. Louis was quite restored within *one* month. Having myself shrunk from the operator's knife, without laying a particle of claim to the firmness of the royal sufferer, I venture to present a short passage from Mr. James, that gives the meed due to that firmness: "A historian has declared with truth that Augustus Cæsar died an actor, but probably had he examined as strictly the lives of patriots and philosophers, he would have found in their most famous sayings, and their most celebrated acts, fully as much of the player as in the *nunc plaudite* of the emperor. It is something, if, in the human mind, especially a mind enured to luxury and enjoyment, there can be found a power of any kind strong enough to conquer bodily suffering, and to meet events, awful in themselves, with firmness and dignity." In the history of Job, how powerfully does Satan put the case: "But put forth thine hand now, and touch his *bone* and his *flesh*, and he will curse thee to thy face!" And the most pathetic and poetical bewailing on record

testifies to the all-conquering nature of bodily suffering, which could cause the personification of patience to "long for death, but it cometh not; and to desire to be where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

Louis' conduct to the unfortunate sufferer in the iron-mask I have already exposed and condemned. He did not abrogate the use of torture—indeed prison-discipline seems in those days to have attracted little or no attention. He doubtless pursued the Count of Lauzun with a shameful extent of punishment, altogether disproportionate to the offence. But he does not seem at home in such acts, nor did he cause justice to be perverted for the gratification of his passing caprices. The glaring, damning, spot in his reign was his conduct in connection with the persecution of the protestants; but as I have so largely entered into that deplorable affair in an earlier portion of this work, and in no way spared the royal bigot, it is the less necessary here to repeat my horror and disgust at his shameful and cruel conduct, under the influence of his confessor and other Roman priests. Personally, he appears to have been of a forgiving disposition, of a mild and placable nature. One trait to his praise I have recorded at p. 148, when he encountered the risk of contagious disease. In fact, he never avoided the execution of those duties that he deemed fitting in such cases, when from similar scenes most around him fled, among whom the foremost was Madame de Maintenon. At the death of the Dauphiness Louis was present; leading his son away from the sad spectacle, he addressed him thus: "You see what becomes of the greatness of this world. Lo! that which you and I have to expect. God grant us grace to end our days as holily." Indeed throughout the many severe trials to which by family bereavements and other afflictions he was called in his latter years, he carried himself with firmness, and, while evidently a deep sufferer, made no display of his grief. In short, there were many occasions on which Louis exhibited the kindness of a parent and a friend, while he at the same time preserved the dignity of a king.

His disgraceful licentiousness, and encouragement of those propensities in others, leave a stain of degradation upon his character, though too common as applied to royal sinners, which the mind sickens in contemplating. The awful cruelties in the Palatinate must for ever blast his name; nor does his reputation get any relief from the dishonourable attempt to load the shoulders of the execrable Louvois with the enormity. Once Louvois, determined to secure his consent to the burning of Treves, told the king he had taken that responsibility on himself, and had sent off a courier with an order to destroy that city. The king burst out into a passion, to which he was not subject, started up, seized the tongs from the fire-place, and

would therewith have knocked down the offender, but Madame de Maintenon got between them, and Louvois made a hasty retreat. However, he had time to hear the king shout out, "Send off another courier instantly: if he arrive not in time, and they burn a single house, your head shall answer for it."

Louis XIV. greatly contributed to the civilization and refinement of France; he was friendly to order, tranquillity, and the regular administration of justice; and, one of the best of his biographers remarks that "this is the most favourable point of view in which Louis can be surveyed. He had at the same time undoubtedly the very important merit of choosing able men for the various departments of the state. And this is not only at all times the best criterion of the merit of every prince, but it is more so of Louis, from whose ignorance, vanity, pride, and impetuosity, no conduct so rational could have been expected." One of his panegyrists says, "Turenne, Condé, Luxembourg, were his generals; Colbert, Louvois, Torci, were his statesmen; Vauban, his engineer; Perault constructed his palaces; they were adorned by Le Poussin and Le Brun; Le Nôtre laid out his gardens; Corneille and Racine wrote his tragedies; Molière, his comedies; Boileau was his poet; Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, were his preachers. It is in this august assemblage of men, whose fame can never die, that this monarch, whom they acknowledged as their patron and protector, presents himself to the admiration of posterity."

Upon this passage, Mr. Smyth observes, "There is certainly something here to arrest us in the career of our censure. We see at length a disciplined army, public order, authority every where vigilant and resistless; regular government duly administered through all its departments; habits of obedience and loyalty deeply engrafted and thoroughly introduced into the national character. To these the solid bases of this system, and of every system of government, must be added the more ornamental part, the paintings, the statues, the splendid vases, the libraries, all the rich and massy furniture, with which the great national edifice, the work of Louis XIV., was adorned. And we thus see presented to us that magnificent whole that so strongly impressed, that so entirely fascinated and overpowered not only the French people, but the people of all the kingdoms of Europe; and, if no more remained to be told, the admiration of posterity might not only be demanded for Louis, but be allowed. There is, however, much more to be told, and we must not, like the French people at the time, be insensible to the serious faults which so obscured the merits of their *Grand Monarque*. \* \* \* \* \* Louis was long the terror of the civilized world; he was long considered as the tyrant that menaced the liberties of Holland, and every kingdom that he

could overpower; as the monarch who had entertained thoughts even of universal empire. But what was to be the result? At home, a system of taxation was to be urged on to the most oppressive expedients; peasants were to be hunted down and seized, to be forcibly enlisted in the armies: abroad, Holland, England, Europe, were to be attacked or insulted. A succession of battles was to be fought, attended with the most frightful carnage; that is, the industrious were to be impoverished, the tender were to mourn, and the brave were to die, because Louis was to be called *great*, because Louis had chosen to be enrolled among the conquerors of the earth! It is surely difficult to love—it is surely strange to admire—a monarch like this. Of the last 48 years of his reign, 29 were years of war; more than 1,000,000 of men were sacrificed; the state was so reduced that the very servants of the king, covered with his liveries, asked alms at the doors of his palace of Versailles! \* \* \* United, the leading measures of his reign form a most dreadful indictment against him; and it is impossible to distinguish such a monarch from any other of those mistaken and guilty mortals who have so misused their power as to deserve every mark of disgust and reprobation which can be inflicted upon them by the historian and by the thinking part of mankind.” \* \* \*

In speaking of his death-bed repentance, and the good and affecting advice Louis gave to his infant successor, this eloquent writer goes on, “But how strong must have been the reasons for repentance before they could have reached the infatuated mind of a monarch like Louis! In recapitulation—there is little in Louis to be loved, and not much that can properly be admired. He violated his most acknowledged duties; he was an adulterer, and even openly so. In the same carriage with him, and in presence of his armies, were seen his two mistresses and his queen. He found in Madame la Vallière one whom he not only loved, but one who would have thought herself but too happy to have been loved by him; too happy, as he well knew, if she had been the object of his affection and choice in a private station, and had shared with him, and for his sake endured, the obscurity of a cottage, or the privations of the most laborious life; yet, this mistress, his mistress in spite of all her sense of right and honourable feelings, this unfortunate lady, he saw consign herself to a living death in a cloister, only because he had abandoned her for another. What next ensued? The second object of his attachment he abandoned for a third; an adulterer to his queen while she lived, and at last, by his connection with Madame de Maintenon, subsiding into an anomalous and mixed situation of right and wrong, licentiousness and duty. Too proud to be supposed a husband, too devout (as he imagined) to be a keeper; and at last, only taught to know him-



self by the defeats of his generals, and the overwhelming calamities that he had brought upon his people. What is there here to be loved? What is there in the man, as a husband, a father, or a master, to interest our affections? What is there that we would wish to be found in the character of our children, our friends, or ourselves? As a king, what are his praises? The reducing of his kingdom to order and civilization by the authority of his government; the selection of men of ability for his ministers; the protection of the fine arts; important merits these, no doubt; *but these are all.*"

This very charming writer, on the question of the arts flourishing equally under despotism or a free government, says, "literature and the arts can flourish while they disturb not the arbitrary maxims, civil and religious, that are adopted by the government under which they appear, but no longer. This measured license, however, this contracted indulgence, can never be favourable to the genius of the human mind, which kindles by mutual sympathy in every direction, and which can in this manner, and in this manner only, reach its full and natural perfection.

"It is not considered how capricious and unjust may be the arbitrary monarch, even while he professes himself to be the patron of literature and the arts. Virgil could find a patron in Augustus, but Ovid experienced only a persecutor and a tyrant. The same despot who could give a donation to the Mantuan bard, for the compliment to Marcellus, could tear away the author of the *Metamorphoses* from the splendours of Rome, and the delights of polished society, and cast him out upon the snows of Thrace amid the barbarians that surrounded the Euxine; his complaints, the tender and elegant *Tristia*, that were written from the desolate wastes of these inhospitable regions, have never ceased to move every reader of sensibility and taste, but they could produce no impression on the master of an arbitrary government; and the hapless poet, sickening under the sensations of hope deferred, at last despaired, and confessed that his genius had been his ruin.

"Ingenio perii Naso poeta meo.

"Virgil, however, and Ovid might both have sung in courts, and capitals, where Tacitus could not have thought; and the pages of this philosophic historian will now for ever attest the connection that subsists between the genius and the freedom of the human mind. The same great truth was again felt, even under all the patronage of a court, by Longinus. In every age and succeeding period of the world the conclusion is the same. Raphael and Michael Angelo might have adorned palaces and temples with all the forms of sublimity and beauty, in cities

where Galileo could not have unveiled the science of the heavens, nor Luther laid open the book of Life. Under Louis XIV., in like manner (the celebrated patron of every muse), Boileau, and Poussin, and Bossuet, and other illustrious men, divines, and artists, and poets, could find emoluments and distinctions; but Fénelon had to be removed to a distance, and to disguise the effusions of his patriotism and wisdom. In our own country, in like manner, the immortal Locke, under James II., was a student persecuted and silent; the world received no benefit from the labours of his thoughts.

“But the lapse of a few years, and the renewal of a free form of government, saw him cherished and admired; saw him give to mankind his Treatise on Government, his Reasonableness of Christianity, his Essay on Toleration, his Essay on the Human Mind, and contribute more, perhaps, than any individual who can be mentioned, to the best interests of his fellow creatures, by contributing to remove obscurity from the mind, servility from the heart, and dogmatism from the understanding. I need not continue this subject further. The arts that adorn, and the literature that charms, the polished leisure of society, may flourish under a Louis, as they did under an Augustus, but not so the higher pursuits of the human understanding. It is freedom alone which can conduct the genius of mankind to that sublime perception of truth to which the Almighty Master sometimes admits—as in his wisdom he sees best—the aspiring, though bounded, faculties of his creatures.”

To my reader I make no apology for this long extract from one of the most right-thinking and beautiful writers of the day. I feel satisfied, from the high tone of liberality that pervades his book, I need make none to the gifted author of the lectures on the French Revolution, for enriching my pages with the few interesting paragraphs quoted, so powerful and so suitable to my purpose.

By way of showing how degrading is flattery to both offerer and receiver, I give the following from the pen of an otherwise superior character. It occurs in a letter from Rome, dated Aug. 30, 1698, from the Princess des Ursins to Marshal Noailles; she is complaining of Cardinal Bouillon, and says, “he has rarely been near me without having met one or other of the cardinals, or some other distinguished prelate. I always have pleasure in contriving to turn the conversation on the wondrous compound of qualities to be found in the king (Louis XIV.); but Bouillon cautiously evades the subject; and I never but once heard him praise her majesty, and then the most that he said was that she played well on the guitar.”

In another part of this work I have had occasion to expose the air of conceit of the publication called the Saturday Maga-

zine. I now acknowledge my obligations to its far abler fore-runner, the Penny Magazine, for the following sketch of "a Day of Louis XIV." which I have but slightly condensed from an account given by that interesting periodical as a collation from the memoir-writers of the period. I certainly adopt it without permission, and I hope without offence.

Under the absolute government of Louis XIV. the nobility were drawn from their châteaux to court, employed about the person of the monarch, and rendered dependent on his favour. They soon lost their former spirit of independence, and, becoming corrupted by pensions and court favours, sank into a state of effeminacy from which they never rose. Their vices, follies, and weaknesses hastened the Revolution, and at the same time disabled them from taking any useful part in that great movement, under which they were ruthlessly crushed.

The following account of a day at the court of Louis XIV. presents a humiliating picture of the French nobility at that time, when the highest object of their ambition was the favour of the sovereign, to obtain which they eagerly aspired to perform menial services about his person:—

About eight o'clock in the morning, while a servant prepared the fire in the king's apartment, and Louis still slept, the pages of the chamber gently opened the windows, and removed the collation which had been left in case of the king requiring refreshment in the night. Bontemps, the first valet, who had slept in the same room, and had dressed himself in the ante-chamber, re-entered, and waited, silent and alone, until the clock struck the hour at which the king had desired to be awakened. He then approached the king's bed, saying, "Sire, the clock has struck," and went directly into the ante-chamber to announce that his majesty was awake. The folding-doors were then thrown open, and the Dauphin and his children, Monsieur and the Duke de Chartres, were in waiting to wish him "good morning." The Duke du Maine, the Count de Toulouse, the Duke de Beauvillers, first gentleman of the chamber, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, grand-master of the wardrobe, entered, followed by the first valet of the wardrobe and other officers bringing in the king's dresses. The principal physician and surgeon were also admitted. Bontemps, then handing a silver-gilt vessel, poured on the king's hands some spirit of wine; the Duke de Beauvillers presented the holy water, and his majesty made the sign of the cross, while the Dauphin and the Duke du Maine, approaching the king's bed, asked him how he had slept; after he had recited a very short religious service, M. de St. Quentin laid before him several peruques, and the king pointed out the one he intended to wear. As soon as he rose from his bed, the Duke de Beauvillers handed him a rich morning-gown, and

Quentin presented the peruque, which the king put on himself. Bontemps next drew on his majesty's stockings, and, on being dressed, the holy water was again offered to him. He now went from the balustrade within which the bed was placed, and, seating himself in an arm-chair near the fire-place, demanded "la première entrée," which the Duke de Beauvillers repeated in a loud voice, on which a page of the chamber admitted those who, by right of their office or the king's favour, were entitled to be present at the "petit lever."

The Marshal Duke de Villeroi, the Count de Grammont, the Marquis de Dangeau, M. de Beringhen, the four secretaries, Colin and Baurepas, readers of the chamber, Vergins, the Count de Crécy, secretary of the cabinet, and the Baron de Breteuil, with several keepers of the wardrobe not on service, and the keepers of the gold and silver plate, were introduced. His majesty then underwent the operation of shaving, the basin being held by Charles de Guisgne, Quentin adjusting the shaving-cloth, and applying the soap-brush and razor, and afterwards a soft sponge dipped in spirit of wine, and subsequently in pure water. The king wiped his face with a dry napkin, Bontemps holding a looking-glass during the whole of these operations. When these were finished, Caillebat, Marquis de la Salle, and Letellier, Marquis de Louvre, master of the wardrobe, prepared to attend the king while he dressed, previous to which he demanded the "grande entrées," the admission to which was regarded as one of the highest court favours. On each individual presenting himself in the ante-room, the Sieur de Rassé, one of the ushers of the chamber, approached the Duke de Beauvillers, and announced his name in a low tone, the duke repeating it to the king, when, if his majesty did not make any objection, the introduction took place. Nobles of the highest rank, marshals, bishops, governors of provinces, and presidents of the parliament, now entered in succession. At length, a gentle knock is heard at the door, and Beauvillers is ready to receive from the groom of the chamber the name of the new comer, and to announce it to the king; but the door is opened without ceremony, although it was neither a great churchman nor soldier; it was Racine: and soon afterwards Boileau, Molière, and Mansard, the architect, are introduced with as little form.

The king, however, is now engaged in dressing, and the courtiers have the gratification of witnessing this ceremony. The page of the wardrobe hands to Gabriel Bachelier his majesty's stockings and garters, who presents them to the king, and Louis puts on the former himself. Another officer hands his "haute-de-chausse," to which silk stockings are attached, and a third puts on the king's shoes. Two pages, splendidly dressed, remove the habiliments which the king throws off, and

his majesty buckles the garters himself. Breakfast is now ready, and Louis commands Racine to seat himself at the table. Two officers of the goblet bring in the breakfast service. The chief butler presents to the Duke de Beauvillers a silver-gilt cup, in which the duke pours out wine and water from two decanters, borne by another officer, tastes the beverage, and, after the cup has been rinsed, he presents it to the king, who drinks. The Dauphin then gives his hat and gloves to the first gentleman of the chamber, takes a napkin, handed to him by another officer, and presents it to the king, who wipes his lips.

After breakfast is finished, Louis takes off his morning gown, and the Marquis de la Salle assists the king in taking off his night-vest by the left hand, while Bontemps is similarly employed on the right. The latter receives from the king his purse, and hands it to François de Belloc, who places it in a cabinet, and remains in charge of it. Bachelier brings a shirt, which he has aired, and presents it to the Duke de Beauvillers, and the Dauphin, again laying aside his hat and gloves, hands it to the king. Two officers extend before the king his "robe de chambre," and Bachelier receives the garment which the king has taken off. The Marquis de la Salle assists the king to pull on his long stockings, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld helps him on with his under-waistcoat. Two valets of the wardrobe then present the king with his waistcoat, sword, and the blue ribbon with the crosses of the Holy Ghost and St. Louis. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld buckles on the sword, and the Marquis de la Salle assists his majesty to put on his coat, and next presents him with a rich lace cravat, which the king ties on himself. The Marquis next empties the pockets of the dress which had been worn by the king on the previous day, and which is held by Bachelier, and receives from the Sieur de Saint-Michel two handkerchiefs presented to him on a waiter. The king then kneels in the space between the bed and the wall, and repeats a prayer, all the cardinals and bishops approaching and joining in a low tone.

His majesty was now ready to receive such of the foreign ambassadors as had occasion to wait upon him; and the ambassador of Spain was introduced to him by appointment, previous to which a coverlet was thrown on the bed, and the curtain drawn in front and at the feet. The king took his seat within the balustrade, the Dukes de Beauvillers and de la Rochefoucauld and the Marquis de la Salle standing near him, and the princes of the blood being seated by his side. The ambassador is introduced, and makes three obeisances, upon which the king rises, and, taking off his hat, salutes the ambassador, after which, putting on his hat, he resumes his seat. The ambassador, who had by this time commenced his address, put on his hat, on

which the princes did the same. At the conclusion of the interview, he retires, bowing three times. A lieutenant-general of one of the provinces is next introduced, for the purpose of taking the oaths of office, during which he kneels and places his hands within those of the king, having previously given his sword, hat, and gloves to an officer of the chamber. When the king was indisposed, or took medicine, the honour of being present at the "grand entrée" was one of the highest aspirations of the courtiers, the mode of reception being less formal.

The "grand entrée" was terminated by the king exclaiming, in a loud voice, "To the council!" On which he immediately proceeded to his cabinet, where he found many officers in waiting, to whom he gave orders for the day. To the Bishop of Orleans, first almoner, he said that he would go to mass at noon, instead of half past-nine, as he had intended; to the Marquis de Livry, his first maitre-d'hôtel, that he would dine in his private apartment, and that he would sup "au grand couvert," that is, in state; to Bontemps, who handed to him his watch and reliquary, that he would visit the fives' court; to the officer of the wardrobe, that he would go out at two o'clock, and would take his mantle and muff; then, putting on his ordinary peruque, he took his seat at the upper end of a table covered with green velvet, the Dauphin and other illustrious and distinguished persons taking their seats near him, according to their rank. At the conclusion of the council, his majesty repaired to the chapel, and, in passing, gave the watchword of the day to the gendarmes, dragoons, and musqueteers.

During mass, the king's musicians performed a fine motet, composed by the Abbé Robert. At one o'clock the Marquis de Livry, bâton in hand, announces that dinner is served, when Louis, attended constantly by a captain of the guard, repairs to his apartment, two attendants preceding him, carrying a table already set out. The Sieur du Plessis, who was in waiting, hands to the Duke de Beauvillers a moistened napkin, which the Dauphin presents to the king. Each dish had been tasted beforehand, and on a sign from the king, an esquire-carver cuts up the viands, and the gentleman in waiting changes the king's plate. After he had dined, his majesty, throwing on his mantle, and having received his muff from the master of the wardrobe, descends to his carriage, which is waiting for him in the marble court, a crowd of seigneurs ranging themselves on each side of the staircase. After remaining some time at the fives' court, where the Dukes de Chartres, de Bourgogne, and du Maine were enjoying this favourite game, he returns to the palace. About three o'clock he pays a visit to Madame de Maintenon, where, reclining in an arm-chair near the fire-place, opposite this lady, who is working a piece of tapestry, he every day passed one or

two hours, listening, occasionally, to Racine, who came here sometimes to read his compositions. 'Esther' and 'Athalie,' two of Racine's best productions, were performed in this apartment by the young ladies of the school of St. Cyr, for the king's amusement, who was highly pleased with the unexpected entertainment. The performance concluded at an early hour, and at ten o'clock Louis took his departure, after remaining some time in conversation with madame, who had already retired to bed. The king drawing the bed-curtains, than repaired to the apartment in which he was to sup "au grand couvert."

The different officers had already made the preparations for this ceremony; the table had been laid out by a gentleman in waiting; and the dishes were brought in according to a ceremonial settled by an ordinance of the year 1681. Being seated at the table, the king requested the Dauphin and the princes to take their places at the other end. The Dauphin presenting a napkin to his majesty, supper commenced, six gentlemen remaining standing to wait upon the royal party. When the king wished to drink, the chief butler called out in a loud voice, "*à boire pour le roi,*" on which two of the principal servants under him, having made an obeisance, presented a silver-gilt cup and two carafes, and tasted the beverage, when his majesty helped himself, and, after another obeisance, the two officers withdrew to the side-board. Performances of music took place during the repast, and a crowd of courtiers and persons of distinction were present, who remained standing, or occupied seats around the apartment. All rose on the king getting up from table, and his majesty proceeded to the grand saloon, whither the courtiers followed him. Here he remained standing for a few minutes, engaged in conversation; then, bowing to the ladies, he rejoined his family in another apartment.

About midnight preparations were made for the king's retiring. A cold collation was taken into the apartment where he slept; the arm-chair was drawn to the fire-place, and the chief barber arranged the dressing-table. On entering, the king found the courtiers again assembled. He gave his hat, gloves, and cane, to the Marquis de la Salle, who handed them to Saint Michel; and, while he unfastens his belt in front, De la Salle detaches it behind, and Saint Michel places it, with the sword on the dressing-table. His majesty then says a prayer, and the almoner, who holds the wax lights, also repeats a prayer for the king, and informs him that mass will be said next day at nine o'clock. The king, returning to his seat, hands his watch and reliquary to a valet-de-chambre, and the Duke de Beauvillers, having asked his majesty by whom he wished to be lighted, the Duke de Chartres is distinguished by this mark of royal favour, and takes the wax lights into his hands.

The king then takes off the blue ribbon, which De la Salle receives, as well as the king's cravat and waistcoat, and his majesty sitting down, Bontemps and Bachelier take off his garters, and two valets each draw off one of the king's shoes and stockings, which Saint Michel places on an arm-chair near the bed. Two pages present the king with his slippers, and the Dauphin his "chemise de nuit," which had been aired by a valet of the wardrobe, and his majesty rises to put on his robe-de-chambre, at the same time bowing to the courtiers, who take this as the signal for withdrawing. Bontemps takes the candlestick from the Duke de Chartres, and gives it to one of the nobles who had solicited the honour of holding it, and the groom of the chamber cries out, "Allons, messieurs, passez." The "grand coucher" is finished, and only the princes and others who had been present at the "petit lever" remain. The king now seats himself on a folding seat, near the balustrade, and Quentin combs and arranges his hair, while two valets hold a looking-glass and a light. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld presents the king with his nightcap and two handkerchiefs, and the Duke de Beauvillers hands to the Dauphin a napkin, which the latter is to present to the king. All the attendants are now dismissed, the physician alone remaining, and, after he withdraws, the bed is aired, and the king is left to enjoy, if he can, the repose which such irksome ceremonies must have made needful. Bontemps draws the curtains, secures the doors, and then lies down on a bed prepared for him in the same chamber.

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I shall now proceed to a few particulars of the state of the arts under "Louis XIV. and his contemporaries." In such a sketch, of course, it will be impossible to give *all* the artists and their works, but mention of a few of the leading characters I trust will interest my reader.

SIMON VOUET, a celebrated painter, born at Paris, 1582. After studying under his father, also a painter, he visited Constantinople, Venice, and Italy, and, settling at Rome, he was patronized by Urban VIII., and made president of the royal academy of St. Luke. He was recalled in 1627, after a residence of 14 years at Rome, by Louis XIII., and employed in adorning the palaces of the Louvre, Luxembourg, St. Germain, and other places. Though he had no genius for grand compositions, and was unacquainted with the rules of perspective, he was a great master in colouring, and to him France is indebted for banishing the insipid and barbarous manner which then prevailed. As the founder of the French school, he had numerous respectable pupils, Le Brun, Perrier, Mignard, Le Sueur, Dorigny, and others, who, in acquiring celebrity to themselves, reflected high honour on their in-



structor. He died, worn more with labour than with years, in 1641, aged 59. The best part of his works was engraved by his son-in-law, Dorigny.

FRANCIS PERRIER, a French painter, born at Maçon, 1590. Being dissipated in his youth, he ran away from his parents, and then joined himself to a blind beggar, whom he accompanied to Rome, and with whom he shared the alms obtained on the road. In the midst of distress, at Rome he applied himself to his pencil, and soon arrived at such eminence as to be enabled to live independently. He then returned to France through Lyons, and, after a second residence of 10 years in Italy, he came again to Paris in high favour with the great. He painted the gallery of the Hôtel de la Prillière; he etched some of Raphael's works, and other pieces; and also engraved, in the *chiaro oscuro* style, some antiquities in an admired style, of which some thought he was the inventor. In his manner he chiefly imitated Lanfranc, and in his landscapes he was little inferior to Caracci. He died Professor of the academy, 1650.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN, an eminent French painter, born at Andeley, Normandy, 1594. He studied at Paris, and in his 30th year passed to Rome; but he was scarcely able to maintain himself till his genius burst through the clouds of prejudice and established his character as a great and sublime artist. He devoted much of his time to the contemplation of the sculptured heroes of ancient Rome and her various relics of antiquity. To this is attributed that exactness in the manners and customs, the times and places, which he everywhere mingles with elegance of form, correctness and variety of proportions, interesting air, and boldness of feature. His fame was so great that Louis XIII. sent him an invitation, which he could not refuse. Though flattered, and lodged in the Tuilleries, he sighed for the classic retreats of his favourite Rome, and at last returned and died there of a paralytic stroke, 1665. His chief works in France were the Lord's Supper; and the Labours of Hercules, for the Louvre, which he did not complete, in consequence of the satirical remarks made by Vouet and his pupils upon him.

GASPER POUSSIN must not be confounded with the foregoing painter. His real name was Dughet, but he assumed that of Poussin, when that celebrated artist married his sister. His landscapes are much admired, particularly his land storms. Some have thought him entitled to the praise of uniting the excellences of his brother-in-law and of Claude Lorraine. He was born 1613, and died 1675.

JOHN PETITOT, born at Geneva 1607. From following the calling of enamelling, he acquired great taste in painting. Travelling into Italy for the purpose, he obtained a perfect know-

ledge of the preparation and management of colours, in companionship with his brother-in-law, Peter Bordier. The former executed the heads and hands, the latter, the hair, draperies, and grounds. They were indebted greatly to Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne, a Genevan of noble French family, whose father, a Huguenot, had fled to that city, for the kindness with which he communicated his chemical knowledge to them, to exhibit the process of the principal colours that ought to be employed in enamel, and which surpassed the famous vitrifications of Venice and Limoges. This Sir Theodore had been appointed principal physician to four kings, Henry IV. of France, James I., Charles I., and Charles II., of England. He was knighted in 1624, and died at Chelsea in 1655, aged 83. Mayerne's skill in chemistry greatly exceeded that of any of his contemporaries, and he was the first who applied the mineral specifics, which form the basis of the modern pharmacopœias. But his application of chemistry to the composition of pigments, and which he liberally communicated to the painters, who enjoyed the royal patronage, to Rubens, Vandyke, and Petitot, tended to the promotion of the art, and its eventual perfection. Rubens painted his portrait, in which he is represented as holding a skull; one of his biographers prettily remarks that his figure, at the advanced age of 82, shows such vigour that the skull is the only emblem of mortality. The decapitation of Charles I. obliged Petitot to fly to Paris, where Charles II. introduced him to Louis XIV., who granted him a pension and a lodging in the Louvre. The revocation of the edict of Nantes terrified the painter, who was a zealous protestant; and after having resided in France 36 years, he quitted it for Geneva. But not without difficulty, for that wicked persecutor, Louis XIV. sent Bossuet to convert him, as he did not like to part with so favourite a painter. The subtle apostle, observes Walpole, who had woven such a texture of devotion and ambition, that the latter was scarce distinguishable from the former, had the mortification of not succeeding; and, at the advanced age of nearly 80, he got off to Geneva, in 1685. His children, who dreaded the king's wrath, remained at Paris, and, throwing themselves at his majesty's feet, implored his protection. "His majesty," says the author from whom Walpole quotes, "received them with great goodness, and told them he willingly forgave an old man, who had a whim of being buried with his fathers." Walpole says, he does "not doubt but this is given, and passed at the time, for a bon-mot, but a very flat witticism cannot depreciate the glory of a confessor, who has suffered imprisonment, resisted eloquence, and sacrificed the emoluments of court favour to the uprightness of his conscience. Petitot did not wish to be buried with his fathers, but to die in their religion."

Honour be to the memory of Walpole for this passage! When we look back to Louis' death-bed, think of his remorseful striking of his breast, and witness the humiliation through which this proud and insolent persecutor passed—and relative to this infamous treatment of the protestants, I really sometimes feel that the insolence is worse than the cruelty—who can wonder, at, or deplore, his hopeless condition? Oh! what a mercy that the cry of the blood of the saints is sure to reach the ears of One who will assuredly take terrible vengeance! Returned to his native country, the good old man continued the profession he had almost founded with such applause that he was beset by so large a concourse as to be compelled to quit Geneva, and retire to Vervay. He was one day painting a portrait of his wife, when he was seized suddenly with an illness, which carried him off in a day, in 1691, aged 84. By his wife he had 17 children; one only of whom, who settled at London, followed his father's profession. Enamels by the father are well known at Paris, exhibiting portraits of the ladies of the harem of Louis XIV.

NICHOLAS MIGNARD, a French painter, was born at Troyes, 1608. He studied in Italy, and married at Avignon, and at last became rector of the Paris academy of painting. His portraits and historical pieces were much admired. He died of a dropsy 1668.

PETER MIGNARD, called the Roman, as for 20 years he studied at Rome, was the younger brother of Nicholas, and was also born at Troyes in 1610. He was much esteemed at Rome, and afterwards at Paris, where Louis XIV. sat ten times to him, ennobled him, and made him his chief painter at the death of Le Brun. He died March 13th, 1695.

CARLO DOLCE, a painter of Florence, born 1616, died 1686. His St. John, though painted only in his eleventh year, was greatly admired. His religious pieces are very highly finished. He lived much in Paris.

MICHAEL DORIGNY, a French painter, and engraver in aquafortis, born at St. Quintin, 1617. He was professor of the academy of painting at Paris, and died 1665. His paintings are seen in the castle of Vincennes.

NICHOLAS DORIGNY, an eminent French artist (who engraved). His finest works are the Bark of Lanfranco, the St. Petronilla of Guerchino, the Descent from the Cross by Volterra, the Transfiguration after Raphael. He was knighted by George I., and died at Paris, aged 90, in 1746. He had a brother, Louis, also a painter, who died at Verona in 1742.

EUSTACHE LE SUEUR, a painter born at Paris 1617. He studied under Simon Vouet, and, though never out of France, he acquired great celebrity, and carried his art nearly to perfec-

tion, on models of antiquity, and after the best Italian masters. The most admired of his extant works is the Life of St. Bruno, in the Carthusian cloisters at Paris. He died April 30, 1655.

SIR PETER LELY held a distinguished place in our own country. He was born in 1617, in Westphalia; his name was Vander Vaas; but as his father was born at the Hague, in a perfumer's shop, the sign of *the lily*, Peter dropped his foreign name, and adopted that of Lely. Having practised at Paris, he first came to England in the suite of the Prince of Orange when he came over in 1643 to espouse Mary, daughter of Charles I., who retained him in his court. It is impossible to give a list of his many paintings. He executed a remarkable picture of Charles I., holding a letter directed "au roi monseigneur," and the Duke of York, at 14, presenting a pen-knife to him with which to cut the strings. The countenance of Charles I. strongly indicates the distresses of his mind, yet manifests mildness and fortitude, and brings before us vividly, says Gilpin, the feelings of this amiable prince at the most disastrous period of his life. Oliver Cromwell sat to him, and, while sitting, characteristically said, "Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and every thing as you see me; otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it." Horace Walpole says, "It would be endless to recapitulate the works of this master; though so many have merit, few are admirable or curious enough to be particularized." Of his own property at his death, in 1680, his collection fetched £26,000, and besides an estate in land of £900 per annum.

CHARLES LE BRUN, although of Scotch extraction, was born in France in 1619. This son of a statuary, destined by nature to excel as a painter, at the age of three, drew figures with charcoal, and, when only 12, made a picture of his uncle so exact that it is still admired as a highly finished piece. He studied under Vouet and Poussin, and was fortunately patronized by Seguier, Mazarin, and Colbert, by whose munificence he improved himself, and rose to distinction. The honours which he received from the king, and the appointments he held, were fully deserved by the elegant and amiable painter who was estimable as much for excellence of private character, as for professional superiority. His most famous pieces were St. Stephen, the family of Darius, five scenes in the history of Alexander; besides the beautiful paintings which adorned the palaces of Fontainebleau and Versailles, especially the staircase of the latter, in which he was engaged 14 years. Le Brun wrote a curious treatise on physiognomy, and another on the character of the passions. He died at his house in the Gobelins, where he was director of the manufactory, in 1690.

CHARLES PERRAULT, born at Paris, 1628. Colbert made him clerk of the buildings; and, being raised to the comptroller-generalship of finances, he was enabled to gratify his wishes by patronising learned men, and encouraging the arts and sciences. Under his influence the academies of painting, sculpture, and architecture were founded. Colbert's death, in 1683, led to his disgrace, and he left a vicious and ungrateful court for a life of solitude and study. He wrote with acceptance, particularly a poem called *La Peinture*; also the *Cabinet of the Fine Arts*; and conducted with great ability controversies on the subjects of science and art, with men of eminence, such as Boileau and Menage. Madame Dacier uses severity in criticising him as an author, what claims soever he may have had to taste and ability in the art of painting, but describes him as pious, sincere, virtuous, polite, and modest, employing his influence not to serve himself, but his friends. He died in 1703, at the age of 75. Claude, Nicholas, and Peter, his three brothers, were distinguished in literature and the fine arts.

CLAUDE LE FEVRE, born in 1633, studied first at the palace of Fontainebleau, and then at Paris under Le Sueur and Le Brun. He is described by a good French author as equalling the best masters in France. He came over to England, and died 1677.

HENRY GASCAR, who also came to England, was a French portrait-painter, patronized by the Duchess of Portsmouth. His style is said to have been tawdry, infected by the pomp of Louis XIV. Walpole says, "His best performance was a half-length, at Lord Pomfret's, of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, which he drew by stealth, by order of his patroness, whose sister Lord Pembroke had married. I suppose this desire of having her brother-in-law's picture was dated before a quarrel she had with him for ill-usage of her sister. The duchess threatened to complain to the king; the earl told her, if she did, he would set her upon her head at Charing Cross, and show the nation its grievance!"

SIMON VARELST, born in 1664, was a remarkable Dutch flower-painter. He came to England from the continent under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham. He set up for a portrait-painter, and always introduced flowers. Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury going to sit, was received by him with his hat on. Don't you know me? said the peer. "Yes," replied the painter, "you are my lord chancellor. And do you know me? I am Varelst. The king can make any man a chancellor, but he can make nobody a Varelst." In this we trace a copy of the repartee of Henry VIII. to the nobleman who affronted Hoibein. In 1680 Varelst, Parmentiere, and two other painters, went to Paris. He returned to England, his eccentricities having settled

in a species of insanity. He went once to Whitehall, saying he wanted to converse with the king for two or three hours. Being repulsed, he said. "He is king of England—I am king of painting—why should we not converse together familiarly?" He was at length shut up, but recovered his senses, though not his genius, according to Walpole, and lived to a great age.

ANTONIO VERRIO, born 1634, in Naples, first settled in France, and painted the high altar of the Carmelites at Toulouse, described in Du Puy's "Traité sur la Peinture." Charles II. sent for him to England. He was famous in ceilings; and, imitating a custom of the ancients, he drew a portrait of Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, on one of the ceilings at Windsor in the character of faction dispersing libels; as in another place he revenged a private quarrel with the housekeeper, Mrs. Marriott, by borrowing her ugly face for one of the furies. With still greater impropriety, he introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Bap. May, surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick. Once at Hampton-court, when he had but lately received an advance of £1,000, he found the king in a circle he could not approach. He called out, "Sire, I desire the favour of speaking to your Majesty." "Well, Verrio," said the king, "what is your request?" "Money, sir; I am so short of cash that I am not able to pay my workmen, and your majesty and I have learned by experience that pedlars and painters cannot give long credit." The king smiled, and said he had but lately ordered him £1,000. "Yes, sir," replied he, "but that was soon paid away, and I have no gold left." "At that rate," said the king, "you would soon spend more than I do to maintain my family." "True," answered Verrio, "but does your majesty keep an open table as I do?" At the Revolution, which was not agreeable to Verrio's principles, he refused to work for William III. He now painted at Burleigh for Lord Exeter. For Bacchus bestriding a hogshead he gave a portrait of a dean who had offended him. It was more excuseable that, when his patron obliged him to insert a pope in a procession not very honourable to the Romish religion, he added the portrait of the then archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Exeter at last persuaded him to serve King William, where he painted, says Walpole, the great staircase, and as ill as if he had spoiled it out of principle. His eyes at last failed him, and Queen Anne gave him a pension of £200 a-year for life, but he did not enjoy it long, dying at Hampton Court in 1707.

PHILIP DUVAL, a Frenchman, studied under Le Brun, and afterwards in Italy. He fell into the tawdry and inflated style universal in France during the period of Louis XIV.

JOHN VOSTERMAN was a neat painter of small landscapes in oil, as may be seen by two views of Windsor, still in the gallery

there. He removed from Utrecht to Nimeguen after the rapid conquests of the French in 1672. The Marquis de Bethune made him his major-domo, employing him to purchase pictures to carry into France. He came over to England, and went with Sir William Soames who was sent ambassador to Constantinople by James II. The ambassador died on the road, and the painter is thought to have joined his old patron the marquis.

ELIZABETH-SOPHIA CHERON, born 1648, flourished in France, and died in 1711.

JACQUES ROUSSEAU, of Paris, improved himself by visiting Italy. On his return he was employed at Marli, but being a protestant, he quitted his work on the persecution of his brethren, and retired to Switzerland. Louis invited him back; but he refused to return. He then went to Holland; thence he came to England, and was employed in adorning the new house of the Duke of Montagu (now the British Museum). Some of his pictures are yet over the doors at Hampton Court. He left only a widow; but bequeathed most of his property to his fellow-sufferers, the refugees.

CHARLES DE LA FOSSE, born 1640. A painter of great celebrity in France. The author of the *Abrégé* calls him "un des plus grands coloristes de l'école Française;" and upon that account he was selected to paint the cupola of the Invalides at Paris. He came over to England, and at Montagu House painted two ceilings, the Apotheosis of Isis, and an assembly of the gods. William III. pressed him to stay here; but he declined his offer, in hopes of being appointed first painter to his own monarch. He died in 1716.

NICHOLAS LARGILLIÈRE, born 1656, an eminent French portrait-painter, practised in England in the reign of James II., but retired to France at the Revolution. He was only 18 years old when he came here in the reign of Charles II., and was employed by Lely to re-paint some parts of the pictures at Windsor. Charles saw a picture of a sleeping Cupid, of which Largillière had re-painted the legs. He appeared before the king, who said to the lords in waiting, "Regardez cet enfant, on ne croiroit jamais, si on ne le voyoit, car ce n'est qu'un enfant." He painted three pieces for the king, which were sufficient to secure the royal patronage. But he left England for Paris, and there painted two large pictures for the Hôtel-de-Ville. 1. The entertainment given to Louis XIV. and his court by the city in 1687 (it is remarkable in French history that this was the first occasion on which any king of France had visited *the city* of Paris). 2. The marriage ceremony of the Duke of Burgundy to Adelaide de Savoy. He made three or four removals backwards and forwards from Paris to London. He once painted James II. in armour, with an immense wig and feathers on his helmet

lying near him. His pictures have an extraordinary air of nature, and a freshness of colouring scarcely inferior to Vandyke. He lived to be 90 years old, and is said to have painted 1500 pictures, including some of large dimensions. His son was a counsellor of the Châtelet at Paris, and one of the Commissaries at war in the New Brisac. Largillière wrote for the Opera Comique, and the Foire.

GODFREY KNELLER, born 1648, "lessened," says Walpole, "by his own reputation, as he chose to make it subservient to his fortune." He was capable of vying with the greatest masters; "but he united the highest vanity with the most consummate negligence of character—at least, where he offered one picture to fame he sacrificed twenty to lucre." However, he has left so many beautiful portraits of the ornaments of an illustrious age that *we* ought not to regret he confined his talents to portrait-painting, when we look at the pictures of Marlborough, Newton, Dryden, Godolphin, Somers, the Duchess of Grafton, Lady Ranelagh, and Gibbons. The last was one of his most esteemed performances, in which the freedom and nature of Vandyke are blended with the harmony of colouring peculiar to Andrea Sacchi. Ten sovereigns sat to him: Charles II., James II. and his queen, William and Mary, Anne, George I., Louis XIV., Peter the Great, and the emperor Charles VI. For the last portrait, he was created knight of the Roman empire; by Queen Anne he was made a gentleman of the privy-chamber, and by the university of Oxford a doctor. When he had finished the picture of Louis XIV., that monarch asked him what mark of his esteem would be most agreeable to him? Contrary to the known arrogance of the artist's character, he replied, with modesty, that if his majesty would bestow a quarter of an hour on him, that he might make a drawing of his head for himself, he should think it the highest honour he could possibly receive. The king complied, and the painter drew him on grey paper with black and red chalk, heightened with white.

Kneller was born at Lubec; his grand-father had an estate near Hall, in Saxony. Godfrey at first went to Leyden, where, being destined for a military life, he applied to mathematics and fortification; but his father at last consented to his turning to painting, and he studied under Bol, and received some instructions from Rembrandt. He resided afterwards in Italy, and at Venice was esteemed and employed by some of the first families. Kneller and his brother came to England in 1674, without intending to reside here. He painted the portraits of one Banks, a merchant; they were seen by Vernon, secretary to the Duke of Monmouth, who persuaded his master to sit to the new artist. The duke was so charmed that he prevailed on his father to sit to Kneller. Now Charles II. had promised his brother, the



Duke of York, to sit to Lely; and the indolent king, unwilling to have double trouble, proposed that both artists should draw from him at the same time. Lely chose the light he liked best; the stranger was to draw as he could. He performed his task with such ease and expedition that his piece was in a manner finished when Lely's was only dead-coloured. The novelty pleased, continues Walpole, yet Lely deserved most honour, for he did justice to his new competitor, confessing his abilities, and the likeness. This success fixed Kneller here; and the series of his portraits proves the continuance of his reputation. James II. was sitting to him for his picture for Secretary Pepys, when he received the news that the Prince of Orange was landed; the king ordered Kneller to proceed, that his good friend Pepys should not be disappointed.

William III. distinguished this painter; and, during one of the absences of the king, the queen suggested his painting the beauties of his court; this is said to have rendered her unpopular. Lord Dorchester advised the queen against it, saying, "Madam, if the king was to ask for the portraits of all the wits in his court, would not the rest think he called them fools?" The ladies painted were, the queen; Carey Fraser, Countess of Peterborough; Catherine Boyle, Countess of Ranelagh; Lady Middleton; Miss Pitt; Diana Vere, Duchess of St. Albans; Mary Bentinck, Countess of Essex; Mary Compton, Countess of Dorset; Isabella Bennet, Duchess of Grafton; Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. These beautiful portraits are in a room where William usually dined in private. The Kit-cat-club, generally mentioned as a set of wits, in reality were the patriots that saved Britain; their portraits were painted by Sir Godfrey (for King William had knighted him in 1692), and this greatly added to his celebrity. They were painted for Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, at that time their secretary, and by him placed in a room, which he had built to receive them, at Barn Elms, Surrey, where the meetings of the members were held. The singular denomination of this club was derived from the tavern of Christopher Cat, a pastry-cook, in King Street, Westminster, where, they met upon its institution. The term has been adopted by the painters for that size, in particular, which Kneller chose for these portraits, as sitting at a table.

He lived to draw George I., and by that king was made a baronet, May 24, 1715. In 1722 Sir Godfrey was seized with a violent fever; a humour fell in his arm, and it was opened; he languished till October 27, 1723. His body lay in state, and was buried at Whitton, but a monument was erected at Westminster Abbey. Sir Godfrey was a friend of Pope's, who once laid a wager that there was no flattery so gross but his friend would swallow. Pope therefore one day said to him, "Sir God-

frey, I believe if the Almighty had had your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect." The witty painter, laying his hand gently on the poet's *deformed* shoulder replied, "Fore G—, sir, I believe so." Kneller talked with improper freedom on religious subjects. Pope used to tell that the great painter said he dreamed that he had ascended a very high hill to heaven, and saw St. Peter at the gate, with a great crowd behind him. "Arrived there, St. Luke immediately descried me, and asked if I were not the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller? We had a long conversation upon our beloved art, and I had forgotten all about St. Peter, who had called out to me, 'Sir Godfrey, enter in, and take whatever station you like best.'"

He once overheard a low fellow cursing himself. "G— d— you! G— may d— the Duke of Marlborough, or perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller; but do you think he would take the trouble of d—g such a scoundrel as you are?" The same vanity, says Dallaway, that could think itself entitled to pre-eminence even in horrors, alighted on a juster distinction when he told his tailor, who offended him by proposing his son for an *apprentice*, "Dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No; God Almighty only makes painters." Sir Godfrey used to paraphrase the text of scripture, "In my father's house are many mansions," thus: "At the day of judgment," said he, "God will examine mankind on their different professions: to one he will say, Of what sect was you?—I was a papist.—Go you there. What was you?—A protestant.—Go you there. And you?—A Turk.—Go you there. And you, Sir Godfrey?—I was of no sect.—Then will He say, 'Sir Godfrey, choose your place!'" In the Aubrey MSS. occurs a note of a conversation which Sir Godfrey held with some gentlemen at Oxford, relative to the identity of the alleged son of James II. Doubts having been expressed, he exclaimed, with warmth, "His father and mother have sat to me about 36 times a-piece, and I know every line and bit of their faces. Mine Gott! I could paint King James *now*, by memory. I say the child is so like both that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother; this I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken: nay the nails of his fingers are his mother's, the queen that was. Doctor! you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines."

His wit was ready; his bon-mots deservedly admired. In Great Queen Street he lived next door to Dr. Ratcliffe. Kneller was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was a great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden, but Ratcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut up the door. Ratcliffe peevishly replied, "Tell him

he may do any thing with it but paint it." Sir Godfrey answered, "I can take any thing from him but physic!" He acted as a justice of the peace at Whitton, being so much more swayed by *equity* than law, that his judgments, accompanied with humour, are said to have occasioned those lines by Pope—

"I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,  
Who sent the thief (that stole the cash) away,  
And punished him that put it in his way.

This alluded to his dismissing a soldier who had stolen a joint of meat, and accused the butcher of having tempted him by it. Whenever Kneller was applied to, to determine what parish a poor man belonged to, he always enquired which parish was the richer, and settled the poor man there; nor would he ever sign a warrant to distrain the goods of a poor man who could not pay a tax. Herein he showed a certain kindness of heart; while in other instances his peculiarities amused. Once a handsome young woman came before him to swear a rape; struck with her beauty, he continued examining her, as he sat painting, till he had taken her likeness. On another occasion, seeing a constable coming towards him at the head of a mob, he called to him, without any enquiry into the affair, "Mr. Constable, you see that turning—go that way, and you will find an ale-house, the sign of the king's head—go, and make it up." If Kneller was vain, can it be wondered at when he had been flattered by Dryden, Addison, Prior, Pope, and Steele? He amassed a great fortune, though he lived magnificently, and lost £20,000 in the South Sea bubble. He left an estate of £2,000 a year; partly bequeathed to his wife, and partly to his illegitimate daughter's son, Godfrey Huckle, with instructions to take the name and arms of Kneller. The representative of the family, in 1827, was Godfrey John Kneller, Esq. of Donhead Hall, Wiltshire.

JOHN BAPTISTE MONOYER, born at Lille in 1635, soon left the historical department for the painting of flowers. His pieces are not so exquisitely finished as Van Huysum's, but are in a bolder style. At Paris, in 1663, he was received with applause into the academy. He was employed at Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and Meudon; and painted in the Hôtel de Bretonvilliers at Paris, and other houses. The Duke of Montagu brought him to England, and his works are to be seen at Montagu House, Hampton Court, the Duke of St. Alban's, at Windsor, Kensington, Burlington House, &c. The author of the *Abrégé*, speaking of Baptist, La Fosse, and Rousseau, says that these three French painters have extorted from the English a sincere confession, "qu'on ne peut aller plus loin en fait de peinture." Which exaggerated praise is said by Dallaway to

be due only to national vanity in him who bestowed it. Baptist is undoubtedly capital in his way, the two others are not masterly.

PETER BERCHETT was born in France, 1659, and beginning to draw at the age of 15, under La Fosse, he improved so fast that, within three years, he was employed in the royal palaces. He came to England in 1681, to work under Rambour, a French painter of architecture, whom Vertue says was living in 1721. Having staid a year, he returned to Marli. He was engaged by King William III. for 15 months at his palace at Loo. He painted the ceiling in the chapel of Trinity College, Oxford. His last work was a bacchanalian, to which he put his name the day before he died, in Jan. 1720, at Mary-le-bone, where he was buried.

LOUIS CHERON, born at Paris 1660, son of Henry Cheron, an enamel painter, and brother of Elizabeth Sophia Cheron, an admired paintress, who also engraved many ancient gems. The author of the *Abrégé* magnificently describes this artist as going to Italy, and that "il a toujours cherché Raphael et Jules Romain"—a pursuit in which he was by no means successful. Having come to England he was employed at the Duke of Montagu's at Boughton, at Burleigh, and at Chatsworth. He fell into disesteem, and was driven to design for the painters and engravers of the day. Towards the end of his life, Cheron etched from his own drawings a suite of 22 small histories for the life of David: they were purchased by P. F. Giffart, a bookseller at Paris, who applied them to a version of the Psalms in French metre, published in 1715. Cheron sold his drawings from Raphael, and his academic figures, to the Earl of Derby for a large sum. He was a man of fair character, and dying in 1713 of apoplexy, left £20 a-year to his maid servant, and the rest of his fortune to his relations, and to charitable uses. With many other artists, he rests in the great porch of the church at Covent Garden.

PETER VANDER MEULEN, originally a sculptor, was employed by William III. to paint his battles. He was brother of the well known battle-painter who depicted the military history of Louis XIV.

SIR JOHN MEDINA, son of a Spanish Captain, settled at Brussels, where the son was born. I only mention him as remarkable for a few points. First of all, the Earl of Leven encouraged him to go to *Scotland*, of all places in the world for the arts to receive encouragement! But, as if Medina was doubtful of his customers, he stipulated for a subscription of £500 worth of "business," and he provided himself with a large number of bodies and postures, to which he painted heads. He staid some time there painting most of the Scotch nobility; and his biographer adds without the separation of even a stop, as a necessary consequence (which, by the bye, was quite unnecessary),

he "was not rich." To his poverty another "great fact" not a little contributed—he had *twenty* children. He was a highly capable artist. While employed by dukes and marquises, and abundantly supplied with brose and kale, the Duke of Queensbury also paid him in *honours*, having made him a knight; indeed he was the last created in Scotland before the Union, by this lord high-commissioner.

CHARLES JERVAS, a painter, born in Ireland, studied under Sir Godfrey Kneller; although, from the then paucity of talent, he ranked at the top of his profession, yet he was defective in almost all the requisites of a great painter; his pictures, says Walpole, being a light flimsy kind of fan-painting as large as life. His egregious vanity snapped at all sorts of praise, and was greatly fostered by Pope's adulation. It is a well-known story that having *copied*—he thought *surpassed*—a picture of Titian, he looked first at the one, then at the other, and at last, with parental fondness, cried out, "Poor little Tit! how he would stare!" He wrote a translation of Don Quixotte, without understanding Spanish, says Pope. That great poet became the pupil of Jervas, and assiduously practised under our vain artist for a year and a half, which probably led him to exalt the mediocre abilities of his tutor in "the lucid amber of his glowing lines." Jervas once painted the Lady Bridgewater, one of the beautiful daughters of the great Duke of Marlborough. So entirely did the lovely form possess his imagination, continues Walpole, that many a homely dame was delighted to find her picture resemble Lady Bridgewater. He presumed to make advances; but his passion could not extinguish his self-love. One day, as she was sitting to him, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture, "but I cannot help telling your ladyship," said he, "that you have not a handsome ear." "No!" said Lady Bridgewater; "pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?" He turned aside his cap, and showed her his own. Northcote mentions in his work that, when it was remarked to Sir Joshua Reynolds that pictures by Jervas, though so celebrated in his day, were very rarely seen, he briskly answered, "because they are all up in the garret." He visited France and Italy, and survived his last journey but a short time, dying in 1740.

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The genius of *architects* will never be so generally interesting nor so well known as that of painters, it being not so easy for those addicted to that pursuit to exhibit their talents. But FRANCIS MANSARD, who adorned the palaces of Louis, must be mentioned as one of the best artists in Europe; and his nephew, JULIUS MANSARD, was very celebrated for building Versailles, and the chapel of the Invalides. The works constructed after the designs of Perrault, Levan, and Dorbay, are well known.

In fact a mere recital of the distinguished characters who figured in this age would fill a much larger volume than this. Regretting want of space to record the laying-out of the wonderful gardens of Louis XIV. by Le Nôtre, and the more useful departments of horticulture by Quintynie, I must content myself with a general testimony to the great advances made by the respective artists in their callings, whether as statuaries, medallists, seal-cutters, carvers, musicians, chasers in gold and silver, clock-makers, porcelaine manufacturers, engravers, or painters. And, to conclude, observe that the last age has enabled the present to collect and transmit to posterity all the arts and sciences which human industry is capable of.

But there remain a few characters to be mentioned, whose memoirs could not be inwoven with the foregoing history, and without a record of whom I must not close these pages. Foremost among these is—

BLAISE PASCAL, who was born June 19, 1623, at Clermont, the capital of Auvergne, where his father, Stephen Pascal, held a high legal office. On the death of his wife, 1626, Stephen resigned his professional engagements, to devote himself to the education of his family, which consisted only of two daughters and Blaise; and with this view removed to Paris. Stephen was a superior character, of great moral worth, and known as an active member of a small society of philosophers to which the Academie Royale, instituted 1666, owed its origin. Himself an ardent mathematician, as he considered that the cultivation of the exact sciences was by no means friendly to a taste for general literature, notwithstanding his son's bias, he prohibited his meddling with mathematics. But Blaise picked up hints on geometry; and, in concealment, set to work, drawing circles and lines, and made some progress; till one day he was lost in a muse to ascertain why the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right ones, when his father surprised him. The figures on the wall told the tale, and few questions sufficed to show the occupation of his son's mind. Blaise was 12 years old: his father abandoned all restriction, put Euclid into his hands, and Blaise became a confirmed geometrician. Such were the amusements of his leisure hours. His labours, under his father, were given to the classics. To help his father in the making of some calculations, Blaise afterwards invented his famous arithmetical machine, which he sent with a letter to Christina, the celebrated Queen of Sweden.

His great fame as a man of science rests not solely on his geometrical labours; he was wonderfully successful in several important experiments in natural philosophy; and his application and enterprise were the more astonishing as he was the victim of a disease that, from boyhood, never let him pass a

day without great pain. This distemper, it was naturally thought, increased by intense study, and, when too late, his friends endeavoured to encourage relaxation from his severer pursuits. His father died in 1651, one sister was married, the other now joined the devout recluses of Port Royal des Champs. Blaise fell into a course of dissipation, and was compelled to abandon his scientific pursuits, and seek relief in medicine and more free association with general society. In 1654, he was one day riding in his carriage on the Pont de Neuilly; at a part of the bridge unprotected by a parapet, his horses, becoming unruly, plunged into the Seine, the traces having broken; and thus was Pascal saved from instant death. A nervousness succeeded, which to a certain extent disordered his imagination; the image of his perilous position before his eyes, he always fancied himself on the brink of a precipice. It had the salutary effect of causing his withdrawal from the world to make more earnest preparation for eternity. His constitution was a mere wreck, but ample proof was afforded that the vigour of his powerful intellect was unimpaired.

The Jansenists formed a sect within the church of Rome, who approached in many respects towards the reformed churches. The general reader may judge with tolerable accuracy of their position by looking at those church-of-England ministers who venture to think more of the church of Christ than of their own church; who remain within its boundaries, while they deplore its withering formality; who conscientiously subscribe its articles and its creeds, and long for the "times of reformation" to relieve them from pernicious shackles; although they do not see it right to cast away their cords by avowed union with those who, unfettered by worldly and carnal restrictions, are serving God in the propagation of truth without episcopal permission. *Ceteris paribus*—such were the Jansenists. And whereas the few Calvinists of the present day, whose consciences must settle the matter as to *how* they can fill their anomalous position in the church, think it necessary to be strenuous in loud professions of exclusive devotion to her fold, so these Jansenists, while they widely departed from the fashionable standard of orthodoxy in their own communion, deprecated the name of heretics, and were fierce in their opposition to the poor Huguenots. To this section Pascal attached himself, and was on intimate terms with those pious and learned members who had established themselves in the wilds of Port Royal.

The Jansenists came into collision with their great enemies the Jesuits, by the opinions they held on the subjects of grace and free will. As the controversy proceeded, the points of difference between the contending parties became more marked and more numerous. The rigid system of morals, taught and

observed by the Jansenists, and the superior regard which they paid to personal holiness in comparison with ceremonial worship, appeared in advantageous contrast with the lax morality and formal religion of the Jesuits. Hence at one time they could reckon among their number many of the most enlightened, as well as the most ornamental, christians of France. Pascal believed this party to be in earnest, while a deep sleep seemed to have fallen upon the others. The papal court, of course, must needs look with an evil eye on these conscientious professors; but the difficulty of dealing with them was increased, as their own great man, Augustin, entertained the same sentiments. At this time Arnauld, a Jansenist, published a letter; and while the doctors of the Sorbonne were in deliberation on this heretical effusion, Pascal issued, under the name of Louis de Montalte, a series of letters to a friend in the country. With just sarcasm, he derided the musty old doctors, and with the same powerful weapon he covered the Jesuits with contempt. Notwithstanding their rejoinders, endeavouring to smother the able author in clouds of learned dust and enormous vituperation, the credit of the Jesuits sunk under the blow inflicted by the genius of Pascal, whose work has left him entitled to the very highest rank in French literature.

He had formed a design even in the height of scientific ardour, to execute some great work for the benefit of religion, and in retirement set about a comprehensive book on the Evidences of Christianity. The completion of this mighty undertaking was prevented by increasing bodily infirmities; but the fragments, written on scraps of paper, were collected together, and, after his death, given to the world as the *Thoughts of Pascal*. The varied stores of this beautiful performance have proved a rich fund whence christian writers have constantly borrowed. Voltaire taunted the religious with Pascal's brain having been turned by the accident on the bridge! The answer is that, that brain afterwards produced not only these *Thoughts*, but the *Provincial Letters*, and various other treatises, the last being written shortly before his death. With a great degree of playfulness, Pascal always cautiously avoided hurting any one's feelings; and so strictly conscientious was he that, having ever before his eyes the privations and sufferings of others, he curtailed his own enjoyments, that he might the better be enabled to perform the duties of charity. He never became disentangled wholly from the thralldom of popery, and, in rejecting the pleasures of life, became a humble devotee; frequently wearing an iron girdle, with sharp points towards the skin, that, in thus mortifying himself by the infliction of pain on his body, he might banish vain thoughts which warred against his holy meditations. This exemplary and extraordinary character died



at Paris, Aug. 19, 1662, aged 39. Although hating his religion, Voltaire considered him as the first satirist against the Jesuits, and Boileau said that his performance was a model of eloquence and wit, equal to the finest comedies of Molière, and possessed of the sublimity of the best of Bossuet's Orations.

JOHN BAPTIST POCQUELIN DE MOLIÈRE, born at Paris about 1620 or 1622 (for his biographers do not agree), the son of the tapestry-maker to the court, was intended for the same business. His education was neglected; a taste for plays was fostered by frequent visits to the *spectacle*, and abilities of a high order, that might otherwise have proved of greater benefit to his fellow men, became chiefly devoted to their amusement. Though late, some efforts were made for his education by his becoming a pupil of the Jesuits at the college of Clermont. There he remained five years, and had the fortune to become the class-fellow of Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, whose protection he enjoyed through life. Under the independent reasoning of his tutor, Gassendi, young Pocquelin acquired a habit of pushing forward his inquiries, and his after productions evinced the extensive knowledge he attained. As well as tapestry-maker, his father was a valet-de-chambre about the court; and, according to the pernicious custom then prevalent, whether in higher or lower departments, young Pocquelin held the reversion of these places. When Louis XIII. went to Narbonne in 1641, the old man was ill, and the young one was obliged to officiate for him. On his return to Paris, his passion for the stage revived with renewed strength; a general taste, too, for theatrical performances was communicated to the nation at large through the patronage of Richelieu. Many little knots of stage-struck heroes formed themselves into private companies, and our author himself collected together a small company of idlers who adopted the pompous title of "The Illustrious Theatre." He determined to devote himself to this *profession*, and, changing his name, took that of Molière.

After the termination of the civil wars had restored comparative quiet to France, in companionship with an actress of Champagne, named La Béjard, he collected together a set of scamps, called actors, who were dignified by being enrolled into a "company;" they operated on a regular piece of Molière's, called *l'Etourdi*, or the Blunderer. The celebrity of this assemblage was such as to frustrate the endeavours of a rival band of sons of Belial, who, gradually deserting the "old established concern," stole away one by one to the fresh adventurers. Escaping the clutches of the constables, who, according to the wholesome statute laws of *England*, should have taken them up, and had them flogged, as rogues and vagabonds, at the cart's tail, the united "company" transferred themselves with all their *valuables* to

Languedoc, where the vicious Prince of Conti took them under his very suitable patronage. Remaining during the summer, these vagrants brought out their tarnished lace and tawdry spangles at Grenoble; thence they proceeded to Rouen. Going to Paris, Molière was introduced to Monsieur, and ultimately to the king.

In the hall of the guards, at the Old Louvre, these creatures performed before Louis, who gave orders for their permanent settlement at Paris, ordering a large annual payment to be made to the leader, no doubt, thinking it a very suitable adjunct to his palace. In 1665, two years afterwards, this persecutor of protestants, and patron of players, took the band of professionals under his more immediate service, as "the king's company." Feeling insuperable disgust at being compelled to turn from the record of ennobling pursuits and dignifying delights, as in the case of the distinguished Pascal, to mention such bedizened fools,—there I shall leave them, in very congruous fraternity. As for Molière himself, within 15 years he produced more than 30 pieces, characterised more or less by an union of genius and art; and to him has been assigned this praise, that he was the happy instrument of reproving that vain and fantastical people. As in the case of "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," doing much towards rooting out an unreasonable and ridiculous taste, then very prevalent among a nation whose morals were materially influenced by the stage. A criticism of the writings of this noted dramatist would be as foreign to my abilities as counter to my inclinations. Voltaire calls Molière the best comic poet of any nation. The general shaping of his plots, the connection of his scenes, the dramatic propriety he manifests, have been attempted by subsequent writers, but who, asks another of his biographers, could compete with him in wit and spirit? Severe lessons were read by many of his pieces, and he was very powerful in lashing the clergy for their follies and vices. His marriage is said to have been under dreadful circumstances of atrocity; indeed, if we look at the *lives* of these actors, of how small account is their vivacity and pretended exposures of vice in others!

His last piece was entitled "*Le Malade Imaginaire*;" the fourth time of its acting was Feb. 17, 1673. The principal character represented is that of a rich man, who pretends to be dead. The author himself played this part, and at the time he should have got up, it is said, he was not feignedly, but actually, dead! This is disputed, and the tale, as given by others, runs that, though seized with alarming illness, he was able to finish the play; but went home, was put to bed, a vessel burst in his lungs, and he was suffocated with blood in about half an hour. He was in the 52nd year of his age when this event took place, which,

said Dr. Johnson, of Garrick's death, and well did he say it, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." The clergy refused to bury him; not because of his immoralities, nor on account of the stringency of laws against scenic representations, but because he had so ably exposed those hypocrites of the cloth. However, Louis XIV. sent to the Archbishop of Paris; and the clergy rendered obedience due to their head, by paying decent respect to the insensible remains of the player. During his life he had frequently been in danger of assassination from some of the ecclesiastics. His widow, a woman of loose reputation, married another of the sock and buskin tribe, named Guerin, and was living at the age of 92 in 1728.

PETER CORNEILLE, the celebrated French poet, born at Rouen, June 6, 1606, was a very different personal character to the foregoing. Having been brought up to the bar, he soon abandoned a calling not congenial to his feelings. Fontenelle records that the vein of his genius was discovered by the following affair: one of his friends had introduced to Corneille his intended wife; and the lady, without any imputation of treachery on the part of the supplanter, took such a fancy to him as led to her jilting her introducer. Corneille moulded his embarrassment into a comedy called "Melite." Up to this time the theatre had been little attended in France; however, the popularity of this piece attracted so much notice that Corneille was encouraged still farther to contribute to the public gratification. His first tragedy was "Medea." With national vanity, Fontenelle observes that "he took flight at once, and soared instantly to the sublime!" After many others, appeared the "Cid," which has been so well received as to be found translated into most European languages. This piece entailed upon our author the persecution of rival wits and unsuccessful poets. Little is recorded of Corneille's personal history; that little represents him a man of great merit in private life, liberal, humane, and devout, moreover of rather a melancholy cast. He spoke little in company, even on subjects which his pursuits had made his own. Père Bonaventure d'Ayoune says that, the first time he saw him, "he took him for a tradesman of Rouen; and that his conversation was so heavy as to be extremely tiresome if it lasted long." An able biographer winds up his record by saying that, "whatever might be the outward coarseness or dulness of the man, he was mild of temper in his family, a good husband, parent, and friend. His worth and integrity were unquestionable; nor had his connection with the court, of which he was not fond, taught him that art of cringing so necessary to fortune and promotion. Hence reputation was almost the only advantage accruing to him from his productions." He was chosen a member of the French academy

in 1647, and was dean of that society at the time of his death, which took place in 1684, in his 79th year. His works have been often printed, and consist of more than 30 plays—tragedies and comedies.

JOHN DE LA FONTAINE, another great poet, was born at Chateau Thierry, July 8, 1621. After a liberal education, he was admitted at 19 years of age among the fathers of the Oratory. He married early, but soon quitted his wife with indifference to follow his patroness, the Duchess of Bouillon, to Paris. Here he procured a pension, and became gentleman to Henrietta of England, after whose death he was received into the house of the witty Madame de la Sablière, who jocosely observed, in parting with her household, that she only kept three animals, her dog, her cat, and her La Fontaine. In the company of this learned lady he continued about 20 years, not, however, without paying annually formal visits to his neglected wife. This great genius was really almost fit to be placed under a keeper, as he was unqualified for the common concerns and duties of life. One day, meeting his own son without knowing him, he observed that he was a youth of parts and spirit; on being told he was his own son, he replied, with unconcern, I am really glad of it. He asked some divines one day, with the greatest simplicity, if St. Augustin had more wit than Rabelais. His unusual absence, created by the indulgence of his reveries and poetical ideas, often led him to say and to do the most unbecoming things. On his death-bed, when the priest reminded him that his tales had an evil tendency, and were frequently licentious, and therefore hostile to good morals, La Fontaine acknowledged the imputation, and promised amendment. Though not himself a libertine, he had been most indifferent to religion, and he informed the priest that he had the New Testament, which he thought a tolerably good book. He died April 13, 1695, and it is said a horse-hair shirt was found upon him, which some considered a proof of his repentance. Voltaire says he was the only great man of the age who did not partake of the generosity of Louis XIV., to which he had certainly claims on account both of his merit and poverty. His fables surpass any thing that was ever written of that kind in any language whatsoever.

JOHN RACINE, the illustrious French poet, was born at Ferté-Milon in 1639, and educated at Port Royal, where his abilities soon expanded in a remarkable degree. He made astonishing progress in the attainment of Greek and Latin; and was noticed for an excessive fondness for Euripides and Sophocles. Going to Paris, he wrote some adulatory verses on the marriage of Louis XIV., which produced praise from the courtiers, and more substantial marks of approbation from the young king, in the shape of a pension for life. He proceeded to write many plays,

one of which, "Phœdra," published in 1677, caused a cabal to be raised against the poet, and a comparatively obscure writer, named Pradon, was urged to produce a *Phœdra*, to oppose the noble composition of Racine. The poet was exasperated, and in disgust formed the design of becoming a Carthusian friar. He had formerly worn the ecclesiastical habit at Port Royal; but his confessor, in this instance, with commendable sincerity, prevailed upon him to marry, and, instead of bidding adieu to the world, to become one of its most useful and honourable members. He followed the advice, and became the father of seven children. He never more would write for the theatre, but, at the instance of Madame de Maintenon, he produced *Esther*, to be acted by the young ladies at her seminary of St. Cyr. He wrote a memorial on the miseries of the poor, and lent it to Madame de Maintenon, so that it fell into the hands of the king, who expressed his indignation at the presumption of the poet. Racine heard of the royal displeasure, and was so terrified that he fell into a fever; and, though Louis was kindly inquisitive after his welfare, he died in 1699. He was a voluminous and most able writer.

JACQUES BENIGNE BOSSUET, whose father and ancestors were honourably distinguished in the profession of the law, was born at Dijon, Sept. 27, 1627. He was placed in childhood at the college of the Jesuits in his native town; and, at the age of 15, he removed to the college of Navarre, at Paris. At both places his surprising progress caused him to pass for a prodigy; and, soon after his arrival at Paris, he was invited to preach at the hotel De Rambouillet, his performance being received with great approbation. In 1652 he was ordained priest, and soon was made successively canon, archdeacon, and dean, in the cathedral church of Metz. He here published his *Refutation of the Catechism of Paul Ferri*, a protestant divine of repute; this being the first of a series of controversial writings, at a time when great expectations were entertained of the conversion of the protestants, which distinguished Bossuet even more than his other works. This publication recommended him to the notice of Anne of Austria, which drew him frequently to court, where his eloquence attracted the attention of people of refinement and taste. He was afterwards summoned to preach before Louis XIV., who expressed, in a letter to the preacher's father, the great delight he felt at hearing Bossuet's sermons; for such was the versatility of that monarch that parsons, prostitutes, poets and players, ministers or mistresses, successively excited his admiration, and that perhaps within the same hour. But that which established him in the most christian king's favour was the conversion of the great Turenne, whether from a Gallio-like indifference to "forms of faith," or from conviction pro-

duced in the soldier's mind by the preacher's well known Exposition written 1668, and published 1671.

The Archbishop of Paris requested his interference in one of the many disputes created by the papal decrees against the tenets of Jansenius. The nuns of Port Royal were attached to Jansenism, and were required to subscribe the celebrated formulary that selected for condemnation five propositions said to be contained in a certain extensive work of Jansenius. Those excellent women modestly submitted that they were ready to accept *any* doctrine propounded by the church—(one would have thought this submissive enough even for “rubricians”)—and they would even affix their names to the condemnation of the obnoxious propositions; but that they could not assert these propositions were to be found in a book they had never seen. In this difficulty, the renowned Bossuet stepped in, wrote a long letter to the refractory nuns, highly commended for its acute logic. But both logic and divinity were probably thrown away on those for whom they were intended; however there was one part of the letter sufficiently intelligible. He congratulated them on their total exemption from all obligation to examine, and from the task of self-guidance; assuring them that it was their duty, as well as their happy privilege, to subscribe and assent to *all* which was placed before them by authority. But the nuns were not convinced. Escaping for the present, they in the end paid dearly for their passive resistance to the decision of Pope Alexander VII. on a matter of fact.

In 1669, Bossuet was promoted to the bishopric of Condom, which he resigned the following year on being appointed to the important office of preceptor to the dauphin. This insignificant prince, whose name is rarely mentioned in the history of the period, except where French inflation leads Voltaire to felicitate Louis on having a son equal to the carrying out of his father's grand views, we have seen, earned the distinction of *weasel-catcher the great*. Of a mean and sordid disposition, Bossuet's efforts proved worse than a waste of power; and, although the world is debtor to this prince for the drawing forth of his tutor's splendid abilities in several of his best performances, his Introduction to Universal History has been thought to indicate that Bossuet was not peculiarly fitted for his office, it having been prepared expressly for the use of his renowned pupil. During his connection with the court, a conference took place with Claude, a protestant, under these circumstances:—Mademoiselle de Duras, a niece of Turenne, had conceived scruples respecting the soundness of her protestant principles, from perusing Bossuet's “Exposition.” She consulted M. Claude, who engaged to resolve her doubts in the presence of Bossuet: the challenge was accepted. The statements of both parties, without attributing

intentional misrepresentation to either, did not agree in recording this discussion, which ended, as such matters generally terminate, so far as the disputants themselves were concerned. As to the fair querist, she followed the steps of her uncle.

In 1681, Bossuet closed his duties with the dauphin, when he was rewarded with the bishopric of Meaux. In this necessarily short memoir, there is danger lest the eminence of this divine should be obscured by the reader's conceiving that he was merely a kind of ecclesiastical prize-fighter. To his praise therefore it must be told that, while he could, with such uncommon ability, wield the pen of the polemic, he could manifest the same energy and zeal in his diocesan duties, and act the part of a devout and affectionate pastor. From the quiet performance of these peaceful duties he was dragged by Louis to open and assist the famous general assembly of the church, met together in 1682, in consequence of a threatening brief issued by Innocent XII. In his introductory discourse, Bossuet is considered to have revealed some marks of that embarrassment which may readily be supposed engendered by his sense of the awful majesty of kings in general, and his veneration and gratitude for Louis in particular, with the almost undefinable and unimaginable allegiance due to his spiritual head. So that he attempted to extricate himself by the loftiest panegyrics on the monarchs of France, while, in a parallel line, he ran along the vast dignity of the church, and the supremacy of St. Peter. The question at the conference was determined in favour of the king; the declaration was drawn up by the bishop of Meaux himself; the pope was displeased, and the decision fiercely attacked by the Transalpine divines, who twitted Bossuet with having forgotten his spiritual allegiance in subserviency to his temporal master. Unwearied, however, he drew forth fresh arrows from his quiver, and, in a fresh attack upon the protestant churches, produced that which remains, in the opinion of Roman Catholics, to this day, unsurpassed as an argument against protestantism.

Himself not of a cruel disposition—indeed, who can look upon that noble form, that mild, benignant and expressive countenance, and attribute severity to intuitive principles!—we find with sorrow that he justifies the attempts of Louis to bring about religious conformity in theory; while his own practice towards protestants secured the praise even of his opponents. He endeavoured by a comprehensive scheme to effect a restoration of the catholic fold, not only of the Huguenots, but of the European Lutherans. On the side of the protestants, Leibnitz and Molanus communicated with Bossuet. A correspondence was carried on for 10 long years, which ended in securing praise for the christian spirit of the disputants, exemplified in a degree not common in theological warfare; and leaving the question, and

the two great parties, just where they were before all this polemical ammunition was expended. The bishop is considered to have herein sustained a defeat. In the coming sketch of Fenelon, mention must be made of a mysticism revived under the name of quietism, chiefly through Madame Guyon, a friend of the Bishop of Meaux. In the capacity of universal referee in religious affairs, Bossuet was deputed to examine her doctrines, which he began to do with his usual mildness. Fenelon partly adopted the views of this weak woman; Bossuet insisted on his yielding up his feelings and opinions.

Fenelon would not yield; Bossuet was irritated, and attacked his opponent in print. To the pope these otherwise great men carried their differences, and there should they have been left. His holiness appointed a council to examine the matter, and Bossuet lost himself by anticipating intrigues and vehement remonstrances, with the intention of forcing them into a favourable decision. The usual plea is all that is set up in his defence, that plea which has shed rivers of blood, and extenuated numberless and unheard-of atrocities—a disinterested zeal for religion. He triumphed—and sunk! He followed Madame Guyon with cruel persecution in the Bastille, when, as a lunatic, she should have been consigned to the tender care of a merciful and judicious keeper. This lady, Johanna Mary Bouviers de la Mothe Guyon, was of a noble family, and born at Montargis in 1648. She wished to take the veil, but her friends made her marry; she became a widow at the age of 28. Abandoning the care of her family, she devoted herself to the mysteries of quietism, which Michael de Molinos, a Spanish Jesuit at Rome, had imposed upon the credulity of the world. Wavering in her opinions, and inconstant in her temper, she, however, endured persecution for her tenets. At one time, so numerous were her followers—and a congregation seems never wanting to the pretenders to supernatural missions—that the peace of the kingdom was threatened. She declared herself the pregnant woman mentioned in the Apocalypse. She died at Blois in 1717. Her reveries, which would pass for insane nonsense but for the blasphemy, were got together, and, with her verses, published in five volumes.

The foregoing sketch can but imperfectly convey an idea of the extended authority the Bishop of Meaux wielded in the Gallican church. Many of his works place him in a distinguished position among historians, orators, and theologians; but that which I mentioned as more immediately prepared for the dauphin, without the discount from praise sometimes necessarily deducted by a reference to the age in which a work is performed, stands forth, on its own merits, as a noble effort of a comprehensive and penetrating mind. His Funeral Orations excited the



adulation even of Voltaire; and the English reader may find frequent rewards, in unsurpassable passages of real eloquence, for having often to wade through cold and inflated passages of French sublime. He is justly censurable for sparing the rod; he is not guiltless of debasing flattery of the great; he is chargeable with occasional, perhaps frequent, distortion of facts to produce effect. For instance, after the calamitous, and even awful, death of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, whose notorious private laxity might have suggested to her friends the old and homely adage that the least said is the soonest mended, our florid bishop holds her forth as an exquisite specimen of female worth, the glory of France (though, by the bye, an Englishwoman), whom heaven, in transplanting, had presented as a precious and inestimable gift to the French nation!

Nor is the bishop free from the more serious charge of dissimulation, in carrying what the old divines rather heavily called "moral suasion" beyond the verge of truth, in his pencillings of the beauties of Romanism, to entrap the weaker protestants. But the charge of his general insincerity seems untenable, nor can it be believed that his opponents were justified in asserting that he held opinions in private diametrically opposed to those he publicly professed. He had powers of mind of the highest order: whatsoever he might have longed for, he seems never to have struggled to be free; and it strikes me that the celebrated Bishop of Meaux exhibits the papal religion in a peculiarly unfavourable point of view, in whose person it could turn a kind and gentle spirit into a persecutor; and repress the energies of a first-rate mind to contentment with spiritual subservience to a conclave his conduct showed he despised; and in temporals could turn a master spirit into a ready, if a polished, court tool. He maintained his activity to the last; and we are delighted to find his ceaseless companion was his bible, and his last literary labour a Commentary on the 23rd Psalm. He died April 12, 1704, in the 76th year of his age.

LOUIS BOURDALOUE, a Jesuit, born at Bourges, Aug. 1632, was deservedly celebrated as the most eloquent preacher of France. His powers were exhibited before the court of Louis XIV., and the monarch so strongly felt and admired the efficacy of his eloquence that, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, he sent him to preach the catholic doctrines to the new converts of Languedoc. His sermons have passed through several editions. He died May 13, 1704, aged 72. Voltaire says, "he was one of the first who displayed in the pulpit an uniform masculine eloquence: he was a new light to the age. We have had other pulpit orators since, such as father Massillon, who have thrown more graces into their sermons, and embellished them with finer and more masterly paintings of life and man-

ners; but not one of these have obliterated his merit. In his style, more nervous than florid, and which seems to despise the tinsel ornaments of a glowing imagination, he labours rather to convince than inflame, and never amuses himself with the vain ambition of pleasing."

NICHOLAS BOILEAU-DESPREAU, the celebrated poet, was born at Crone, near Paris, in November 1636. He early lost his mother, and the care of his infancy was entrusted to a female servant, who treated him with harshness. His father, who left him an orphan before he was 17, had not formed the most promising expectations of Nicholas; but his dulness disappeared as he approached to maturity. He began to study *law*, but not liking that, he turned to *divinity*, and Voltaire says, "disliking these two chicanes," he then entered the field of literature, where he acquired eminence and fame. His works were so numerous, both in poetry and prose, and are so well known, that any eulogy here would be superfluous, as he has deservedly obtained the applause of every man of genius and taste. Not only do his countrymen boast of the superior effusions of his muse, but foreigners feel and admire the graces, the strength, and harmony of his verse. After enjoying the favours of his sovereign, and all the honours which the French academy, and other societies, could bestow, Boileau retired from public life, dissatisfied with the insincerity of the world, and that profligacy of manners which he had satirized with spirit and truth; he spent his time in literary privacy, and died, an example of great resignation and piety, March 2, 1711.

FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LAMOTHE FENELON was born August 6, 1651, at the castle of Fenelon, of a noble and ancient family in the province of Perigord. He was sent to the seminary of St. Sulpice, then lately founded in Paris for educating young men for the church. The youngster was not allured by the glittering bauble of a mitre; he early contemplated being a useful missionary, to spread the glad tidings of the gospel among North American savages, or teaching Mahometans and Greeks the way of salvation. Circumstances, however, detained him at home, and for several years he fulfilled the parochial duties of St. Sulpice. He became known first to Bossuet at the age of 27, on being appointed superior of a society to convert females to the church of Rome; and by his recommendation was sent to reclaim the protestants of Poitou from the error of their ways, in 1685, when the wicked Louis had inflicted such unheard of atrocities on those consistent and unoffending professors at the time of the *dragonade*. Fenelon insisted that the dragoons should be removed; he would sanction no cruelty, and was consequently himself marked and persecuted by the dominant powers.

The Duke de Beauvillers was a christian, though a courtier at that infamous court—at least, so it is said, though how he could continue in that den of iniquity is puzzling. However, he was appointed governor to the afterwards promising Duke of Burgundy; and his first act was to make Fenelon preceptor to his royal charge, then, so early as his eighth year, distinguished for the frightful violence of his passions, his insolent demeanour, and his tyrannical spirit. Having an affectionate heart, and a quick sense of shame, Fenelon soon gained his love and confidence, and taught him the christian's method of self government. His headstrong pupil was subdued by the fear of God. In point of book-learning the task of Fenelon was lighter; for the duke was of prompt intelligence, and if royal pupils generally astound us by reported precocity, it really appears that this estimable youth did make rapid progress in useful and substantial acquirements. In 1694, Fenelon was presented to the abbey of St. Valery, and two years afterwards to the archbishopric of Cambray. He resigned the abbey upon conscientious objections to pluralities—laughed at as a fool by his brethren: the Archbishop of Rheims said, "*with his sentiments*, Fenelon does right in resigning his benefice, and I, *with my sentiments*, do very right in keeping mine." This seems to be the favoured axiom in all ages and churches established by law. It was the last mark of royal favour extended to Fenelon. To say that Louis was never cordially his friend is unnecessary; for how could that haughty, deceitful, and abandoned profligate be the *friend* of the virtuous and religious? No, there was no room for Fenelon; but the vile stage players and strumpets were sumptuously entertained—room was found for fiddlers and flatterers—but this man, the pride and ornament of his age and nation, was not fit to adorn the court!

In a recent page I told my reader something about the sect called "Quietists:" it seemed to spring up amidst the factions of the Calvinists, the controversies between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, as a sort of off-shoot of the human mind; and, in vain efforts to pass beyond the boundaries of our knowledge, perhaps afforded some proof that farther advances, at any rate, were to be made. Its absurdity was still such that its memory would have been obliterated but for the disputations of eminent men. It derives importance from the part the illustrious subject of this memoir took in the dispute. One La Combe, of Geneva, a Barnabite (who it may be as well here at once to state died in a mad-house), was the spiritual director of Madame Guyon. He was noted for a medley of passions and religion, and impregnated this silly woman's brain with the extravagance which indeed she had before partially imbibed. Together they went to the territory where the Bishop of Geneva resides, and she soon at-

tracted notice by her extensive charities, and her entire self renunciation. She preached up the tranquillity of the soul, the annihilation of all its faculties, inward worship, and pure disinterested love, neither moved by fear, nor animated by the hope of reward. Alarmed by the number of her converts, the bishop drove her and her confessor away, and they retired to Grenoble, where she published a piece, called the "Short Way"; but she was soon obliged to depart thence.

Now, imagining she had visions, she began to prophesy: "All hell," said she, "shall unite to stop the progress of the inward spirit and the formation of Jesus Christ in souls. The storm shall be such that not one stone shall remain upon another; and I foresee that throughout the whole earth there will be troubles, wars, and revolutions. Woman shall be pregnant with the inward spirit, and the serpent shall stand up before her." Upon her return with Father la Combe to Paris, in 1687, M. de Chamvallon, Archbishop of Harlai, obtained an order from the king to confine La Combe as a seducer, and to shut up Madame Guyon in a convent as a person of disordered mind. But by this time she had gained considerable interest, a cousin, named Madame de la Maison Fort, being a great favourite of Mde. Maintenon in St. Cyr. The Duchesses of Chevreuse and Beauvillers were also attracted by her rhapsodies. These ladies complained loudly that Harlai, noted for his passion for women, should procure punishment to her confessor. Mdme. de Maintenon soon silenced the archbishop, and caused Madame de Guyon to be set at liberty; she then went to St. Cyr, where, after having dined with Madame de Maintenon, she added one more to the religious meetings held by Fenelon.

The Princess of Harcourt, with the Duchesses of Chevreuse, Beauvillers, and Charot, also belonged to this pious society. For this part of Fenelon's memoir, I am taking what I consider most suitable from Voltaire; that interesting writer says, Fenelon was the most charming man about the court: he had naturally a tender heart, with a sweet and lively imagination, and his mind had been cultivated with letters. He was a man of taste, had many amiable qualities, and preferred the affecting and sublime, in divinity, to that which was gloomy and difficult. Besides, he had a certain romantic turn of mind, which inspired him, not with the reveries of Madame Guyon, but with such ideas of spirituality as were not very unlike those of that lady. His imagination was heated with candour and virtue, as others are inflamed by their passions. Seeing in Madame Guyon a soul fraught with notions similar to his own, without hesitation, he joined with her. It was strange, says Voltaire, that he should be thus led away by a woman who pretended to reveal mysteries, to prophesy, and other jargon; who was almost choked

with inward grace, so that she was forced to get unlaced, as she said; and who divested herself of all superabundance of grace, in order the more to increase her religious votaries. But Fenelon, in his friendship and mystical notions, was as a person in love: he excused the faults, and became attached to that conformity of sentiments with which he had been taken.

Madame Guyon, elevated and emboldened by the acquisition of such a disciple, whom she called her son, and reckoning upon Madame de Maintenon, propagated her notions in St. Cyr. The bishop, in whose diocese that palace stands, was alarmed, and loudly complained; and the Archbishop of Paris threatened to renew his former proceedings. Madame de Maintenon, intending St. Cyr for a peaceful abode, and knowing how opposed the king was to all novelty, having no occasion to put herself at the head of a sect to gain influence, in short having her own credit and repose solely in view, now broke off all commerce with Madame Guyon, and discharged her from St. Cyr. Fenelon became uneasy, and advised his friend to put herself into the hands of the Bishop of Meaux; she accordingly submitted herself to the decisions of this prelate, and, after having received the sacrament from him, she gave up all her writings to his examination. He secured the king's permission to name De Noailles (afterwards cardinal), and Tronson, the superior of St. Sulpice, as his assistants in this affair, and they met at Issi, near Paris.

The Archbishop of Paris, piqued that any other persons should set themselves up as judges within his diocese, immediately passed a public censure on the books they examined. Madame de Guyon retired to Meaux, subscribed to all the bishop demanded, and promised to dogmatise no more. Fenelon had been promoted to the Archbishopric of Cambrai in 1695, and was consecrated by Bossuet. It might have been imagined that the late affair, being now dormant, and having been the subject of ridicule, would never be revived. But, as I have mentioned in the memoir of Bossuet, he turned persecuting in his spirit, and availing himself of Madame de Guyon's breach of promise to keep silence—for she broke out with fresh prophecies—the Bishop of Meaux procured an order to have her seized and confined in the prison of Vincennes. Here she amused herself by composing her phrensied verses, which were more wretched even than her prose; and here she became more decidedly insane; and, under Satanic delusion, blasphemously announced that she was married to Jesus Christ, and thenceforward never invoked saints, saying that the mistress of a family ought not to address herself to her domestics. It was now that Bossuet, jealous of Fenelon, and not disposed to relinquish supremacy, required that the new archbishop should join with

him in condemning Madame Guyon. Fenelon would sacrifice to him neither his friend nor his sentiments. Concessions were proposed, promises were mutually made, and each accused the other of breach of faith. When the archbishop departed for his diocese, he printed at Paris his "Maxims of the Saints," in which he endeavoured to obviate all that was objected against his friend, and to reveal the orthodox notions of devout contemplatists. Bossuet, and no wonder, exclaimed loudly against this extraordinary book, and complained of it to the king, as if, says Voltaire, it had been as dangerous as it was unintelligible.

Throwing himself at the feet of the king, the universality of whose genius comprehended, it would seem, all knowledge, human and divine, Bossuet implored pardon for not having sooner denounced his friend. A consultation was held between Père la Chaise, Madame de Maintenon, and Louis—the hesitation of which three renowned divines, caused a division of the public opinion—all society was in a fresh effervescence. Bossuet wrote against Fenelon, and both decided to send their productions to the pope. Such was the influence of the Bishop of Meaux that Père la Chaise could make no way against him; for, as Bossuet was a Jansenist, the father, being a Jesuit, was glad of any weapon with which to foil his antagonist, and therefore sided with Fenelon. The prudent De Maintenon, in the polemical storm, cared mainly for—herself, and thought it time wholly to abandon her friend Fenelon. A clue to her conduct is suggested by the assertion that, about this time, the wily Maintenon had almost prevailed on the king to declare his secret marriage with her, and that her wishes had been defeated by the powerful persuasion of Fenelon. From his post as tutor to the young princes, gaining intelligence of the scheme, he had thrown himself at his sovereign's feet, and put it in the strongest way to him to consult the honour of the crown of France, and that of his august family, by abstaining from an avowal which would injure his memory with posterity more than he could be recompensed by a transitory gratification.

Other accounts state that Louis feared Fenelon might infuse into the mind of the Duke of Burgundy such principles of morals and government as might one day become an indirect censure upon that air of grandeur, that ambition for glory, those wars undertaken on the most frivolous occasions, and that taste for luxury and pleasures, which had characterized his own reign. The selfishness of the king and De Maintenon renders both tales extremely probable. The royal polemic sent for Fenelon, who, with the noble frankness of his estimable character, imparted to Louis as much of his notions as he thought the royal mind capable of comprehending. This utterer of fine periods afterwards said that, in talking with the Archbishop of

Cambray, he had conversed with the greatest, the most witty, and the most chimerical, genius in his kingdom—of which he might have been as good a judge as was Dionysius of poetry! It is due to the reputation of Fenelon to observe that he considered the doctrine of Madame Guyon to be substantially the same with that of his favourite authors; and whatsoever appeared exceptionable in her expositions he attributed to loose and exaggerated expressions natural to her sex and character.

After Fenelon had submitted his book to the judgment of the pope, but before that judgment was pronounced, the king commanded the Archbishop of Cambray to retire to his diocese, which was in effect a kind of sentence of banishment. He bore this insolence and injustice with the habitual meekness he manifested, but his forbearance deprived him of none of his real weight; and he lived in his diocese like a good archbishop and a man of letters. The inquisitors on Fenelon's book adjudged thirty-seven propositions to be erroneous; and the pope condemned them by a bull, published and fixed up in Rome, March 13, 1699. Fenelon submitted to the decision, debarred his friends from defending him, and himself ascended his episcopal chair at Cambray to justify the pope's bull. If we are disposed as protestants to smile at this "kissing the rod," we should not forget that he was a sincere Roman Catholic; and, while we regret the thralldom in which such a mind was held, remember that, as a member of that extraordinary church, he was bound to recognise her infallibility. His resignation secured him the esteem and affection of Europe; and when the English invaded that part of France in which stood his diocese, the Duke of Marlborough took especial care that his lands should be spared. He had written "Telemachus," that was mentioned at court before the printer had finished it; and, although it had been sent to press with the royal license, orders were given shamefully to suppress it; a few escaped the hands of the police, which were rapidly circulated. A printer at the Hague secured one, and as he could publish it without danger he did so.

This affords another instance of the folly, as well as cruelty, of making martyrs. So eager had become the demand for "Telemachus" that, with the utmost exertion, the press could hardly keep pace with the demand. Louis was easily persuaded to believe that the whole book was meant as a satire upon himself, his court and government. Forgetting that it was impossible to describe a good king, without reflecting indirectly upon the *Grand Monarque*; and that enlightened views of government could not be held forth without exposing the evils of such a reign as under Louis eventually disgraced and impoverished the French people. Fenelon pursued the even tenour of his way in

the faithful discharge of his episcopal duties; he was select in his society; his only recreation was a solitary walk in the fields, where it was his employment, he told a friend, to converse with his God. If in his rambles he fell in with any of the poorer part of his flock, he would sit down with them on the grass, and talk with them about their temporal, as well as their spiritual concerns; and he would at other times visit them in their humble sheds, and partake of such refreshment as they offered him. At any rate, herein is a considerable contrast between the Anglican and the Gallican customs—not always in *our* favour. Who, that knows the state of society with us, can paint to his imagination the incumbent of an English benefice quietly seated on the grass and in friendly converse beguiling the sorrows of one of his poor parishioners! To say nothing of a *dignitary* of the church, to expect any converse with whom would turn the scale in the evidence before a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*.

I once lived for five years in a country parish, where my window overlooked the two entrances to the noble residence of a "vicar." I constantly sat in the room, so that it was scarcely possible for a call to be made upon his reverence (who, by the bye, was a resident) without my witnessing the arrival. At the side gate, where the poor people went for tickets for charity, beggars to be relieved, &c., I certainly saw the extremely poor parishioners frequently approach to obtain relief, and I believe very seldom unsuccessfully. Excepting on *one* occasion, when there was some impediment in the lane, and when the two overseers had some business with the exclusive vicar, I scarcely ever saw a parishioner venture near. It was forbidden ground; a great gulf was fixed between priest and people. Plenty of calls from the aristocracy of the neighbourhood; but the whole system was, towards *the people*, respectable inhabitants, or humbler neighbours, "hitherto shalt thou come." And yet this clergyman was a good man, highly, in most things, to be *respected*, though not to be *loved*; honourable, high-minded in a better sense, and assiduous. But chilling all approaches of his flock with repulsive frigidity.

I should not mention this, but that I fear it is the rule—not the exception; and as exhibiting such a contrast with the amiable Archbishop of Cambray, and such other servants of God as have been and are enabled to follow their Lord in meekness and humiliation. Also to show that a cheerful absence from that unbecoming spirit of exclusiveness, too prevalent among the clergy, would tend infinitely more than all the ridiculous pranks of the "rubricians" to call back attachment to the venerable establishment, that can never stand securely upon the cold *respect* of the people, without a large admixture of *affection*. Unless in



her ministers we can feel we have *friends*, who can rejoice when we rejoice; or sympathise with our sorrows. I write in a spirit of grief—not in taunting disrespect; if to discharge my own mind, not with the Quixotic notion that one feeble instrument could do any thing to shake the starch out of their sleeves. “Now there is utterly a fault among you.”

In the exemplary discharge of his functions—in meekness, charity, and courtesy—did this eminent archbishop spend his remaining days; having abundant reason to bless God that the sensual and selfish king had banished him from his corrupt court. The Duke of Burgundy, however, always loved his tutor. We have witnessed the grief of the nation at the untimely removal of this prince, thus depriving the world of the longed-for opportunity of beholding the sceptre wielded by one so judiciously brought up, so beneficently instructed. The sprightliness of Fenelon’s genius remained to old age; on one occasion he perpetrated an impromptu to his nephew, the Marquis of Fenelon. Lulli, one of the chief musical composers of the day, had issued a pretty air, and to it (of course in French and adapted to the music) the grave archbishop found words; they have been put into English—we will say nothing about *poetry*—thus:—

“When young, I to wisdom aspired—  
 And thought myself wondrous wise:  
 But, in age, find that all I’ve acquir’d  
 Is to know man in ignorance dies.”

The result of the calumnies with which this great and good man was assailed seems to be the veneration of posterity that he refused to be a persecutor. Universal homage is awarded to him for his talents, which for brilliancy of imagination, fertility and dexterity, rank him almost without a rival. But his superiority over Bossuet, as regards powerful grasp of intellect, may admit of a doubt. The good archbishop escaped from all his enemies, after a short illness and intense bodily suffering, which he supported by calling to mind the sufferings of his Saviour: he died February 7, 1715. No money was found in *his* coffers. The produce of the sale of his furniture, together with the arrears of rent due to him, were appropriated, by his direction, to charitable purposes.

BERNARD LE BOVIER DE FONTENELLE, the most universal genius which the age of Louis XIV. produced, according to Voltaire, was born at Rouen in Feb. 1657, and, attaining the age of 100, died Jan. 1757. He was the son of an advocate in the parliament of Rouen, by a sister of the great poet Corneille. He was so weakly at his birth that it was not expected he could live, yet he recovered, and was never troubled with disease till his ninetieth year, when his eyes became dim and his hearing dull.

He was not, as a dramatic writer, equal to Corneille, but in his other pieces he displays great delicacy of wit and profoundness of thought. His "Plurality of Worlds" is considered a most fascinating performance, as conveying the sublimer truths of philosophy in a manner at once pleasing and refined. He wrote a "History of the Academy of Sciences," of which he was for 40 years secretary. His "Eloges" on departed members are particularly delightful. He wrote many other important works. Of a mild and affable temper, he was sparing of personal enjoyments, that he might have to supply the needs of others. Neither was he at all elevated by his superiority of talents. Originally poor, he acquired by industry and economy an independent fortune. He was looked upon as the great master of the new art of treating of abstract sciences in a manner that made their study at once easy and agreeable; nor are any of his other works void of merit. All these natural parts were assisted by a knowledge of the languages and history; and he is considered to have surpassed all men of learning who have not had the gift of invention.

FRANCIS JOSEPH DE BEAUFRUIL, MARQUIS DE ST. AULAIRE, a noted French poet, scarcely wrote anything till he was 60, and his best verses were not written till he was 90, years old. Voltaire says, that "Anacreon himself, when he was a great deal younger, wrote much worse things. If the Greek writers had been equal to our good authors, they would have been still more vain, and we should now applaud them with still more reason." He died in 1742, aged 102 years.

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE, an ingenious writer, was born at Ruys in Brittany in 1667. His compositions display not only wit, taste, and judgment, but elegance and neatness. Though indebted for the plan and subject of his romances to Spanish writers, yet he possessed peculiar merits of his own. His works are *Gil Blas*, the *Diable Boiteux*, the *Bachelier de Salamanque*, the new *Don Quixotte*, and some theatrical pieces, also the letters of *Aristenæus* from the Greek. His *Gil Blas* is, and ever will be, a popular work, and must be read, because, as Voltaire has said, he has therein imitated nature. He died near Paris 1747.

JOHN BAPTIST MASSILLON, the famous French preacher, was born at Hieres, in Provence 1663. He was admitted into the congregation of the oratory in 1681, and distinguished himself so much at Vienne by his funeral oration on Villars, the archbishop of that city, that he was called to Paris, where his eloquence charmed and astonished crowded audiences. He was a preacher, says Voltaire, who knew the world better than most men. More flowery than Bourdaloue, he was more agreeable; and his eloquence at once savoured of the world, the court, and

the cloister. The court heard him with applause, and Louis XIV. concocted another of his set speeches to compliment the powerful preacher: "I know not how it is," said the king, "father; when I hear other preachers, I go away much pleased with them; but, whenever I hear you, I go away much displeased with myself." On one occasion, when discoursing on the very small number of the elect, his eloquence was so awfully striking that an involuntary murmur of applause arose in the congregation, and assisted the preacher more forcibly to convey his pathetic appeal. He was of a philosophical turn, moderate in his opinions, and favoured toleration. Uninfluenced by popularity, he followed his duty with modesty, but conscious dignity, and in 1717 was appointed by the regent Bishop of Clermont. In 1719 he was admitted member of the French academy; and after pronouncing his last oration, in Paris, on the Duchess of Orleans, in 1723, he retired to his diocese, where he presided with mildness, piety, and benevolence; and lived till September 1742, his eightieth year.

JOHN BAPTIST ROUSSEAU, an eminent French poet, born at Paris, 1669. Though his father was ashoemaker, he received a decent education, and early displayed a strong and correct taste for poetry. In 1688, he went a page in the embassy to Denmark, and thence passed to the English court as secretary to Marshal Tallard. Chiefly solicitous for the distinction of literature, and indifferent about wealth, he refused various appointments which would have rendered him independent, and was much gratified by now being enrolled member of the academy of inscriptions and belles-lettres. About this time some satirical verses, severe and grossly abusive, were produced as his own, and though he solemnly declared his innocence, and pronounced them forgeries invented by his enemies, he was tried by the parliament, and banished the kingdom. Voltaire says, "those stanzas which were the cause of his banishment, and which are like several that he owned, must either be imputed to him, or the two tribunals that pronounced sentence upon him must be dishonoured. Not that two tribunals, and even more numerous bodies, may not unanimously commit very great acts of injustice when the spirit of party prevails. There was a violent party against Rousseau. Few men have excited and felt the effects of hatred so much. The public were exasperated against him till his banishment, and even a few years after that. At length the success of La Motte, his rival, the favourable reception he had met with, his reputation, which was looked upon as usurped, the art with which he assumed a kind of despotic power in literature, all these things stirred up the men of learning against La Motte, and brought them back to Rousseau, from whom at that time they had nothing to fear;" and who at last retrieved

the good will of the public. From France he went to Switzerland, thence he passed to Baden, where he was much noticed by Prince Eugene, who took him to Vienna. In 1721 he came to England, where he published with great success his poems, in 2 volumes 4to. He returned to Paris incognito, in 1739, but went thence to the Hague, and was there attacked with apoplexy, and died March 17, 1741. His character was not well spoken of, as he was overbearing: he quarrelled with his patron Prince Eugene, and with the same levity and rudeness he affronted the Duke of Aremberg, who had kindly and liberally noticed him. In the vicissitudes exemplified both in La Motte and Rousseau, "we see the injustice of mankind, how men vary in their judgments, and what folly there is in being at a great deal of pains to gain their approbation," says Voltaire.

According to the allowed calculation that the generations of mankind pass away on an average in about 20 or 25 years, I have thus conducted my reader through four of the most important in the annals of Europe. During this period a vast number of distinguished characters have passed before his eyes—verifying in a striking degree the scripture figure—"the procession of this world passeth away." If I have succeeded in any degree in producing a clear effect on his mind, while recording these great events, and exhibiting these important characters, moved about like the *fantoccini* on a mimic stage; and if sufficient interest has been excited to leave a durable impression; while my end will partly have been attained—I shall still have missed the main object, unless the great principles of justice and mercy have been exalted at the expense of wickedness, superstition, and persecution. I venture to trespass on the "gentle reader's" patience for a few more pages, that I may very briefly depict the consequences of these mighty conflicts, in which we have seen how human prudence and expectations were often defeated; and this weakness of human policy still more appeared after the peace of Utrecht than during the war. The good understanding, and union between France and Spain, which had raised such apprehensions, and alarmed so many nations, was broken off as soon as Louis died.

The Duke of Orleans formed a strict alliance with England, and came to an open rupture with that branch of the Bourbon family that reigned at Madrid. Philip V., who had renounced all pretensions to the crown of France by the late peace, raised, or rather gave the authority of his name to raise, seditions in France, whereby he was to be chosen regent, though he could not reign in France. Thus, after the death of Louis, all the views, negotiations, and politics, took quite a different turn in his family, as well as amongst most of the princes of Europe.

The regent, in concert with England, attacked Spain; so that the first war of Louis XV. was undertaken against his uncle, whom Louis XIV. had settled on his throne at the expense of so much blood. During the course of this short war, the Spanish ministry designed to take advantage of the Duke of Savoy, who had likewise formed a somewhat similar scheme with regard to the emperor. The result of this chaos of intrigues was that the Spaniards deprived the emperor of Sardinia, and the Duke of Savoy of Sicily, in 1718. But France having defeated them by land, and the English by sea, they were forced to give up Sicily to the house of Austria; and Sardinia was assigned to the Dukes of Savoy.

Though peace was re-established in 1720, Philip V. no longer found happiness in the attachment of his people, but he became a prey to superstitious fears and melancholy suspicions. Under this terrible mental calamity, he resigned his crown, in 1724, in favour of his son Louis, and retired to a monastery; but the sudden death of the new monarch a few months afterwards, by the small pox, left the kingdom without a master. Roused from his retirement, Philip resumed the reins of government; and the malady which had afflicted him having passed away, he became the watchful and affectionate father of his people. He died July 9, 1746, aged 63, after a reign of 45 years, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Ferdinand VI.

Upon the death of Louis XIV., Madame DE MAINTENON retired to the privacy of St. Cyr, and, long fatigued with the splendour of greatness, which, while courted, flattered, and admired left in her mind a dismal vacuity, acknowledging the emptiness of all human distinction, she is recorded to have ended her days in penitence and devotion, on April 15, 1719.

BURNET, after he ceased to be about the court, retired to his diocese of Salisbury, and there devoted himself to improve the comforts of his clergy by augmenting poor livings, and in otherwise advancing the interests of religion. He died March 17, 1715, aged 72. He published a "Conclusion" of his literary and political labours, which one of the editors of his works justly remarks "may be pondered advantageously in every age until time shall be no more, for each of its dictates is founded on virtue, and consequently is dictated by wisdom. It is a legacy to the world, for there is no one so exalted, or so humble, in station or in talent, but will find himself the wealthier, in the best sense of the term, if he determines to benefit by the bishop's advice." Feeling this, in its fullest signification, if my reader has gained any benefit from the perusal of the foregoing pages—got together at a great cost of labour—I make it my request that he would peruse carefully, and ponder well, the following somewhat lengthened extract, which is the end of this famous piece,

that has excited so much notice as to have been translated into most European languages.

“ The great and comprehensive rule of all is that a king should consider himself as exalted by Almighty God to that high dignity, as into a capacity of doing much good, and of being a great blessing to mankind, and, in some sort, a god on earth. Therefore, as he expects that his ministers should study to advance his service, his interests, and his glory ; and that so much the more as he raises them to higher posts of favour and honour : so he, whom God has raised to the greatest exaltation this world is capable of, should apply himself wholly to cares becoming his rank and station, to be in himself a pattern of virtue and true religion, to promote justice, to relieve and revenge the oppressed, and to seek out men of virtue and piety, and bring them into such degrees of confidence as they may be capable of. He should encourage a due and generous freedom in their advices, to be ready to see his own errors, that he may correct them, and to entertain every thing that is suggested to him for the good of his people and for the benefit of mankind. And to make a difference between those who court his favour for their own ends ; who study to flatter, and by that to please him, often to his own ruin ; and those who have great views and noble aims, who set him on to pursue designs worthy of him, without mean or partial regards to any ends or interests of their own. It is not enough for a prince not to encourage vice or impiety by his own ill practices ; it ought to appear that these are odious to him, and that they give him horror. A declaration of this kind, solemnly made and steadily pursued, would soon bring on at least an exterior reformation, which would have a great effect on the body of the nation, and on the rising generation, though it were but hypocritically put on at first. Such a prince would be, perhaps, too great a blessing to a wicked world. Queen Mary seemed to have the seeds of all this in her ; but the world was not worthy of her, and so God took her from it.

“ I will conclude this whole address to posterity with that which is the most important of all other things, and which alone will carry every thing else along with it ; which is to recommend, in the most solemn and serious manner, the study and practice of religion to all sorts of men, as that which is both the light of the world and the salt of the earth. Nothing does so open our faculties and compose and direct the whole man, as an inward sense of God, of his authority over us, of the laws he has set us, of his eye ever upon us, of his hearing our prayers, assisting our endeavours, watching over our concerns ; and of his being to judge, and reward, or punish, us, in another state, according to what we do in this. Nothing will give a man such a detestation of sin and such a sense of the goodness of God and of our ob-

ligations to holiness, as a right understanding and a firm belief of the christian religion: nothing can give a man so calm a peace within, and such a firm security against all fears and dangers without, as the belief of a kind and wise Providence, and of a future state. An integrity of heart gives a man a courage and a confidence that cannot be shaken: a man is sure that by living according to the rules of religion he becomes the wisest, the best, and happiest, creature that he is capable of being. Honest industry, the employing his time well, and a constant sobriety, an undefiled purity and chastity, with a quiet serenity, are the best preservers of life and health; so that, take a man as a single individual, religion is his guard, his perfection, his beauty, and his glory: this will make him the light of the world, shining brightly, and enlightening many round about him.

“Then take a man as a piece of mankind, as a citizen of the world, or of any particular state, religion is indeed then the salt of the earth; for it makes every man to be to all the rest of the world whatsoever any one can with reason wish or desire him to be. He is true, just, honest, and faithful, in the whole commerce of life, doing to all others that which he would have others do to him. He is a lover of mankind, and of his country; he may and ought to love some more than others, but he has an extent of love to all, of pity and compassion, not only to the poorest, but to the worst; for the worse they are, they are the more to be pitied. He has a complacency and delight in all that are truly, though but defectively, good, and a respect and veneration for all that are eminently so. He mourns for the sins, and rejoices in the virtues, of all that are round about him. In every relation of life, religion makes him answer all his obligations: it will make princes just and good, faithful to their promises, and lovers of their people; it will inspire subjects with respect, submission, obedience, and zeal, for their prince. It will sanctify wedlock to be a state of christian friendship and mutual assistance: it will give parents the truest love to their children, and a proper care of their education: it will command the returns of gratitude and obedience from children. It will teach masters to be gentle and careful of their servants, and servants to be faithful, zealous, and diligent, in their masters' concerns. It will make friends tender and true to one another; it will make them generous, faithful, and disinterested: it will make men live in their neighbourhood as members of one common body, promoting first the general good of the whole, and then the good of every particular, as far as a man's sphere can go. It will make judges and magistrates just and patient, hating covetousness, and maintaining peace and order, without respect of persons: it will make people live in so inoffensive a manner that it will be easy to maintain justice, whilst men are

not disposed to give disturbance to those about them. This will make bishops and pastors faithful to their trust, tender to their people, and watchful over them; and it will beget in the people an esteem for their persons and their functions.

“ Thus religion, if truly received and sincerely adhered to, would prove the greatest of all blessings to a nation: but by religion I understand somewhat more than the receiving some doctrines, though ever so true, or the professing them, and engaging to support them, not without zeal and eagerness. What signify the best doctrines, if men do not live suitably to them— if they have not a due influence upon their thoughts, their principles, and their lives? Men of bad lives, with sound opinions, are self-condemned, and lie under a highly aggravated guilt: nor will the heat of a party, arising out of interest, and managed with fury and violence, compensate for the ill lives of such false pretenders to zeal; while they are a disgrace to that which they profess and seem so hot for. *By religion I do not mean an outward compliance with form and customs, in going to church, to prayers, to sermons, and to sacraments, with an external show of devotion; or, which is more, with some inward forced good thoughts, in which many may satisfy themselves, while this has no visible effect on their lives, nor any inward force to subdue and rectify their appetites, passions, and secret designs. Those customary performances, how good and useful soever, when well understood and rightly directed, are of little value when men rest on them, and think that, because they do them, they have therefore acquitted themselves of their duty, though they continue still proud, covetous, full of deceit, envy, and malice. Even secret prayer, the most effectual of all other means, is designed for a higher end, which is to possess our minds with such a constant and present sense of divine truths as may make these live in us and govern us, and may draw down such assistances as may exalt and sanctify our natures.*

“ So that by religion I mean such a sense of divine truth as *enters into* a man, and becomes a spring of a new nature within him; reforming his thoughts and designs, purifying his heart, and sanctifying him, and governing his whole deportment, his words as well as his actions; convincing him that it is not enough not to be scandalously vicious, or to be innocent in his conversation: but that he must be entirely, uniformly, and constantly, pure and virtuous. Animating him with a zeal to be still better and better, more eminently good and exemplary, using prayers, and all outward devotions, as solemn acts testifying what he is inwardly and at heart, and as methods instituted by God to be still advancing in the use of them further and further into a more refined and spiritual sense of divine matters. This is true religion, which is the perfection of human nature, and the joy and delight of every one that feels it active and strong within



him. It is true this is not arrived at all at once; and it will have an unhappy alloy, hanging long even about a good man; but, as those ill mixtures are the perpetual grief of his soul, so it is his chief care to watch over and to mortify them; he will be in a continual progress, still gaining ground upon himself; and as he attains to a good degree of purity, he will find a noble flame of life and joy growing upon him.

“Of this I write with the more concern and emotion, because I have felt this the true, and indeed the only, joy which runs through a man’s heart and life. It is that which has been for many years my greatest support; I rejoice daily in it; I feel from it the earnest of that supreme joy which I pant and long for; I am sure there is nothing else can afford any true or complete happiness. I have, considering my sphere, seen a great deal of all that is most shining and tempting in this world. The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate; intrigues of state and the conduct of affairs have something in them that is more specious; and I was for some years deeply immersed in these, but still with hopes of reforming the world, and of making mankind wiser and better: but I have found that which is crooked cannot be made straight. I acquainted myself with knowledge and learning, and that in a great variety, and with more compass than depth: but though wisdom exceedeth folly as much as light does darkness, yet as it is a sore travail, so it is so very defective that what is wanting to complete it cannot be numbered. I have seen that two were better than one, and that a three-fold cord is not easily loosed; and have therefore cultivated friendship with much zeal and a disinterested tenderness; but I have found this also was vanity and vexation of spirit, though it be of the best and noblest sort. So that, upon great and long experience, I could enlarge on the preacher’s text, ‘Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.’ But I must also conclude with him, ‘Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the all of man, the whole both of his duty and of his happiness.’ I do therefore end all in the words of David, of the truth of which, upon great experience and a long observation, I am so fully assured that I leave these as my last words to posterity: ‘Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.’”

There is one other important character, that demands notice, who adorned France at this period, CHARLES ROLLIN, the well known author of the Ancient History, a book that will last, and be read with profit, as long as time shall endure. He was born at Paris, Jan. 30, 1661, and was intended for the business of his father, a master cutler. His genius was happily discovered by a Benedictine, and he was permitted to study in the college of Plessis, where his abilities soon procured him the appellation of "the Divine." He succeeded his beloved master, Hersan, in 1687, as professor of rhetoric and eloquence, and in 1694 was appointed rector of the university. In these important offices he distinguished himself by his zeal for the improvement of his pupils and the honour of learning; and, by his example and attention, the Greek language was cultivated very successfully, and emulation introduced among the students. In 1699 he was made coadjutor to the college of Beauvais, which his reputation soon rendered popular, respectable, and flourishing. But, in 1712, the disputes between the Jesuits and the Jansenists proved fatal to his repose. By the influence of Tellier, the king's confessor, the tool of the Jesuits, he was driven from his appointments, and retired to privacy.

In 1720, he was chosen again rector by the university of Paris; but, two months after, the election was disannulled by a *lettre de cachet*, and from that time Rollin devoted himself in seclusion to the composition of his excellent works. So that the inflated and tyrannical Louis did infinite good to posterity, while he only intended to crush truth. Thus remarkably does the Most High cause the wrath of man to praise Him. Rollin died Sept. 14, 1741. This learned man was as amiable in private life as he was respected in public; benevolent and humane, he was the friend of virtue, morality, and religion. Voltaire passes high eulogiums on his merit as a historian, and calls his Ancient History the best compilation in any language, correct, eloquent and pleasing. And from that extraordinary book, I cannot better part with my reader than by presenting him with a few passages taken from the "Conclusion," and which are, in most respects, as suitable to the portion of history we have been treating of as to that of the kingdoms of Egypt, Macedonia and Persia.

"Behold here, to speak properly, a picture on a small scale of the duration of all ages; of the glory and power of all the empires of the world: in a word, of all that is most splendid and most capable of exciting admiration in human greatness! Every excellence, by a happy concurrence, is here found assembled; the fire of genius, and delicacy of taste, accompanied by solid judgment. Uncommon powers of eloquence, carried to the highest degree of perfection, without departing from nature and truth; the glory of arms, with that of arts and sciences;

valour in conquering, and ability in government. What a multitude of great men of every kind does it not present to our view! What powerful, what glorious kings—what great captains—what famous conquerors—what wise magistrates—what learned philosophers—what admirable legislators! We are transported with beholding in certain ages and countries, who appear to possess them as privileges peculiar to themselves, an ardent zeal for justice, a passionate love for their country, a noble disinterestedness, a generous contempt of riches, and an esteem for poverty, which astonish and amaze us—so much do they appear above the power of human nature. In this manner do *we* think and judge? But, whilst we are in admiration and ecstasy at the view of so many shining virtues, the Supreme Judge, who can alone truly estimate all things, sees nothing in them but littleness, meanness, vanity, and pride. And whilst mankind are anxiously busied in perpetuating the power of their families, in founding kingdoms, and, if that were possible, in rendering them eternal, God, from his throne on high, overthrows all their projects, and makes even their ambition the means of executing his purposes, infinitely superior to our understandings.

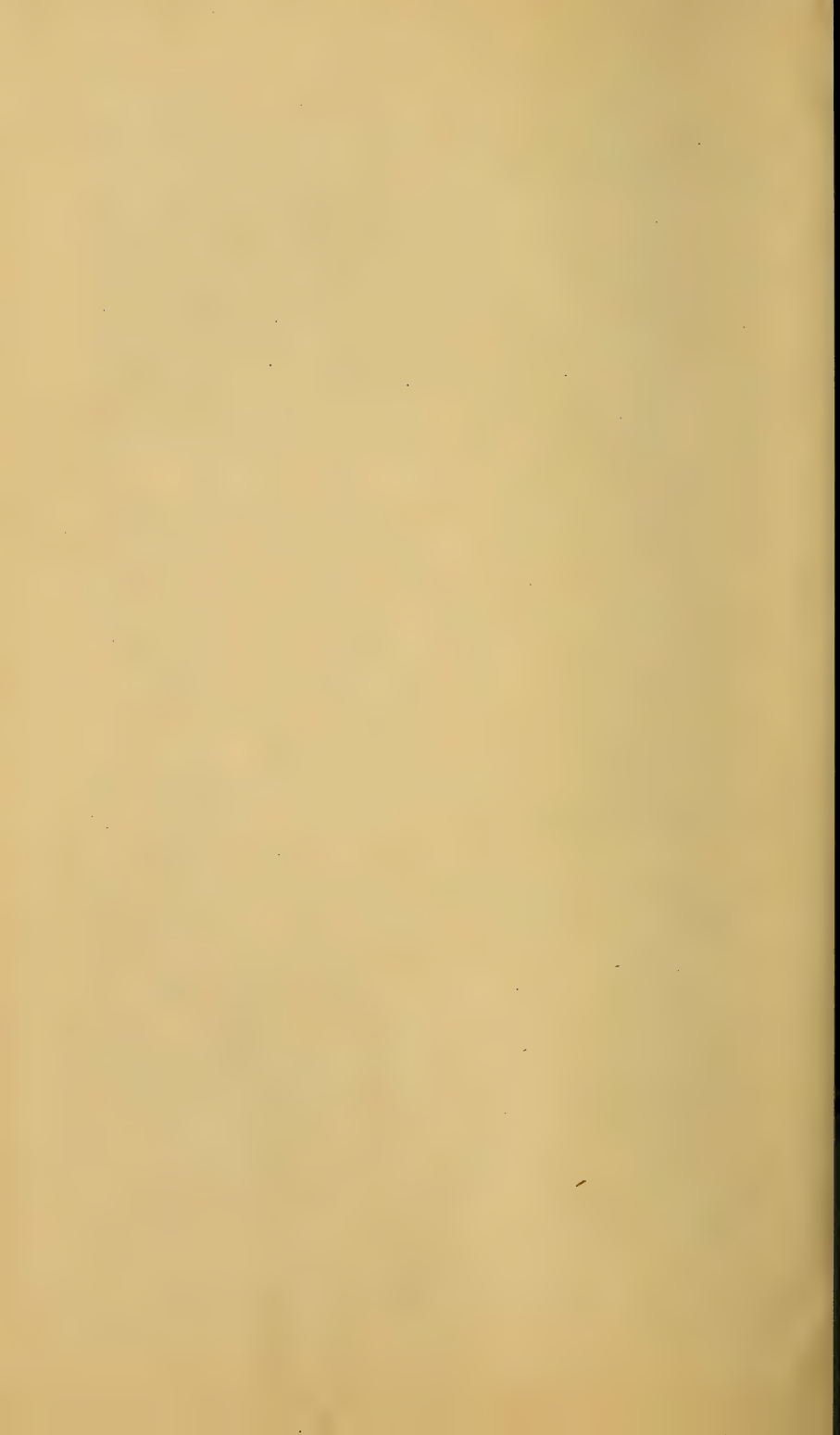
“He alone knows his operations and designs. All ages are present to him—‘He seeth from everlasting to everlasting.’ He has assigned to all empires their fate and duration. In all the different revolutions we have seen, nothing has come to pass by chance. We know that, under the image of that statue which Nebuchadnezzar saw, of an enormous height and terrible aspect, whose head was of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly and thighs of brass, and the legs of iron mixed with clay, God thought fit to represent the four great empires, uniting in them all that is splendid, grand, formidable, and powerful. And of what has the Almighty occasion for overthrowing this immense colossus? ‘A small stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet, that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors, and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them; and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.’ (Daniel ii. 34, 35.)

“We see with our own eyes the accomplishment of this admirable prophecy of Daniel, at least in part. Jesus Christ who came down from heaven to clothe himself with flesh and blood in the sacred womb of the blessed virgin, without the participation of man, is the small stone that came from the mountain without human aid. The prevailing characteristics of his person, his relations, his appearance, his manner of teaching

his disciples ; in a word, of everything that relates to him, were simplicity, poverty, and humility ; which were so extreme that they concealed from the eyes of the proud Jews the divine lustre of his miracles, how shining soever it was, and from the sight of the devil himself, penetrating and attentive as he was, the evident proofs of his divinity. Notwithstanding that seeming weakness, and even meanness, Jesus Christ will certainly conquer the whole universe. It is under this idea that a prophet represents him to us—‘ He went forth conquering and to conquer.’ His work and mission are ‘ to set up a kingdom for his father, which shall never be destroyed ; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people (like those of which we have seen the history), but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever.’ The power granted to Jesus Christ, the founder of this empire, is without bounds, measure, or end. The kings, who so much glory in their might, have nothing which approaches in the slightest degree to that of Jesus Christ. They do not reign over the will of man, which is real dominion. Their subjects can think as they please, independently of them. There are an infinitude of particular actions done without their order, and which escape their knowledge as well as their power. Their designs often miscarry and come to nothing, even during their own lives. At least all their greatness vanishes and perishes with them. But with Jesus Christ it is quite otherwise. ‘ All power is given unto him in heaven and in earth.’ He exercises it principally upon the hearts and minds of men. Nothing is done without his order and permission. Everything is disposed by his wisdom and power. Every thing co-operates, directly or indirectly, to the accomplishment of his designs.

“ Whilst all things are in motion and fluctuate upon earth ; whilst states and empires pass away with incredible rapidity, and the human race, vainly employed with these outward appearances, are also drawn in by the same torrent, almost without perceiving it, there passes in secret an order and disposition of things unknown and invisible, which, however, determines our fate to all eternity. *The duration of ages has no other end than the formation of the company of the elect*, which augments and tends daily towards perfection. When it shall have received its final accomplishment, by the death of the last of the elect. ‘ Then cometh the end, when Jesus Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father: when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power.’ God grant that we may have our share in that blessed kingdom, whose law is truth, whose King is love, and whose duration is eternity ! *Fiat, fiat.*”





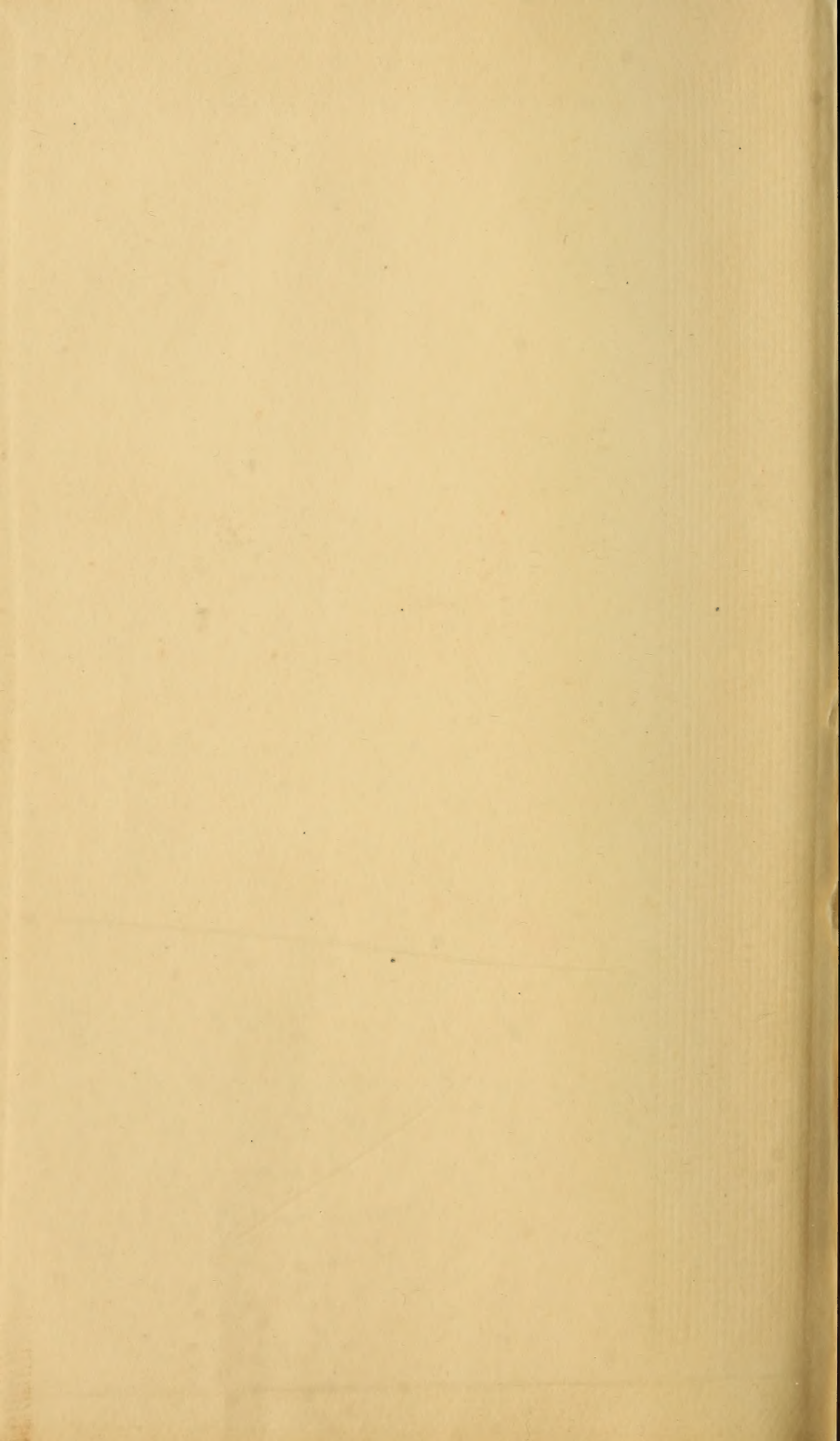


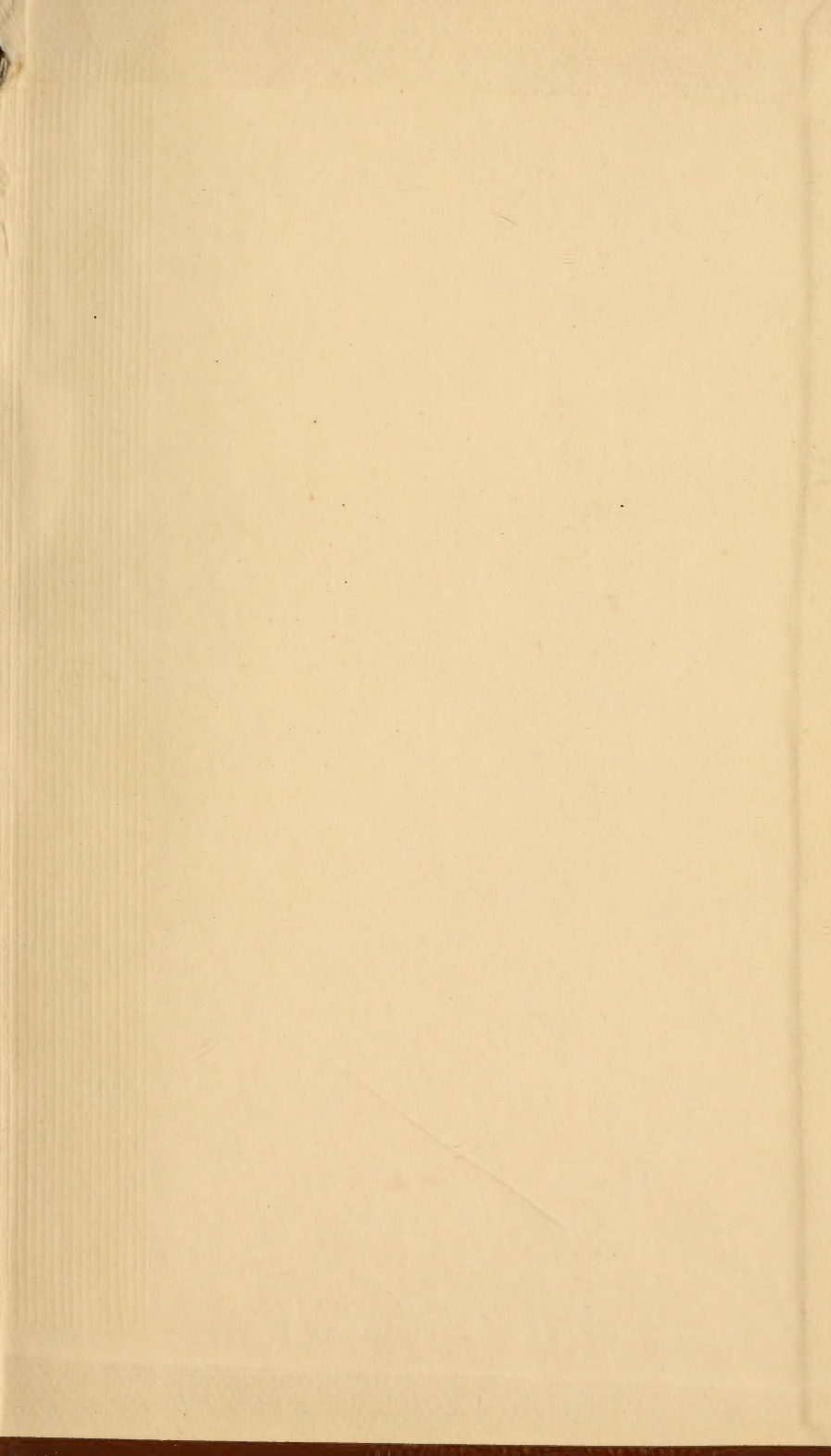
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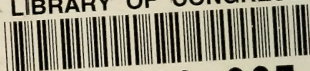








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